

R Blair

THE

L I F E

AND

A C T S

Of the most Famous and Valiant
Champion,

Sir *William Wallace*,

Knight of *Ellerslie*.

Maintainer of the Liberty of SCOTLAND.

With a Preface containing a short sum of the
History of that time.

Printed in the Year 1701.

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1140.

EPITAPHIUM

Gulielmi Wallace.

INvidia Mors tristi Gulielmum funere Val-
Quæ cuncta tollit, sustulit. lam
Et tanto pro cive, cinis: pro finibus urna est:
Frigusque pro lorica obit,
Ille quidem terras, loca se inferiora, reliquit,
At fata factis suppressens,
Parte sui meliore solum, Cælumque pererrat
Hoc, spiritu, illud gloria.
At tibi si inscriptum generoso pectus honesto
Fuisset, hostis proditi
Artibus Angle tuis, in pœnas parcior esses:
Nec oppidatim spargeres
Membra viri sacrandæ adytis. Sed scin quid in ista
Immanitate viceris?
Ut Vallæ in cunctas oras spargantur et horas
Laudes; tumque dedecus.



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T*His History of Sir William Wallace;*
with the other of the valiant King Robert
Bruce, which followeth upon the end of it (the
former written in Latine by Master John Blair;
Chaplain to Wallace, and turned into Scots Mee-
ter by one called blind Hary; in the days of King
James the fourth: the other written by Master
John Barber Archdean of Aberdeen, a learned
Man in the days of King David Bruce, and
Robert Stewart) contain the Relation of the
most famous War that ever fell out in the Isle of
Britain, foughten most valiantly for the space of
fourty years, betwixt the two Realms of Scot-
land and England, the one unjustly pursuing, the
other constantly defending the Liberties of this
Country. During which broiles, there happen-
ed great alterations, both in the general state of
this Kingdom, and in the overthrow and advance-
ment of particular Families, the one for betray-
ing, the other for maintaining their Country's
freedom and welfare.

That the whole History may be the more com-

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we have thought good in a short Preface, to set down the causes, occasions, and the most memorable passages of this War. In the year 1285. Alexander the third King of Scotland, being pitifully taken away by a fall off his Horse at Kinghorn, without any Issue of his Body, and in him the whole Posterity of his Father Alexander the second, and grand-father William the Lion being extinct: the right of the Crown fell to the Heirs of David Earl of Huntingtown and Garioch, youngest Brother to William the Lion. He had left three Daughters, the eldest Margaret, married to Allan Lord of Galloway: the second Isabel, to Robert Bruce (furnamed the Noble) Lord of Annandale and Cleveland: the youngest Ada, married Henry Hastings an Englishman; who having no just Title to the Crown, the contention rested betwixt the Posterity of the two elder Daughters: For Allan Lord of Galloway, leaving no Sons by his Wife Margaret; his eldest Daughter Dornagilla of Galloway married John Baliol, a Man of great Power and Lands both in Scotland, England, and France, and bare to him John Baliol; afterwards King Robert Bruce by his Wife Isabel of Huntingtown had Robert Bruce Earl of Carrick (by marriage of Martha Heretrix thereof) who contended with John Baliol, and died in the time of Wallace Wars, his eldest Son Robert Bruce succeeded King of Scotland.

Dornagilla of Galloway claimed the Crown as Heir to Margaret eldest Daughter to Prince David, Robert Bruce Earl of Carrick, albei

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Son to Isabel the second Daughter, yet contended that in feudal succession, the first Male ought to succeed before a Woman standing in the same degree, as a Son excludeth his Sister from succession although she be elder: and therefore he and Dornagilla of Galloway standing in the second degree from Prince David, he ought to be preferred before her: as for her Son John Baliol, he could claim no right but by her, and likewise was a degree further off from Prince David. The like Practick had fallen forth some ten years before in Heugh the fourth Duke of Burgundy, whose eldest Son Heugh (dying before his Father) left a Daughter Iola, and Countess of Nevers, who claimed to succeed to her Grand-father Heugh the fourth, notwithstanding Robert, second Son to the same Heugh the fourth, was preferred to her, and succeeded Duke of Burgundy: if then the second Son in feudal Inheritance succeed before the eldest Son's Daughter, far more ought the Nephew to succeed before the Neice. The right of succession being thus made doubtful, the Competitours were so powerful, that they drew the greatest part of the Kingdom in two equal factions; so that it seemed impossible to settle the Controversie at home, without running into a most pernicious civil War.

The States of Scotland to prevent this mischief, thought it fittest to submit the arbitrement of the Plea to Edward the first, surnamed Longshanks, King of England, and that upon divers weighty Reasons; for he and his Father King Henry the third being joined by many alliances of bands and friendship to the two last Kings of

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Scotland, had lived in great amity and concord with them, receiving and interchanging many favours and kind duties. The two Competitours also Bruce and Baliol, had as great Lands in England as in Scotland, so that he (and he only) was able to make them to stand to reason. Finally, the States of Scotland not being able to determine the Plea; there was no Prince beside more powerful, and in appearance more like to compose the Controversie without great blood-shed. This motion was in secret very greedily embraced by King Edward, hoping in so troublesome water to find a gainful fishing, either by drawing the Kingdom of Scotland under his direct subjection, or at least under his homage, as Lord Paramount and superiour; considering the difficulty to determine the Question at home, and the interest he had in both the parties, being (for a great part of their Estates) his Vassals and Subjects; his great Power also, having (beside Ireland) a great part of France under his dominion, and the low Countries his assured Confederates, gave him great encouragement; neither wanted he great friendship in Scotland, having at that time many of the greatest Noblemen in Scotland Vassals and Feodaries to himself for many Lands which they held in England, partly for great services done to himself and his Father, partly lying within Northumberland, and the border Shires then holden by the Scots in fee of England; partly also by interchange of Marriages and successions betwixt the two Nations, which for a long time had lived in perfect amity, as if it had been one Kingdom. And to make the

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the Controversie more fearful, be stirred up eight other Competitours, beside Bruce and Baliol, Florence Earl of Holland (descended of Ada Sister to William the Lion) Patrick Dumbar Earl of March, sir Walter Ross, sir Nicholas Soules, sir Roger Mondevile, sir John Cumine of Badenach (these five were descended of younger Daughters of Allan Lord of Galloway) sir William Vescie, begotten upon King Alexander the second his bastard Daughter, but pretended to be reabled, and John Hastings Lord Abergeveny, descended of Ada youngest Daughter to Prince David of Huntingtown.

Having thus prepared matters, he came to Berwick, and met with the States of Scotland, to whom he promised to decide the Controversie according to equity; which that it might seem more likely, he had brought from France sundry of the most famous Lawyers of that age: He chused also out of the States of Scotland assembled, twelve of the wisest and most honourable, to whom he joined the like number of English, as Assesours to him in this arbitrement. At this meeting, by the doubtful answer of Lawyers, and number of new pretendents, he made the matter more difficult, and appointed a new Convention at Norham in the borders the year following.

Difficulties thus increasing, and the Earl of Holland having on foot a great Army to take the Crown of Scotland by force (which their own stories affirm to have landed in Scotland, and to have intercepted some strengths) At the meeting of Norham, King Edward dealt se-

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cretly, and by fit Agents with the States of Scotland, for eschewing of imminent mischiefs to become his Subjects: he being descended of King David's Sister, and so but two degrees further from the Crown of Scotland then Bruce or Baliol were. This being flatly refused by all, he betook himself to his other design. And first dealt secretly with Robert Bruce, promising to decern in his favour, if he would take the Crown of Scotland bolden of him, and do him homage for it. But he stoutly refused to subject a free Nation to any over-Lord: whereupon King Edward called for John Baliol, who knowing that he was not so much favoured of the States of Scotland, easily condescended to King Edwards desire, and being by him declared King of Scotland, the States desirous of peace, conveyed him to Scoon, where he was crowned, anno, 1291. and all, except Bruce, swore to him obedience; shortly thereafter Duncan Mackduff Earl of Fife, was killed by the Lord Abernethy (a Man of great power in those times, allied both with the Cumins and Baliol:) the Earl's Brother finding the King partial in the administration of Justice, summoned him to compare before the King of England in Parliament: where he being present and sitting beside King Edward (after he had done him homage) when he was called upon, thought to answer by a Proctor; but he was forced to rise, and stand at the Bar. This Indignity grieving him greatly, he resolved to free himself of this bondage. At the same time war breaking out betwixt England and France, King Edward sent Ambassadors to the Parliament

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ment of Scotland to send aid to him, as now being their over-Lord. There came also other Ambassadors from France, desiring the ancient League to be renewed. The King and States of Scotland renewed the League with France, which had remained inviolably kept for the space of five hundred years before. The King of England's sute was rejected, because the pretended surrender and homage was made by John Baliol privately, without consent of the Parliament. A Marriage also was concluded betwixt Prince Edward Baliol, and a Daughter of Charles Earl of Valois, Brother to the French King Philip. Edward having fore-seen all these things, had drawn Robert Bruce Earl of Carrick, with his friends, enemies to Baliol, and divers Noblemen of Scotland, who held Lands of him in England, to bring such forces as they could make, to assist him in the French War; but withal taking truce with the French for some moneths, he suddenly turned his forces destinate against France, toward Scotland. His Navy was vanquished at Berwick, and eighteen of his Ships taken. Yet his land-host by the means of the Brucian faction, and the Englished-Scots Noblemen, took the Town of Berwick with great slaughter, and shortly thereafter Dumbar, Edinburgh, and Sterling. In and about these Castles, he had killed or taken Captives the greatest part of the Scots Noblemen: so that crossing Forth, the blow being so sudden, he found no preparation for resistance. Baliol rendred himself to King Edward at Montrose, and was sent by sea into England, where he remained

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Captive, till such time as by intercession of the Pope he was set at liberty, swearing and giving Hostages never to return into Scotland. King Edward came to Scoon, and took upon him the Crown of Scotland, as forfeited by the rebellion of his Homager Baliol. He sent for the Nobles of Scotland who remained, that they with such as were his Captives might swear homage to him, as to their liege Lord and King, these who refused, were detained Prisoners.

King Edward thinking that now all was sure for him in Scotland, left John Plantagent (some call him Warran) Earl of Surrey, and sir Heugh Cressingham Tresaurer, and returned to prosecute the French War, taking such of the Nobility of Scotland as he feared, along with him, with their followers. The great Men of Scotland being in this manner either imprisoned by King Edward or sworn to his obedience, and tied thereto by reason of their lands holden of the Crown of England, the rest either fled into the Isles and High-lands, or thought it sufficient to defend their own while better times.

But while Men of power neglected the publick cause of the liberty of Scotland, William Wallace a Youth of honourable birth, being Son to Malcome Wallace of Ederlie, but of mean power, having first in private killed many Englishmen of the Garisons as he could overtake them, by these exploits became so encouraged, being a Man of invincible hardiness, incredible strength of body, and withal very wise and circumspect, that he gathered his friends and neighbours, and by jeopardies and stratagems, divers times cut off
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great numbers of the enemies. The report thereof drew to him such as affected the liberty and welfare of their Countrey, and had courage to hazard themselves for vindicating thereof. As namely the Earl Malcome Lennox, the Lord William Douglas (who had been taken captive at the winning of Berwick, whereof he was Captain, and sent home upon assurance) sir John Graham, sir Neil Campbel, sir Christopher Seton, sir John Ramsay, sir Fergus Barclay, Andrew Murray, William Oliphant, Heugh Hay, Robert Boyd, John Johnston, Adam Gordon, Robert Keith, Reinald Crawford younger, Adam Wallace, Roger Kilpatrick, Simon and Alexander Fraser, James Crawford, Robert Lawder, Scrimiger, Alexander Auchinleck, Ruthven, Richard Lundie, William Crawford, Arthur Bisset, James and Robert Lindsay, John Cleland, William Ker, Edward Little, Robert Rutherford, Thomas Halliday, John Tinto, Walter Newbigging, Jar-dan Barde, Guthrie, Adam Currie, Heugh Dundas, John Scot, Steven Ireland, Mr. John Blair, Mr. Thomas Gray, and other Gentlemen; with their friends and servants; who (after some valiant exploits happily atchieved, and an army of ten thousand Men led by Thomas Earl of Lancaster, to assist the Earl of Warren, defeat by Wallace at Bigger) holding an Assembly at the Forest Kirk, choosed Wallace to be Warden of Scotland, and Viceroy in Baliol's absence. In which office he so valiantly behaved himself, that in a short space he recovered all the strenghts on the borders, and brought the south parts of Scotland to good quiet.

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The English fearing the loss of all, subtilly took truce with Wallace for one year, beginning in February. In June following they proclaimed a Justice-air to be holden at Glasgow and Aire, the eighteenth of that moneth, thinking to intrap Wallace, and all his friends, and under colour of Law to cut them off at the day appointed. All landed Men according to the custom assembling to this Court, the Englishmen condemned them of Felony, and hanged them presently: amongst the rest sir Reinald Crawford Sheriff of Aire, Uncle to Wallace, sir Brice Blair, sir Neil Montgomerie, and many of the Barons of Kyle, Cunningham, Carrick, Clid. disdale. These that escaped by flight advertised Wallace, who chanced to come later nor the rest. He assembling such of the Countrey, as detesting so horrible a fact, extreemly hated the Authors thereof, in the beginning of the night secretly entred into Aire, set fire into the place, where the Englishmen after that fact were securely sleeping, and suffered none to escape. The garrison of the Castle issuing forth to quench the fire, an ambush laid for the purpose, entred the House and made it sure. The next morning Wallace came to Glasgow, where the Lord Henry Percy had retired from Aire the day before, whom he expulsed thence with great slaughter. This Victory he so hotly pursued, that immediately thereafter he took the Castle of Sterling, recovered Argyle and Lorn, with the Town of Saint Johnston, and the Countrey about; thence he travailed through Angus and Merns, taking in all the strengths until he came to Aberdeen, which
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he found forsaken of the English, who had fled by Sea, with the Lord Henry Bewmont, an English Lord, who had married one of the Heretrix of the Earldome of Buchan, named Cumine. Thus all the north Countrey was reduced to the obedience of Wallace, except the Caste of Dundie, while Wallace lay at the siege hereof, news came of the approach of the English Army, led by John Earl of Warren and Surrey, and Sir Hengh Cressingham, with a great number of Northumberland Men, and such of the Scots as held with England, to the number of thirty thousand. Wallace having with him ten thousand Men hardned in arms, met them beside Sterling on the north side of Forth, which having no fords at that place, was passible only by a wooden Bridge. This Wallace of purpose had caused to be weakned, so that the one half of the Host being past, led by Cressingham, the bridge broke with the great weight of their Baggage. These who were come over, Wallace charged suddenly before they were put in order, and cut the most part of them in pieces with their leader Cressingham: the rest seeking to escape, drowned in the water. The Earl of Warren with those who escaped, was assailed by Earl Malcome Lennox Captain of Sterling Castle, and being hotly pursued by Wallace, hardly escaped himself, flying into Dumbar, a Castle then belonging to Patrick Earl of March. In this Battel foughten the 13 of September 1297. there perished no Scots-men of remark, but Andrew Murray of Bothwell. The English garisons bearing of this discomfiture, fled from all places.

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places, so that before the last of September, all the strengths of Scotland was recovered, except Berwick and Roxburgh.

After these Victories, Wallace held a Parliament at Saint Johnstoun, as Warden of Scotland, and settled the whole Countrey, causing the Nobility to swear to be faithful to the State, till such time as they might condescend who should be King: Earl Patrick Dumbard refusing to acknowledge the authority of this Parliament, was chased out of Scotland: and because the years by-past the ground had not been manured, and great famine threatned the Land, Wallace assembled a great Host and entred in England, where he remained all the Winter, and the spring following, living upon the Enemies, and enriching his Souldiers by their spoil: During which time the English durst never encounter him in open field: only at his first entry King Edward with a great army of raw Souldiers came against him in the plain of Stanmure: but perceiving the discipline and hardy resolution of Wallace Host, before they came nearer then half a mile, drew back his army and retired; Wallace for fear of ambush, kepted his Souldiers in order, and pursued them not. Thus King Edward left his Countrey to the mercy of a provoked Enemy, and notwithstanding that he promised battel, yet he kept himself close, till a peace was concluded for five years, Berwick and Roxburgh being rendred to the Scots. Scotland thus enjoying perfect Liberty, Wallace being earnestly requested by the French King, to the end that his special Captains might be kept in military exercise during the peace, sailed

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ailed over into France, with fifty valiant Men in his company. He was encountred on the way by Thomas of Chartres (commonly called Thomas of Longuevil) who with sixteen sail infested the Seas: but boarding Wallace Ship, he was taken by him, and thereafter fought most valiantly under him and King Robert Bruce, for the Liberty of Scotland. Wallace after his landing in France, was imployed in war against the English, who at that time possessed the Dutchie of Guyen and Burdeou; then he defeat in sundry skirmishes. But in few days he was called home by his friends in Scotland: for King Edward understanding Wallace absence, and pretending that he had broken the peace in Guyen, dealt with Robert Bruce Earl of Carrick, and his friends, and with such Noblemen of Scotland as held Lands in England, or envied Wallace glory, showing that it was a shame for them to suffer Wallace, a mean Gentlemen, to rule Scotland, while any of the Blood-royal did remain; so promising his assistance to Robert Bruce, he sent a great Army into Scotland, and by the help of the Brucian Faction and Englished Noblemen, he easily obtained the greatest strengths of Scotland. Wallace returned the next summer, secretly amassing a number of his special followers, who had lurked till his backcoming, on a sudden surprized Saint Johnstoun by a Stratagem: and pursuing his Victory hotly, chased the English out of Fife. Upon the report hereof, all the rest of his followers came from their lurking holes, by whose assistance he recovered divers strengths. The Lord William Douglas

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glas took the Castle of Sanquhair by a Stratagem, and finding the English Captains of the neareſt Garifons to come and beſiege him, he ſent ſecretly to Wallace, who coming with his power, not only raiſed the ſiege, but chaſed alſo the whole English Garifons out of thoſe quarters. from thence he came to the north parts, which he recovered with ſmall difficulty, except the ſtrong Caſtle of Dundie, to which he laid a ſiege.

The King of England grieved at this fortunate ſucceſs of Wallace, and underſtanding that he was highly envied by the Earl of March, the Cummins (the greateſt ſurname then in Scotland) and divers ancient Noblemen (to whoſe honour Wallace renown ſeemed to derogate) he ſtirred up Robert Bruce elder, and his faction, perſwading them that Wallace was Bruce's only Competitor for the Crown. Having ſo made a ſtrong party for himſelf in Scotland, the next ſpring he came with an Army of forty thouſand Men Scots and English to the Faw Kirk, ſix miles beneath Sterling. The Scots Army was very great; being thirty thouſand ſtrong, if they had been all of one mind. For John Cumine Lord of Cumbernauld, who (had an eye to the Crown) had perſwaded the Lord John Stewart of Bute, being Tutor and Grand-father by the Mother to the Children of the Lord James Stewart of Rannfrew, lately deceased, to contend with Wallace for the leading of the vanguard, alledging the ſame belonged to the Lord Stewart's Houſe by ancient privilege. Wallace reſuſing this, they parted one from another in an high chaff, there remaining with Wallace no more but ten thouſand

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and of his old Souldiers. Cumine with ten thousand of his followers, after a small shew of resistance, fled treasonably, leaving the valiant Stewart inclosed by two battels of the English, by whom (after he had fought valiantly for a long time) he was cut off with all his followers. Wallace with his batel defended themselves valiantly, until they were safely retired beyond the River of Carron, losing (beside some others) the noble sir John Graham, the most valiant worthy of Scotland next unto Wallace. Bruce whom the King of England had brought with all his friends to the field, pretending to assist him for recovery of his right from the Usurper Wallace, perceiving Wallace on the other side of Carron, desired to speak with him, to whom he upbraided so foolish an Usurpation of the Kingdom of Scotland, against so powerful a Faction at home, assisted by so mighty a King abroad. I, answered Wallace, intended never to reign in Scotland: but finding my native Countrey abandoned by you and Baliol, who have the right to the Crown, have set my self to defend my Friends and Neighbours from the unjust Tyranny and Usurpation of the King of England, who setteth you forth most unnaturally to tear the Bowels of your mother with your own Hands. After divers speeches to this purpose, the Bruce perceiving the fraudulent and tyrannous dealing of King Edward, returned to the Host. The next morning Wallace understanding that the English Army weakly entrenched, and in great Security, amassing with his own Army such as had escaped, set upon them in the dawning before they could

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could be arrayed, and killed many; so that the English King returned at that time without any further Exploit. Bruce remembring what he heard of Wallace, desired King Edward according to his former Promises, to put him in possession of so much of the Kingdom of Scotland as then was under his power: to whom he answered in the french Tongue, Have we no more ado but conquer Kingdoms for you? By this speech the Lord Bruce conceived so great Grief and Anger, that within few days he departed this Life without seeing his eldest Son Robert Bruce, afterward King, being kept for assurance of his Father's obedience, in Calais Castle in France.

After this unhappy Battel, Wallace striving to recover such Castles and strengths as King Edward had intercepted, found such opposition and backwardness by his envious Emulators, that he returned to Saint Johnstoun, and in an Assembly of the States resigned his charge of Warden, and with eighteen Men passed again into France, according to a Promise at his last return therefrom. This fell out in the end of the year 1300. The opposite faction having gained their desire, choosed John Cumine Governour; the rather because King Edward had promised to assist him to the Crown of Scotland. But he found him as great an Enemy as he had been to Wallace. For after seven months truce, obtained by means of the French King, Edward sent sir Ralph Gonfray with a great Army to subdue the Scots, and to put an end to the War, which they expected should be easie, Wallace being now out of the way. John Cumine joining with the Lord Simon Fraser,

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fer, making some eight or nine thousand Men, came to resist the English, who having wasted the Countrey as far as Rosling, about five miles from Edinburgh, expecting no resistance, divided themselves into three Battels, that they might spoil farther in the Countrey. The Scots embracing the occasion, set upon the first Battel, and easily discomfit them: the second also, albeit stronger by the joining of those who had fled, was after a long conflict put to the rout. By this the third battel coming to the revenge, put the Scots to a great strait, as being forewounded, wearied, and weakened in the two former battels, and having to withstand a fresh enemy of far greater number: hereupon they were forced to kill all the captives, lest they should assist the enemy, and with their weapons to arm their baggage-men: and setting forward both with courage and necessity, seeing no escape, after a long and hard fight, they put the Enemies to flight. This was the 24 of March 1302.

King Edward sore incensed by this evil success, sent for Robert Bruce younger, out of Calais, whom he perswaded that he had for a long time against Wallace defended his Father's right to the Crown of Scotland: that having put Wallace out of the way, he found the Cumins as great Enemies: notwithstanding he intended yet once more to put that Enemy out of the way, and so settle him in his Kingdom. The young Prince believing him, caused all his friends and favourers of Scotland to join with him; and entering the borders, spoiled the Countrey, and took divers Castles as far as Douglas. Some report

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report that the Lady Douglas, named Ferras, an English Woman, betrayed that Castle to the Bruce, who took the Lord William Douglas Captive, with all his Children and goods. The Lord himself was kept Prisoner in Berwick, and thereafter in York, while he died. Mean time King Edward had prepared a mighty Army both by Land and Sea, with which he entred Scotland, and subdued all before him, while he came to Sterling, keepest then by sir William Oliphant: who after a long siege, knowing of no relief, yielded the Castle, upon condition that himself and all that were with him, should pass with their Lives safe: notwithstanding King Edward keepest still all the Noblemen, together with the Captain sir William Oliphant: and such as would not swear homage to him (pretending to be Protector of Robert Bruce's right) he sent Prisoners to London. Having in this Castle intercepted divers of John Cumin's Friends, he procured them to draw him to a parly with him: in which he so blinded him with hopes of the Kingdom, and with fear of utter undoing, that he joined himself and his Friends to the English; who by this accession, easily passed forward with the course of Victory, as far as the outmost bounds of Ross: And in his back-coming carried away with him into England all Books, Registers, Histories, Laws, and Monuments of the Kingdom; and amongst others the fatal marble Chair, where-upon the former Scots Kings used to be crowned at Scoon; on which was engraven a Prophecy, bearing, That where-ever this Chair should be transported, the Scots should command there.

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there. He carried also with him all the learned Men and Professors of Scotland, amongst others, the famous subtile Doctor John Duns, surnamed Scotus; thinking hereby so to discourage and effeminate the Minds of the Scots, that they should cast off all care of recovering their Liberty, the memory thereof being drowned in Oblivion. At his return into England he left his Cousin sir Aymer de Valence Earl of Pembrok Viceroy, having fortified all Castles with strong Garisons.

The Scots who stood for the Liberty of the Countrey, being forsaken by John Cumine, sent earnest Letters to France to move Wallace to return. He was then making War upon the English in Guyen. But hearing the Mischiefs of his Countrey, obtained leave of the French King to return; and secretly amassing some of the remainder of his old Friends, recovered divers Castles and Towns in the north; and having greatly increased his Army, besieged Saint Johnston, till it was rendred. But as he proceeded in the course of his Victories, he was betrayed by his familiar friend sir John Menteith, to the Lord Aymer Valence, who sent him into England, where by King Edward's Command he was put to death, and his Body quartered, and sent into the principal Cities of Scotland, to be set up for a terror to others.

Notwithstanding this Cruelty prevailed little for the assuring King of Edward's Conquest. New Enemies arising whence he least expected: for as he returned from his last Journey into Scotland; John Cumine and Robert Bruce meeting together,

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gether, after long conference of the state of their Countrey, perceived that notwithstanding he had promised to each of them apart his help to obtain the Crown of Scotland, yet his intention was only to use their assistance to conquer and secure to himself, as he well declared, by spoiling the Countrey of all Monuments publick and private. Hereupon they agreed that Cumine should quite all his right to the Crown in favour of Bruce, and that Bruce should give him all his Lands for his assistance. This Contract written and sealed by both parties, Bruce returned into England with the Host, waiting for a fit time to escape from King Edward: in the mean time Wallace returning, and recovered many places in Scotland, sent privily for Bruce to come home and take the Crown, and to his Brother Edward Bruce, a most valiant Youth; who coming out of Ireland, took sundry strengths in Annandale and Galloway. Cumine who had kept old enmity with Wallace, not enduring that Bruce by his means should come to the Crown, revealed the Contract betwixt him and Bruce to King Edward: who at first delayed to cut off Robert Bruce, till such time as he might get the rest of his Brethren in his hands. Bruce advertised of his danger by the Earl of Gloucester (some call him the Earl of Montgomerie) his old Friend, who had sent him a pair of sharp Spurs, and some crowns of Gold, as if he had borrowed the same, guessing the meaning of this Propine, caused by night shoe three Horse backward, and posted away from the Court with two in his Company, and on the fifth day (the way being deep in Winter)

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er) arrived at his own Castle of Lochmabane; where he found his Brother Edward with Robert Fleming, James Lindsay, Roger Kirkpatrick, and Thomas of Charteris, who told him how Wallace was betrayed by sir John Menzies and the Cumins faction a few days before. Immediately thereafter they intercepted a Messenger with Letters from Cumine to King Edward, desiring that Bruce should be dispatched in haste, lest (being a Nobleman much favoured by the Commons) he should raise greater stirs. The Treachery of John Cumine before only suspected, was hereby made manifest, which so incensed the Lord Bruce, that riding to Dumfries, and finding Cumine at the Mass in the Gray-friers, after he had shown him his Letters, in Impatience he stabb'd him with his Dagger: the other who were about him doing the like, and not only dispatched him, but also his Cousin sir Edward Cumine, and others who assisted him. This slaughter fell out the ninth of February, in the beginning of the year 1306, as we now account.

The Bruce thus rid of one Enemy, found a great number as it were arising out of his Ashes, even the whole puissant Name of Cumine, with their Allies, the Earl of March, the Lord of Lorn, the Lord of Abernethy, the Lord of Brechin, the Lord Soules, the most part of the north, and all Galloway followed the Cumins: The Lord of Lorn was of great power in the highlands: the Earl of March and Lord William Soules commanded the Mers, with Berwick and the Borders: all which they yielded to King Edward, and maintained against Robert Bruce.

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At the same time his two Brethren Thomas and Alexander Bruce, with Reinald Crawford younger, secretly landing in Galloway, were taken by Duncan Mackdugal a great Man in Galloway, and sent to King Edward, who caused them all three to be hanged. On the other side, assembled to him besides these above named, the young Lord James Douglas (who hearing of his Father's Death, had returned from France, where he was at Schools, and stayed a time with his Kinsman William Lambert Bishop of Saint Andrews) Earl Malcome Lennox, Earl John of Athole, (although of the Cumins Blood, yet being Father in law to Edward Bruce) sir Neil Campbel, sir Gilbert Hay, sir Christopher Seton, sir Thomas Randal, sir Heugh Hay, John Somervale, David Barclay, Alexander and Simon Fraser, sir Robert Boyd, sir William Haliburton, with sundry who had stood with Wallace before. With this company he past to Scoon, and took upon him the Crown of Scotland in April 1306. After this he gathered an Army, minding to besiege Saint Johnston: but finding his Power too weak, he retired to Mothven, where he was unexpectedly assaulted, and discomfited by sir Aymer de Valence, but with small loss of Men; except some who were taken, as Randal, Barclay, Fraser, Inchmartine, Somervale, and sir Heugh Hay, who were constrained to swear homage to King Edward. The Commons discouraged with this hard success, fearing the English, forsook the new King, who had a few company of Gentlemen about him, with whom he travelled towards Argyle,

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gyle meaning to lurk for a time with his Brother in law sir Neil Campbel: But he was encountered by the way by John of Lorn, Cousin to John Cumine, and constrained to flee, albeit with small slaughter of his own folks. After this second discomfiture, he sent his Queen (being Daughter to Gratney Earl of Mar) with his Brother sir Neil Bruce, and John Earl of Athole, to the Castle of Kildrimmy in Mar. The King of England sent his Son Prince Edward with a mighty host to besiege this castle. The Queen hearing this; fled to the Girth of Tane in Ross; but the Earl of Ross took her and her Daughter & sent them; Captives into England. The Castle of Kildrimmy was traiterously burnt by one of the Garison: all that were within it taken & hanged at the Command of the English King.

King Robert seeing Winter approach, and finding no retreat in the main Land, retired with his most entire Friends to his old Friend Angus, Lord of the Isles; with whom he stayed a short time in Kintire, and thereafter sailed over into the Isle of Raughrine, where he lurked all the Winter; every Man esteeming him to be dead. The next spring he landed quietly in Carrick, and on a sudden intercepted his own Castle of Turnberry, the Lord Peirce flying home out of it, into his own Countrey. sir James Douglas departing thence secretly, came into Douglasdale, and by means of Thomas Dickson, an old servant of his Father's, he recovered his own Castle of Douglas, and cast it down once and again: therefore he returned to King Robert to Cuminok, showing him that Aymier de valence

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& John of Lorn, with an Army were coming against him. The King with five hundred valiant Men kepted themselves in a strong place, ay waiting while sir Aymer should invade: but took no heed to John of Lorn, who fetching a compass, set upon his back with eight hundred Highland-men, and had well nigh inclosed him about. The King perceiving the danger, divided his Men in three; and appointing where they should meet at night, fled three sundry ways. John of Lorn having a slouth-Hound, pursued still after the King, who putting away all that were in his company, save one Man, fled into the next Wood, and with great difficulty escaped the slouth-hound. Sir Aymer disappointed of this enterprize, shortly thereafter with fifteen hundred chosen Men, very nigh surprized the King in Glentrole Wood: but the King with his Men taking courage so resolutely, defended the place, being very strong, and killed divers of the first who assaulted them, that the rest fled back. Thereafter with more courage he went into the fields, & reduced Kile & Cunningham to his obedience. Sir James Douglas also with threescore Men lying in an ambush at a strait place in Cunningham, called the Netherfoord, where sir Philip Moubray was passing with a thousand Men against the King, being then in Kile, killed many of them; & put the rest to flight. On the tenth of May following, sir Aymer with three thousand Men came against the King, the King lying at Gaston in Kile: King Robert hearing of his coming, albeit he exceeded not 600 Men, came forth against him at a place under Lowdon-hill, which he so fortified on either hand with dykes

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So Fousies, that the enemies could not enclose him on the sides: So by the stout & resolute Valour of so few, sir Aymer was put to flight, which he took so sore to Heart; that he retired into England, and gave over his Office of Warden, or Viceroy; John of Britain Earl of Richmond, being sent into Scotland in his place.

King Robert after this past into the North; leaving sir James Dowglas on the Borders, who taking his own Castle of Dowglas by a Stratagem razed it to the ground, and in few days chased all the English out of Dowglas-dale, Atrick-forrest, and Jedburgh-forrest: and took sir Thomas Randal, the King's Sisters Son, (who had followed the English ever since his Captivity) and sir Alexander Stewart of Bonkle. Sir Alexander and Simon Fraser meeting King Robert in the North, shewed him how John Cumine Earl of Buchan, David Lord Brechin, sir John Moubray, and the rest of the Cumini-an Faction, were gathering an Army against him. Mean while by the Assistance of his Friends in these Quarters, on a sudden he surprized the Castle of Innerness; the fame of which Victory caused many other Strengths to yield: all which he overthrew, and greatly increased the number of his Friends. In his returning, taking Sickness at Innerury, Cumine set upon him. The King, after his Friends had for a time defended him, convalescing somewhat, went out to the field, and so hardly assaulted his Enemy at old Meldrom, that albeit their number was far greater, yet they took the flight. With the like Success he set upon the King in

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Glenesk in Angus, where being shamefully put to flight, he fled into England with Sir John Moubray, and died there shortly. Lord David Brechin fortified his own Castle, but David Earl of Athole, forced him to yield it, and himself to the King. Mean time Philip Fraser took the Castle of Forfारे: And the King pursuing this Victory, reduced all the North to his Obedience: and joining with Lord James Douglas, returning from the South with his two Captives, he took Saint Johnstoun by surprisal: from thence he past into Lorn, the Lord whereof had embushed two thousand Men on the side of an high steep Hill, where the King behoved to enter through a narrow passage: But Sir James Douglas, with Sir Alexander Fraser, and Sir Andrew Gray, climbing the Hill, came suddenly on their backs, and put them to flight. John of Lorn fled into England by Sea: his Father Lord Alexander Macdugal yielded himself, and the Castle of Dunstaffage to the King.

By this means all on the north side of Forth was reduced to obedience: Sir Edward his Brother in the mean time, with long and hard fighting, had conquered Galloway. James Dowglas by a Stratagem surprised the strong Castle of Roxburgh on the Fastens-even, while all the Garison (after the Custom of the time) were feasting and playing the Riot. The report whereof so whetted the Courage of the valiant Thomas Randal, newly restored to his Uncles Favour, and made Earl of Murray, that having besieged the Castle of Edinburgh for some months,

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months, he set himself by all means to carry the same, which he obtained by a narrow passage up through the Rock discovered to him: by which he and sundry stout Gentlemen, secretly passed up, and scaling the Wall, after long and dangerous fighting, made themselves Masters of the place, The Garisons of Rugline, Lanerick, Dumfreis, Aire, Dundie and Bute, bearing this, yielded up these Castles, which were all razed. The Ile of Man also returned to the obedience of the Crown of Scotland. Sir Edward Bruce having besieged Sterling Castle three months, agreed with the Captain sir Philip Moubray, that if the King of England did not rescue him within twelve moneths thereafter, the Castle should be yielded to King Robert. Albeit this seemed a rash provocation of so mighty a King as Edward the second (who some seven years before, had succeeded his Father Edward Longshanks, but far degenerat from his valour) having not only England and Ireland, and many englished Scots, with the Dutchie of Guyen Burdeous, and other parts of France subject unto him, but also the Low-Countries strictly confederat with him: Yet King Robert prepared himself to encounter him in the fields, and gathered some five and thirty thousand Men, few but valiant. The King of England had above an hundred thousand Foot, and ten thousand Horse: with which Multitude, intending to destroy the Inhabitants of Scotland, and to divide the Land to his followers, he came to Bannokburn (some two miles beneath Sterling) where on the twenty one of June 1314. he was encount-

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tred by the Scots, and after long and hard fighting, his great Army put to rout : himself with a small Company fleeing into Dumbar, was sent by the Earl into England in a fisher Boat, leaving two hundred Noblemen and Gentlemen killed by the Scots, and as many taken. The number of the Commons slain and taken was incredible. Of Scots was slain two Gentlemen of note, Sir William Wepont, and Sir Walter Ross with four thousand common Souldiers.

After this Victory, Sterling being yielded, and Dumbarton gotten by composition, the Earl of March, the Lord Soules, and Abernethy, and others of the Cumins Allies, were reconciled to the King ; who past unto the Isles, and brought them to obedience, taking John of Lorn captive, who died in prison in Loclevin. Thus Scotland was freed of the bondage of England, except Berwick which was recovered four years thereafter 1318. & the Scots making divers Incursions into England, under the leading of Earl Thomas Randal, and James Lord Douglas, requited the harms received from them before, and enriched themselves with spoil.

As for the Authority of these two Histories, although they possibly err in some circumstances of time, place, and number, or Names of Men, yet generally they write the truth of the Story of these times, both at greater length, and upon more certain Information, than those who have written our Chronicles. So committing them to thy diligent perusal (gentle and courteous Reader) I wish you profit thereby, and all Happiness from God. Farewel.

THE

The Acts and Deeds

OF THE

Most Famous and Valiant Champion

Sir *William Wallace*,

Knight of *Ellerslie*.

The First BOOK.

CHAP. I.

OUR Antecessours of whom we should oft read,
And hold in mind their fame and worthy deed:
We let over-slide through very sloathfulness,
And call us ever to other business.

On vain gaming is set our whole intent,
Which hath been seen into these times by went:
Our next neighbours that came of *Brutus* blood,
They often-times to *Scots* with't little good:
Though now of late God turn'd their mind and will,
That greet kindness they have shown us until.
The Hearts of people, the Lord hath in his hand,
He may them rule and guide at his Command:
And though all leids would have this land in thrall,
Upon his power, God can against them all:
As we have seen in our forbears before;
But of these parables as now I speak no more.

We read of one right famous in renown,
Of worthy Blood, that reigned in this Region:

And henceforth now, I will my purpose hold
 Of *VWilliam VWallace* as ye have heard it told.
 His Fore-fathers who like to understand,
 Of old Linage, and true Blood of *Scotland* :
 Sir *Rannald Crawford* right Sheriff of Aire,
 So in his time, he had a Daughter fair,
 To young Sir *Rannald*, Sheriff of that Town,
 Was sister fair, of good Fame and Renown :
Malcom VWallace her got in Marriage,
 That *Elerstie* then had in Heritage.
Auchenbotpie and many other place,
 The second Uye he was to good *VWallace* :
 The which *VWallace* full hardily had wrought,
 When *VValter*, Heir of *VWallace* to him fought.
 Who likes to hear more Knowledge in that part,
 Go read the line of the first Stewart,

Now *Malcom Wallace* got with his Lady bright,
Malcom Wallace, a good and gentle Knight,
 And *William* too, as *Chronicles* bears on hand,
 Who after was rescuer of *Scotland*.

When it was lost with treason and falseness :
 Over-set with Foes, it fled through Gods Grace.
Alexander our worthy King forlorn.

By aventure his life lost at *Kinghorn*.

Three years still the Realm stood desolate,
 Where through there rose a full grievous debate :

Our Prince *David*, Earl of *Huntingtown*,
 Three Daughters had, of great Fame and Renown,
 Of the which three came, *Bruce*, *Baliol*, and *Haiking* :

Two of these three desired to be King :
 The *Baliol* claimed of the first Degree lineally,
 And *Bruce* the first Male of the *Greenby Green* :

To *Edward* soon into *England* they send,
 Of this great strife they thought he should make end,

Folly it was (indeed it happened so)
 Succour to seek of their old mortal Fo.

Edward Long-shanks had now begun his War
 Upon *Gafreiga*, into an awiul Fear :

The *Lanes* which he claimed stood in such case,
 He thought full soon, to make a full Conquest.

To *Northam Kirk* he came with outten mair,
 The Council then of *Scotland* met him there :

Full subtilly he charged them in *Bandown*,
 As their over-Lord, to hold of him the Crown.
 Bishop *Robert* in this time right worthy,
 Of *Glasgow* Lord, said, That we do deny,
 Any over-Lord, but the great God above.
 The King was wroth, and home he did remove.
 Yet *John Baliol* followed on him so fast,
 To hold of him he granted at the last :
 And contrarie right, a King he made him there,
 Where through *Scotland* repented it full sair.
 To the *Baliol* our Lords would not consent,
Edward forthwith set down a Parliament :
 He called *Baliol* to answer for *Scotland* :
 The wise Lords soon caused him break that Band :
 An abbot, and gave over his alledgance.
 King *Edward* then took it in great Grievance.
 His Hoast he rais'd, and came to wark on *Tweed* :
 But for to fight, as then he had great dread.
 To *Cospatrick* of *Dumbar* soon he send,
 His Counsel askt, for he the countrey kend :
 Where he was brought in presence of the King,
 By subtil Band they pocked up this thing.

C H A P. II.

The Battel of Berwick.

Earl *Patrick* then to *Berwick* can persue,
 Received he was, and trusted very true :
 The King followed with his men of Renown,
 After midnight at rest was all the Town.
Cospatrick rose, the Keys well he knew,
 Let Bridges down, and Portculzies they drew :
Edward entred, and caus'd stay hastily,
 Of Men and Women, eight thousand and fifty :
 And Children too, by this false Adventure,
 Of true *Scots* escaped no Creature.
 A Captain there this false King hath made,
 Toward *Dumbar* without resting they rade.

C H A P. III.
The Battel of Dumbar.

WHere gathered was great Power of *Scotland*,
Against *Edward*, in Battel for to stand :
The three Earls was entred in that place,
Of *Mar*, *Menteith*, and *Atbol* upon case.
In the Castle the Earl gart hold them in,
That to their Men without they could not win :
Nor yet to them supplying for no mo :
The Battels then together fast they go,
And many slain there was without Mercy,
Of true Scots, over-set with Subtilty.
Earl *Patrick* then, when the fighting was fellest,
To our so turned, and harming did us maist,
Is none in World that *Skaithes* may do maire,
Then well trusted a born Familiare.
Our Men are slain without Redemption,
Through these deeds whole, tint was this Region.

C H A P. IV.

*How King Edward and Corspatrick came to
Scoon, and deposed John Baliol, and had
with them the Heirs of Scotland.*

King *Edward* past, and *Corspatrick* to *Scoon*,
And there he got the Homage of *Scotland* soon :
For none was left the Realm for to defend,
For *John Baliol* then to *Montrose* they send,
And him deprived for ay of his *Kingrike* :
Then *Edward* himself was called a Royal Kike.
The Crown he took upon the self same flane,
That *Gathelus* sent with his Son from *Spain*,
When *Iber Scot* first into *Scotland* came :
That *Kenneth* King, the second of that Name,
Brought it to *Scoon*, and gart it stable thair,
Where kings were crown'd eight hundred years & mair
Before the time that King *Edward* it fand,
These Jewels he gart turse into *England* :
In *London* set in witness of that thing,
By conquest then of *Scotland* made him King

Where

Where that Stone stands, *Scotland* should Master be,
God close the time, for *Margaret's* Heirs to see.
Eight score they led of greatest that they fand,
All Heirs with them, and *Bruce* out of *Scotland*.
That Office then he kept but short time.
I may not now put all the deeds in rime :
On *Chronicles*, why should I tarry lang :
To *Wallace* again now briefly will I gang.
Scotland was lost when he was but a Child,
All overset with our Enemies wild :
His Father *Malcom* in the *Lennox* fled,
His eldest Son thither with him he led.
His Mother fled with him from *Elerstie*,
To *Gowrie* past, and dwelt in *Kilspindie*.
The Knight his Father thither hath him sent,
Unto his Uncle with a great intent.
In *Gowrie* dwelt and had their living thair,
An aged Man, which received them fair :
Then to *Dundie Wallace* to school they send,
While he of wit-full worthily was kend :
Thus he continued in his tender age,
In arms then did many vassalage,
When *Saxon* Blood in this Region could reign;
Marking the will of that unrighteous King.
Many great wrongs they wrought in this Region,
Destroy'd our Lords, and brake our Buildings down.
Both Wives and Widows they took at their own will,
Nuns and Maidens whom they liked to spill :
King *Herods* part they play'd here in *Scotland*,
Of young Children that they before them fand.
The Bishopricks that was greatest of vail,
They took in hand of their Archbishops hail :
Not for the Pope, they would no Kirk forbear,
But gripped all through violence of wear.
Glasgow they gave, as at their Vaile was kend,
To *Diotie* of *Durham* to a Commend :
Smal Benefices they would not pursue :
But for this thing full many other they flew,
Hanged Barons, and wrought full meikle care.
It was well known within the Barns of *Aire* :
There eighteen score was put to Fellon dead ;
But God above hath sent us some Remead.

It is remembred farther in the Tale,
 I will follow upon my Purpose haile:
William Wallace ere he was Man of Arms,
 Great pity thought *Scotland* that took such Harms.
 Meikle Dolour it did him in his mind:
 For he was wise, right worthy, weight and kind,
 In *Gowrie* dwelt still with this worthy Man:
 As he increast, and with a bondan than,
 Into his Heart he had full meikle care,
 He saw the *Sutheron* multiply mair and mair,
 And to himself he oft would make his Moan,
 Of his good Kin they had slain many one.
 Yet he was then seemly, strong and bold,
 Ere he of Age was seventeen winters old,
 Weapons he bare, either good Sword or Knife;
 For he with them hapned full oft to strife.
 Where he found one out of others presence,
 After to *Scots* they did no more Offence:
 To cut his Throat, or sick him suddenly.
 He cared not, found he them anerly.
 Sundry wanted, but none knew by what way,
 For as to him there could no man ought lay:
 Little of Speech, was courteous and benign,
 Sad of Countenance, he was both bold and ying.

C H A P. V.

*How Wallace slew young Selbie, the Con-
 stables Son of Dundie.*

UPon a day to *Dundie* he was send,
 Of Cruelness full little he was kend:
 The Constable was a fellow Man of Wear,
 And unto *Scots* he did full meikle dear.
Selbie he heght, dispiteous in Out-rage.
 A Son he had near twenty years of Age:
 Into the Town he used every day,
 Three Men or four thereto with him to play.
 An biely threw, wanton in his Intent,
Wallace he saw, and toward him he went:
 Seemly he was, right big, and well beleen,
 Into a Weed of goodly gaining green.

He called on him, and said, Thou *Scot*, abide,
 What Devil (said he) thee graithed in so good Weed;
 An Horse-mantle it was thy kind to wear,
 A *Scots* Whittle under thy Belt to bear.
 Rough Rulzions upon thine Harlots Feet;
 Give me thy Knife, what doth thy Gear so meet;
 To him he went his Knife to take him fra,
 Fast by the Collar *Wallace* can him ta;
 Under his hand his Knife he braided out,
 For all his Men that sembled him about;
 But help himself he knew of no Remead,
 Without Rescue he sticked him to dead.
 The Squyer fell, of him there was no more,
 His Men followed on *Wallace* wonder fore.
 The Preafs was thick, and cummered them full fast,
Wallace was speedy, and greatly als agast;
 The bloody Knife was drawn in his hand,
 He spared none that he before him fand.
 The house he knew his Eme had lodged in,
 Thither he fled, farther he might not win.
 The good Wife there within the close saw he,
 And help he cryed, for him that died on Tree:
 The young Captain hath fallen with me at strife,
 In at the door he went with his good Wife.
 A russet Gown of her own she him gave,
 Above his weed which covered all the lave.
 A sudled Courch over Head and Neck let fall,
 A worn white Hat she breafed on withal,
 For they should not long tarry at that Inne:
 Gave him a Rock, and then sat down to spinne.
 The *Sutheron* sought where *Wallace* was but dreed,
 They knew not well at what gate he in yeed:
 In that same house they sought him busily,
 But he sate still and span right cunningly,
 As of his time he had not learned lang.
 They left him so, and forth their gates can gang,
 With heavy Chear, and sorrowful in Thought;
 No Wit of him as then get could they nought.
 The *Englishmen* all then in barret bown.
 Bade fire all *Scots* that were into the Town,
 Yet this good-wife held *Wallace* until night,
 Made him good Chear, and put him out of sight.
 Through

Through a dark gate she guided him full fast,
 In Covert went, syn by the water past:
 Forbure the gate, for Watches that was there:
 His Mother was into a great Dispare:
 When she him saw, she thanked Heavens King,
 And said, dear Son, so long where hast thou been?
 He told his Mother of that sudden case,
 Then weeped she, and said, full oft, alace:
 Ere that thou cease, thou wilt be slain withal.
 Mother, he said, God Ruler is of all:
 Unsufferable are the people of *England*,
 Part of their yre merthinks we should gainstand.
 His Eme he knew that he the Squyer slew,
 For Dread thereof in great Languor he drew.
 This passed over, while divers days were gane,
 The good-man dread that *Wallace* should be tane.
 The *Sutheron* are full subtil every man,
 A great Ditty for *Scots* ordain'd they than,
 By the Law-days in *Dundie* set an aire,
 Then *Wallace* would no longer sojourn there.
 His Mother graithed her in a Pilgrims Weed,
 Himself disguised, syn gladly with her yeed.
 A short Sword under his Weed bare he,
 In all the Land full many Foes had he,
 Both on their foot, with them more took they nought.
 Who spierd, She said, To *S. Margaret* they fought.
 Who served her, full great Friendship they fand,
 With *Southeron* Folks, for she was of *England*.
 Besides *Lundores* the Ferrie over they past,
 Then through the *Ochel* sped they wonder fast:
 Into *Dumferling* they lodged all that night:
 Upon the Morn when that the day was light,
 With Gentlewomen hapened them to passe,
 Of *England* born, in *Linlithgow* winning was:
 The Captains Wife in Pilgrimage had been:
 When she them met, and had good *Wallace* seen.
 Good Chear they made, for he was wonder fair,
 Not large of tongue, well taught, and debonar.
 Forth talking thus of matters that was wrought,
 While South over *Forth*, with her Son she him brought
 Into *Linlithgow* they would not tarry lang.
 Their leave they took, to *Dunipace* they gang:

There

There dwelt his *Eme*, a man of great riches,
 A mighty Person, height to name *Wallace*:
 Made them good chear, and was a full good-man;
 Welcomed them fair, and to them told he then;
 Did him to wit the Land was all on fire,
 Treated them well, and said, My Son so dear,
 Thy Mother and thou, right here with me shall bide;
 While better be thy chance, what may bide.
Wallace answered, Westermore we will.
 Our Kin is slain, and that me liketh ill,
 And other many worthy in that art:
 Live I, will God, we shall us wreck on part.
 The Parson sigh'd, and said, My Son so free,
 I cannot know how that redress may be.
 What should I speak of frustrate at this tide,
 For gift of good he would not with him bide.
 His mother and he, to *Ellerslie* they went,
 Upon the morn she for her Brother sent;
 In *Corsbie* dwelt, and was Sheriff of *Aire*,
 His Father was dead, that lived long time there,
 Her eldest Son that meikle was of main,
 Her Husband als at *Lochmabanie* was slain:
 Sir *Malcom Wallace* his name was but lies,
 His hogh Sinews were cutted in that preals:
 On knees he fought, feil Englishmen he flew,
 To him then fought more fighters than anew:
 On either side with Spears they bare him down.
 There sticked they that good Knight of renown.
 Unto my tale I left at *Ellerslie*,
 Sir *Rannald* came unto his Sister free:
 Welcomed them, and ask'd of their intent.
 She pray'd that he to Lord *Persie* would went.
 She irked of War, she would no further flee,
 To purchase, in rest that she might be.
 Sir *Rannald* had the *Persies* Protection,
 As for all part to take remission:
 Then he caus'd write to his Sister that tide.
 In that respite *Wallace* would not abide.
 His Mother he left, she weep'd with Heart full sair,
 His leave he took, then from his *Eme* can fare:
 Young he was, and to *Sutheron* right savage,
 Great room they had, despite and eke courage,

Sir Rannald durst not then hold *Wallace* there,
 For great peril he knew appearing were :
 For they had whole the strengths of this Land ;
 What they would do durst none against them stand.
 Sheriff he was, and used them among,
 Full sore he dread, that *Wallace* should take wrong,
 For he and they could never well accord,
 He got a blow, though he was Lad or Lord
 That proffered him any lightliness :
 But they repaired over meikle to that place,
 Alls English Clerks in prophesie it fand
 How one *Wallace* should put them from *Scotland*
 Sir Rannald knew well a more quiet steed,
 Where *William* might be better from their feed :
 With his Uncle *William* of *Richertown*,
 Sir *Richard* height that good Knight of renown,
 These Lands whose then was his heritage.
 But blind he was, so happened through courage,
 By *Englishmen* that did him meikle dear :
 In his rising, he worthy was in wear.
 Through hurt of veins, and minishing of blood
 Yet he was wise, and of his counsel good.
 In Februar *Wallace* was to him send,
 Into April he boun from him to wend.
 But good service he did him with pleasure,
 As in that space was worthy to advance.]

C H A P. I.

How *Wallace* past to the water of *Irwin*, to
 take Fish.

SO on a time he desired to play,
 Into April the three and twenty day :
 To *Irwin* water, Fish to take he went,
 Such fantasie fell into his intent :
 To lead his Net, a Child with him there yeed ;
 But he ere noon, was a in fellon dread :
 His Sword he lest, so did he never again,
 It did him good, although he suffered pain.
 Of that labour as then he was not flie,
 Happy he was, took Fish abundantlie,

Ere of the day ten hours could overpass.
Riding there came, near by where *Wallace* was,
The Lord *Persie* that was Captain of *Aire*,
From hyn he turn'd, and could to *Glasgow* fare.
Part of the Court had *Wallace* labour seen,
To him they rode five clad in garment green.
Saint *Martin's* Fish, said *Scot* now we would have.
Wallace again them meekly answer gave.
It were reason, methink, ye should have part.
Waith should be dealt in all place with free heart,
He bade his Boy give them of his weathing.
The *Southeron* said, As now of thy dealing
We will not take, thou wouldst give us over small.
He lighted down, and from his Boy took all,
Wallace said then, Gentlemen, if ye be,
Leave us some part we pray, for charitie :
An aged Knight serves our Lady this day :
Good Friend, leave part, and take not all away.
Thou shalt have leave to fish, and take thee mair,
All these surely shall in our sitting fare.
We serve a Lord, these Fish shall to him gang,
Wallace answering said, Thou art in the wrang,
Whom thoust thou, *Scot* : in faith thou servest a blaw.
To him he ran, and out a Sword can draw.
Wallace was woe, he had no Weapons there,
But a Pauls-staff, which in his hand he bare :
Wallace with it fast on the Cheek him took,
With so good will, while off his feet him shook.
The Sword flew from him a foot broad on the Land ;
Wallace was glad, and caught it soon in hand,
And with the Sword an acward stroke him gave
Under the Head, his Craig in sunder drave.
By that the rest lighted about *Wallace*,
He had no help but only on God's Grace :
On either side full fast on him they dang :
Great peril was, if they had lasted lang,
Upon the Head in great yre he stroke one.
The shearing Sword cut to the Collar bone ;
Another he hit on the arm hastily,
While hand and Sword both on the Land can ly.
The other two fled to their horse again.
he sticket him that last was on the plain.

Three slew he there, two fled with all their might
 After their Lord, but he was out of sight,
 Taking the Mure, ere he and they could twin :
 To him they rode anon, ere they could blin,
 And cry'd, Abide, your Men are martyr'd down,
 Right cruelly into this false Region :
 Five of your Men here at the water bade,
 Fish you to bring, though it no profit made,
 We are escaped, but in field slain are three.
 The Lord asked, How many may there be ?
 We saw but one that hath o'ercome us all.
 Then leugh the Lord, and said, Shame on you fall :
 Since one you all hath put to confusion ;
 Who mones it molt the Devil in hell him drown.
 This day for me, in faith, he's not be sought.
 When *Wallace* thus the worthy Work had wrought
 Their horse he took, and gear that was left there ;
 Gave over the Craft, and went to fish no mare,
 Went to his Eme, and told him of the deed :
 And he for wo near swelt out of his weed,
 And said, Son, these tidings fits me sore,
 If they be known, thou may get skaish therefore.
 Uncle, he said, no longer will I bide,
 These *Sutherons* horse, let see if I can ride :
 Then but a Child in service for to make,
 His Eme's Son with him he would not take.
 This good Knight said, Dear Cousin, I pray thee,
 When thou wants good, come fetch enough from me :
 Silver and Gold he caus'd one to him give ;
Wallace then kneeled, and lowly took his leave,

The end of the first Book:

The Second BOOK.

C H A P. I.

*How Wallace slew the Churl with his own
Staff, in Aire,*

YOUNG *Wallace* then fulfilled of his courage,
In prize of arms, desirous of Vassalage,
Thy Vassalage may never be forlorn,
Thy deed is known though all the World had sworn;
For thy whole mind, labour and business,
Was set in war, and very righteousness:
And full great loss of thy dear worthy Kin,
The rancour more remains thy mind within,
It was his Life, and most part of his food,
To see them shed the birning *Southeron* blood.
To *Ochter* house withoutten more he rode,
And but short time in peace there he abode,
There was one *Wallace* that welcomed him well,
Though Englishmen thereof had little feel:
Both meat and drink at his will had he there,
In *Laglan* Wood when that he made repair.
The gentleman full oft was his reser,
With stuff of house full oft he can him bet:
So he desir'd the town of *Aire* to see,
His child with him, and then no more took he.
Ay next the Wood *Wallace* caus'd leave his horse,
Then on his foot went to the market Cross:
The *Perfie* was in the Castle of *Aire*,
With *Englishmen* great number and repair,
And all the Town ruling on their own wise,
To many *Scots* they did full great supprize:
All but abasing *Wallace* among them yeed,
The rage of youth made him to have no dread.
A Churl they had that great Burdens did bear,
Exceedingly he would list meikle mair.
Then any three that they among them fand,
And als by this one sport he took in hand.

He

He bare a Sting into a busteous pole,
 On his broad back, of any it would thole,
 But for a groat, as fast as he might draw:
 When *Wallace* heard speak of that merry saw,
 Then he desired at that market to be:
 For one stroke he bade him groats three.
 The Churl granted, of that proffer was fain,
 To pay that Silver *Wallace* was full bane.
Wallace that Sting took up into his hand,
 Full sturdily before him could he stand:
Wallace with that upon the back him gave,
 While he his rig-bone all into sunder drave.
 The Churl was dead, of him I speak na mair,
 The Englishmen assembled on *Wallace* there,
 Fell on the field of Folks fighting fast:
 He unabased, and not greatly agast,
 Upon the head one with the Sting hit he;
 While Bone and Brain he made in peices flee.
 Another he stroak on the baifnet of steile,
 The tree then rave and frushed every deale.
 The tree was lost, the *Englishman* was dead,
 For his craig bone was broken in that stead.
 He drew a Sword that helped him in need.
 Throughout the thickest of the press he yeed,
 And at his horse full fain he would have been.
 Two griev'd him most that cruel were and keen.
Wallace returned as Man of meikle main,
 And at one stroak the formest hath he slain:
 A full sore stroak the other got that tide,
 With his good Sword, he made him there abide:
 In at the Corset brimly he him bare,
 The grounden Sword out through his body share.
 Five slew he there, ere he past from the town,
 He got his horse, to *Langlane* mnde him bown:
 And kepted the child, and let him not abide,
 Escaped thus he can to *Langlane* ride.
 Some followed him on horse, some upon foot,
 To take *Wallace*, as then it was no boot:
 The trees were thick that kepted him full well,
 But there to byde, because he could never a deal.
 Good ordinance that effeired for his estate:
 His custom was at all times ere and late:

The Squier *Wallace* in *Ochter-house* that was,
 Both bed and meat for him they made to pass,
 As for that time that he remained there,
 But fore he longed to see the Town of *Aire*.
 Thither he past upon a market day.
 Would God as then that he had bidden away.
 His Emes's servant for to buy Filth he sent.
 Sir *Reynald Crawford* the Sheriff then was kent.

C H A P. II.

How *Wallace* slew Lord *Perfie's* Stewart,
 and was prisoned in *Aire*.

WHen he had tane such good as he had bought,
 The *Perfie's* Stewart right sadly to him sought,
 And said, Thou *Scot*, to whom buys thou this thing?
 To the Sheriff, he said, by heavens King,
 My Lord shall have it, syn go fetch thee mair.
Wallace by chance, was near by going there,
 He went to him, and said, Friend, I pray thee,
 The Sheriffs Servant that thou would let him be.
 A lordly Man the Stewart was of blood,
 And thought *Wallace* him charged in terms rude:
 Go hence thou *Scot*, the meikle Devil thee speed,
 At thy Sheriffs use thou weens us for to lead.
 An hurring staff into his hand he bare,
 Therewith he smote on *William Wallace* there.
 But with his tree little sunzie he made,
 Fast by the choller him caught withouten bade,
 A full great Knife fast to his heart stroak he,
 Then from him dead, shot him right suddenly.
 Cater sensyn I trow he was no mair.
 The *Englishmen* assembled *Wallace* there.
 Fourscore were set in Armour birnest bown,
 On market day, for *Scots* to keep the Town.
Wallace boldly he drew a Sword of weir,
 Into the brime the foremost couth he bear,
 Out through the body sticked him to the dead,
 And sundry more, ere he past from that dead.
 An ackward stroak another took he there
 Upon the Knee, the bone in sunder share,

The third he stroak on a peasant of mailzie,
 His craig in two, no weeds might availzie :
 Thus *Wallace* fared as wood as a Lion.
 The *Englishmen* that were on bargain bown,
 They kept the gate with spears rude and lang,
 For dint of sword might no man to him gang.
Wallace was harnest on his body well,
 At him they fought with sharp Swords of Steel.
 And from his strength environed him about,
 Out through the preas on a side he brake out,
 Unto a wall that stood by the sea-side,
 For well or wo there must he needs abide.
 Part of their Spears in pieces there he share,
 Then from the Castle other help came mair :
 Out over the dyke they glaid on every side,
 Brake down the wall, no succour was that tide :
 Then *Wallace* knew of no ween, but to die :
 To win his death amongst them thus went he.
 Other part in great yre hewing fast,
 His birnest brand it bursted at the last,
 Brake in the hilts away the blade it flew,
 He wist no ween, but forth his knife he drew :
 The first he slew which him in hand hath hint,
 And other two he sticket with his dint,
 The remnant to him with Spears hath sought,
 Bare him to ground, no further might he nought,
 The Lords bade, that they should not him sla,
 To pine him more they charged him to ta;
 Into their Innes, although that he had sworn,
 Out of the gate by force they have him born.
 Thus good *Wallace* with *Englishmen* was tane,
 In fault of help, for he was his alane.
 He would not cease, his courage so him bare,
 Frivole Fortune hath brought him in the snare.
 The false Gods full of Unrighteousness,
 And false *Juno* full of Deceitfulness.
 These feigned Gods, *Wallace* never yet knew,
 Great righteousness him ay to mercy drew,
 His Kin might not get him for no kind of thing,
 Might they have payed the ransom of a King.
 The more they bade, the more it was in vain,
 Of their best Men that day seven hath he slain.

They caus'd set him into a prison fell,
 Of his torments great pity was to tell.
 Evil meat and drink they caus'd unto him give,
 Great marvel was it he might long there live.
 And eke thereto he was in prison law,
 While they thought time on him to hold the law,
 Leave I him thus into this painful stead,
 While God above do send him some remead.
 The plain complaint, and piteous lamenting
 The woful weeping that was for his taking,
 The tormenting of every Creature:
 Alace ! they said, how shall our life endure ?
 The flower of youth into his tender age,
 Fortune of arms hath left them in thirlage.
 Living this day a Christian have we none,
 Durst take in hand but young *Wallace* alone :
 The Land is lost, he is caught in the Snare ;
 The A-per-se of *Scotland* is in great care.

C H A P. III.

*How Wallace was imprisoned in Aire,
and escaped.*

Barreld Herring and water they him gave,
 Where he was set into that ugly cave.
 Such Food for him was feeble to commend,
 Then said he thus, Good God me now receive,
 My piteous Spirit, and Soul over all the lave :
 My careful Life, I may not now defend,
 Over few *Southeron* unto the death I drew,
 And that I rue indeed, and very true.
 For soon I will out of this World wend,
 If I should now in prison make an end.

Eternal God, why should I thus ways die,
 Since my belief all whole remains on thee ?
 And thine own hand full worthily have wrought :
 Put thou remead, no Life they ordain me :
 Mine only Saviour that died on the tree,
 From Hells prison with thy blood hath me bought,
 Why wilt thou give thine handy-work for nought ?
 And many other in great pain that I see,
 For of my Life nothing else I rought.

O warried Sword, of temper never true.
 Thy frusking blade in prison soon me threw,
 And *Englishmen* over little harms hath tane,
 Of us they have undone more then anew :
 My faithful Father despitefully they slew,
 My Brother als, and good Men many one.
 This is the datt shall us overcome each one.
 Of this Kingrick, dear God, when shalt thou rue,
 Since my power thus suddenly is gone.

All worthy *Scots*, Almighty God you lead,
 Since I no more in worship may you speed :
 In prison here me worthes to mischief :
 Now silly *Scotland*, that of help hath great need,
 Thy Nation stands into a fellon dread.
 Of worldliness right thus I take my leave.
 Of other pains, God let you never preaye :
 Though I for wo out of wits should wend,
 none other gift I may now to you give.

Adué *Wallace*, sometime was strong and stoure,
 Thou must of need in prison long endure,
 Thy worthy Kin may not thee save for Gold :
 Ladies weep, that were both mild and mure,
 In furious pains thy Mother that thee bure :
 For thou to her was dearer than the Gold :
 Her most desire was to thee under mould.
 In worldliness why would any assure ?
 For thou wert formed forcy on the fold.

Complain ye Poor, thus as your scedel tells :
 Complain to Heaven with words that never failed :
 Complain your voice to the great God above :
 Complain for him that sits in syreful cells,
 Complain his pain that thus in dolour dwells :
 In languor lyes, for losing of their love.
 His furious pain was fellon for to prove.
 Complain also ye Birds, as blyth as bells,
 Some happy chance may fall for your behove.
 Complain ye Lords, complain ye Ladies bright,
 Complain for him that worthy was and wight,
 Of *Saxons* Sons that suffered meikle dear :
 Complain for him that is in prison dight,
 And for no cause, *Scotland*, but for thy right.

Complain also ye worthy Men of wear :

Complain

Complain for him who was your asper Spear.
 Few *Englishmen* yet to the Death he dight.
 Complain for him your Triumph had to bear.
Cellinus his master Jaylour was now.
 In *Englishmen*, alace, why should we trow!
 Our worthy Kin are pyned on this wise:
 Such Rule but right, is little to allow.
 Me thinks we should in barret make them bow
 At our power, and so we do feil syse.
 From their Danger, God make us for to rise.
 That well hath wrought before these times now,
 For they mark ay to wait us with Suppress.
 What would I more of *Wallace* Torments tell,
 The Flux he took, into that Prison fell:
 Near to the Death likely he was to draw:
 They charged the Jaylour there he should not dwell.
 But bring him forth soon out that ugly Cell,
 In Judgment, where that he should thole the Law.
 This Man went down, and suddenly he saw,
 As to his sight, Death had him snapped well snail.
 Then said to him, He hath pay'd that he aw.

When they presumed he should be very dead,
 They caus'd Servants withoutten longer plead.
 With short Advise unto the Wall him bare,
 They cast him over out of that bailful stead:
 Of him they trowed there should be no remead.
 In a Draff-midding where he remained there.
 His first Nurse of the new Town of *Aire*,
 To him she came, which was full well of read,
 And purchase leave, away with him to fare,
 Into great yre they granted her to go,
 She took him up withoutten Words mo,
 And on a Cart unseemly they him cast:
 Out over the Water they led him with great Wo,
 To her own house withoutten any ho.
 See warmed Water, and als her Servants fast,
 His Body washt, while filth of him was past.
 His Heart was wight, and slightered to and fro,
 And his two Eyes at last cast up also.

His Foster-mother loved him attour the lave,
 Got Milk to warm, if his Life she might save.
 With all her-Cure, great Kindness could him kyth;

Her Daughter had of twelve Weeks a Knave,
 Her Childs Paps in *Wallace* Mouth it gave:
 The Womans Milk comforted him full swyth,
 Then in a bed they brought him for to lyth.
 And coverly they kept him in that Cave,
 Him for to save, well secretly they might.

In their Chamber they kept him that Tyde:
 She caus'd grath up a Buird in the house syde,
 With tapelstry Cloths honoured with great slight,
 And that the Voyce on every Land should light.
 That he were dead, throughout the Land so wyde,
 In Presence ay she weeped under sight;
 But goodly Meats she graithed either night:
 And so betel into that self same Tyde,
 While furthermore that *Wallace* worthed wight.

Thomas Rymer withoutten fail was than,
 With the Minister, which was a worthy Man:
 He used oft to that religious place.
 The People deemed of meikle Wit he can;
 And so he did, although they blest or ban:
 Which happened sooth in many diverse place,
 I cannot say, by Wrong or Righteousness:
 In rule of War whether he tint or wan,
 It may be deem'd by division of Grace.

His Man that day at the Market had been,
 Of *Wallace* knew this careful case so keen,
 His Master asked, What Tydings that he saw:
 His Man answered, Of little heard, I mean.
 The Minister said, That hath been seldom seen,
 Where *Scots* and *Englisb* assembled on a raw,
 Was never yet so far, as I could know.
 But either a *Scot* would do a *Sutberon* teen,
 Or he to him, as aventure might faw.

Wallace ye know, was tane into that stead,
 Out over the Wall I saw them cast him dead,
 Out of their Prison, famisht for want of Food.
 The Minister said, with Heart heavy as Lead,
 Such Deed to them me think should foster feed;
 For he was wight, and come of gentle Blood.

Thomas answered, These Tydings are not good:
 If that be sooth, my self shall never eat Bread:
 For all my Wit, here shortly I conclude.

A Woman then of the new Town of *Aire*,
 To him she went when he was lying there,
 And on her Knees right lowly them besought,
 To purchase leave, she might hence with them fare :
 In lightliness they granted to her there,
 And over the water into her house him brought,
 To bury him as goodly as she mought.
 Then *Thomas* said, Yet shall I live na mair,
 If that be true, by God that all hath wrought.

The Minister heard what *Thomas* said in plain,
 He charged his Man to speed him fast again,
 To see the house, and warily to espy,
 What Words he heard amongst them busily.
 The Man went out, at bidding was all bairn,
 To the new Town to pass, he did his pain,
 To that ilk house, and went in suddenly :
 About he blinked unto the boord him by.
 The Woman rose, in Heart she was not fain,
 Who lyes here ? he did demand in plain.
Wallace, she said, full worthy that hath been,
 Then weeped she, that pity was to seen.
 The Man thereto great Credance gave he nought,
 Toward the Boord he bowned as he best thought.
 On Knees she fell and cryed, For Jesus sheen,
 Let Slander be, and from your Thought it fleem.
 The Man answered, By him that all hath wrought,
 I would his Welfare, and cast into his Thought :
 Might I on Life once see him with mine Een.
 He should be safe, though England would him fleem,
 She led him up to *Wallace* by the grees :
 He spake with him then fast again can prease,
 With glad Bodward, their mirthes to amend,
 And came again, and told them whole to end.
 He told to them the first Tydings was lies.
 Then *Thomas* said, Forsooth ere he deceise,
 Many thousand on Field shall take an end.
 From this Region he shall the *Sutberon* send,
 And *Scotland* thrice he shall bring to a Peace.
 Into this Region great God shall send him Grace.
 All worthy men that have good wit to weal,
 Beware that ye do not misdeem my Teal.
 Perchance ye say, to *Bruce* was none such like.

He was as good where Deeds were to assaile,
 As of his Hands, and bolder of Battel :
 But *Bruce* was known right Heir of his *Kingrick*,
 For he had right, we call no Man him like,
 But *Wallace* thrice this *Kingrick* conquest hail,
 In *England* far sought Battel on that Rike.

C H A P. IV.

The Battel of Lowdon-hill.

I Will return to my Purpose again,
 When *Wallace* was relieved of his Pain,
 The Countrey deem'd all whole that he was dead,
 His dearest Kin knew not of his Remead :
 While whole he was, likely to go and ride,
 Into that place he would no longer bide.
 His true Keeper he sent to *Elerslie*,
 After him there he durst not let her be.
 Her Daughter als, her Servants, and her Childe,
 He made them passe unto his Mother milde.
 When they were gone, no Weapons there he saw,
 To help him with, what eventure might saw :
 A routty Sword in a nook he saw stand,
 Withoutten Belt, Hose, Buckler, or yet Brand :
 Long time before it had been in that stead,
 An aged Man it left when he was dead.
 He drew the Blade, and found it would well byte,
 Though it was foul, he took it with him tyte :
 God help his Man, for thou shalt go with me,
 While better come, will God soon may that be.
 To Sir *Rannald* as then he would not fare,
 Into that passage, for *Sutheron* made repair :
 At *Richartown* full fain he would have been,
 To get him Horse, and part of Armour sheen.
 Then afterward as he bowned to fare,
 Three *Englishmen* he met ryding to *Aire*,
 At their Voyage in *Glasgow* forth had been :
 One *Long-castle*, that cruel was and keen,
 A bold Squyer, with him good Yeomen two :
Wallace drew up, and would have let them go,
 To him they ride, and said despitefully,

Thou

Thou *Scot* abide, I trow thou be a Spy.
 Or else a Thief, from presence would thee hide.
 Then *Wallace* said, with sober Words that tide:
 Sir, I am sick, for Gods Love let me go.
Long-castle said, Forsooth it bees not so:
 A fellow Freik thou seemest in thy fare:
 While Men thee know, thou shalt with me to *Aire*.
 Hint out his Sword that was of noble Hew,
Wallace with that at his lighting him threw.
 Upon the Craig with his Sword hath him tane,
 Through Brain and Lyre, in sunder brake the bane:
 By he was fallen, the two were lighted down,
 To venge his Death, on *Wallace* made them bown,
 The one of them upon the Head he gave,
 The rousty Blade unto the Craig him clave:
 The other fled, and durst no longer byd;
 With a rude step *Wallace* could after glyd,
 Out through the Ribs a sicker Stroak gave he,
 While Liver and Lungs Men might at once see.
 The Horse he took, both Weapons and Armour,
 Then thanked God with glad Heart in that hour.
 Silver they had, all with him hath he tane,
 Him to support, for spending had he nane:
 Into great haste he rode to *Richartown*,
 A glad Sembly was at his lighting down.
 When *Wallace* met with Sir *Richard* that Knight,
 For him had mourned, while feeble was his sight.
 His two Sons of *Wallace* was full fain.
 They had him lost, yet God saved him again,
 His Eme Sir *Rannald* to *Richartown* came fast:
 The Woman told, by *Corsby* as she past.
 How *Wallace* escaped, then on their way yeed:
 Sir *Rannald* yet was in a fellow Dread.
 While he him saw, in Heart he thought full long,
 Then suddenly in Arms he him throng;
 He might not speak, but kissed him tenderly,
 His troubled Sprit was in an Extrasic:
 The glad Tears braist from his eyes two,
 Ere that he spake, a long time held him so:
 And at the last, right friendly then said he,
 Welcome, Nevoy, welcome, dear Son, to me:
 Thanked be he that all the World hath wrought,

That fairly thee out of Prison hath brought.
 His Mother came, and other Friends anew,
 With full glad Will to see these Tydings true.
 Good *Robert Boyd* that worthy was and wight,
 Would not them trow, while he him saw with sight
 From sundry parts they came to *Richartown*,
 Feil worthy Folks that were of great Renown.
 Thus leave I them in Mirth, Gladness, and Pleasance,
 Thanking great God of this so happy chance.

The end of the Second Book.

THE THIRD BOOK.

CHAP. I.

How Wallace revenged the Slaughter of his Father, and of his Brother, on Lowdon-hill.

IN joyous *July* when the flowers are sweet,
 Digestable, engendering with the heat,
 Both flower and fruit, bushes and boughs braid,
 Abundantly in every flonk and flaid.
 All bestial their right course to endure,
 Well helped are by working of Nature :
 On foot ascending to the Heavens light,
 Conserved well by the Maker of might.
 Fish in the flood resorteth really,
 To Mans food, the world to occupy.
 But *Scotland* so was wasted many a day,
 Through war, such skaith, that labour was away.
 Vittail grew scant, ere *August* could appear,
 Through all the Land the food happened full dear.
 But *Englishmen* that riches wanted nane,
 By Carriage brought their vittail in good wane,
 Stuffed houses with wine and good vernage,
 Enjoy'd this land as their own heritage :
 This *Kingrick* whole they ruled at their will.
 Messengers then such Tydings told them till,
 And told the *Perse* that *Wallace* living was,

And from their prison in *Aire* escaped hes,
 They trow'd it well, that *Wallace* past that stead,
 For *Long-castle* and his two men were dead.
 They warried the chance that *Wallace* was so past,
 In every part they were full greatly agast,
 Through prophesie that they had heard before.
 Lord *Perfie* said, what need words more :
 But he be fast, he shall do great marvel :
 It were the best for King *Edwards* avail,
 Might he him get to be his stedfast man,
 For gold or land, his conquest might stand than.
 We think by force he may not gotten be :
 Wise men forsooth by his escape may see.
 Thus deem they him in many diverse case.
 We leave them thus, and speak of good *Wallace*.
 In *Richartown* he would no longer bide,
 For Friends counsel, or ought that might betide.
 And when they saw that it availed nought,
 His purpose was to venge him if he mought,
 On *Sutheron* blood, that had his elders slain :
 They let him work his own will into plain.
 Sir *Richart* had three sons,, as I you told,
Adam, *Richart*, and *Simon* that were bold :
Adam eldest, was grown into courage,
 Forward, right fair, and eighteen years of age :
 Large of person, right hardy, wise and wight,
 Good King *Robert* in his time made him Knight :
 Long time after in *Bruces* wars abade,
 On *Englishmen* many good journey made.
 This good Squyer with *Wallace* bowned to ride,
 And *Robert Boyd* which would no longer bide,
 Under thirlage of sieges of *England* :
 To the false King he never had made band.
Cleland was there, near cousin to *Wallace*,
 Then bode with him in many perilous place,
 And *Edward Little*, his sisters son so dear,
 Full well graithed into their armour clear :
 With their servants to *Richartown* they rode,
 To *Machlin Mure*, and short time there abod- :
 For friends them told was bounden in thirlage,
 That *Fenwick* sent was for the carriage :
 Within short time he will bring it to *Aire*,

Out of *Carlile* they had received it there.
 That pleased *Wallace* in heart right greatly,
 Wit ye they were a goodly company,
 Toward *Lowdon* they bowed them to ride,
 And in a shaw, a little there beside,
 They lodged them, for it was near the night,
 To watch the way as goodly as they might,
 A good true Scot which Hostler-house held there,
 Under *Lowdon*, mine Author can declare,
 He saw them come, he went to them on hy.
 Both meat and drink he brought them privily,
 And to them told the carriage men in plain,
 Their fore-rider to *Aire* was past again.
 Left them to come with power of great avail,
 They trowed by then they were in *Armandail*.
Wallace then said, we will not sojourn here,
 Nor change no weed, but our each days gear,
 At *Corfingtown* the way was spilt that tide,
 For that same way behoved they to ride.
 And from the time that he off prison fare,
 Good Summer-weed daily on him he bare :
 Good light harness from that time used he ever,
 For sudden strife from it he would not sever :
 An habergion under his gown he bare :
 A good steel cap in his bonnet but mair :
 Two gloves of plate, with cloth was covered well,
 In his doublet a close collar of steel.
 His face he kepted, for it was ever bare,
 With his two hands, the which full worthy were,
 Into his weed, if he came in a thrang,
 Was no man then on foot might with him gang.
 So grown of strength, of power strong and sture,
 His terrible dints were fearful to endure.
 They trusted more of *Wallace* him alane,
 Then an hundreth of *England* might be tane.
 These worthy Scots made there no tarrying,
 To *Lowdon-hill* past, in the day dawning,
 Devised the place, and put their horse away,
 And thought to win, or never home to ga.
 Two scurriours sent to visit well the plain,
 But they right soon returned in again :
 To *Wallace* said, that they were coming fast :

Then

Then to the ground all kneeling at the last,
 With humble hearts, praying with all their might,
 To God above, to help them in their right.
 They graithed them in harness hastily,
 There sonzied nane good of that company :
 Then *Wallace* said, here was my father slain-
 And my brother, which doth me meikle pain,
 So shall my self, or venged be but dread,
 The traytor is here, the causer of the deed :
 Then heght they all to bide with hearty will.
 By that the power was taking *Lowdon-hill*,
 The Knight *Fenwick* convoyed the carriage.
 He had on *Scots* made many shrewd voyage.
 The sun was risen, leiming over lands light,
 The *Englishmen* saw that they came to the height,
 Near him they rode, and soon the *Scots* saw,
 He told his men, and said to them on raw :
 Yonder is *Wallace* that elcaped our prison,
 He shall again be drawn through the town :
 His head I know might might better please the King,
 Then gold, or land, or any earthly thing :
 He made his servants bide with the carriage still,
 Thought to demain the *Scots* at their own will.
 Ninelcore he led in harness biracst bright,
 And fifty were with *Wallace* in the right.
 Unrebuted the *Sutheron* were in wear.
 And fast they came, fall awful in effeir,
 A manner of dyke of stones they had made,
 Narrowed the dyke where through the thickest rade.
 The *Scots* on foot took the gate them before,
 The *Sutheron* saw their courage was the more :
 In prideful yre they thought over them to ride,
 But otherwise it happened in that tide.
 On either side, together fast they glade
 The *Scots* on foot, great room about them made,
 With prunzing spears, through plates of fine steel.
 The *Englishmen* that thought to venge them well
 On harness horse about them rudely rade,
 That with unease upon their feet they bade.
Wallace the foremolt in the birn he bare,
 The grounden spear throughout his body share.
 The shaft he shook it off the frushing tree,

Divided it soon, since no better might be :
 Drew Swords then, both heavy, sharp and lang,
 On either side full cruelly they dang.
 Fighting at once into that fellon doubt,
 The *Englishmen* environed them about.
 Through force they thought out through them for to
 The *Scots* on foot that boldly could abide, (ride :
 With swords shars through halfe and habrick good,
 Upon the fields shot out the *Sutheron* blood.
 From horse and man, through harnells birnest been.
 A fore asailzie forsooth there might be seen :
 They trusted no life, but to the latter end,
 Of so few folk, great nobleness might be kend :
 Together bade defending them so fast,
 Durst none dislever, while that the prease be past.
 The *Englishmen* that were right wise in wear,
 By force ordained in sunder them to bear.
 Their chief captain, as fierce as any Bear,
 Through matalent, and very proper care,
 On a great horse into his glittring gear,
 Out over casts a fellon asper spear.
 The Knight *Fenwick* that cruel was and keen,
 Of *Wallace* father he at the death had been,
 And of his brother that doughty was and dear.
 When *Wallace* saw that false Knight was so near,
 His courage grew in yre as a Lyon,
 To him he ran, and freiks field bare down.
 As he rode by, and ackward stroak he ta,
 Both thigh and arson in sunder made him ga.
 From the courser he fell on the far side.
 With a sharp sword he strake him in that tyde :
 Ere he was dead, a great prease came so fast.
 Over him to ground they bare *Boyd* at the last.
Wallace was near, and turned in again,
 Him to rescue, while he rose up the plain,
 Wightly did him wear, while he a sword have tane,
 Throughout the flowre these two in fare are gane :
 The remnant upon them followed fast,
 In their passage fell *Sutheron* made agast.
Adam Wallace, the heir of *Richartown*,
 Strake one *Bewmount*, a Squyer of renown,
 On the pesant, with his sword birnisht bare,

The birnisht blade his halse in sunder share.
 The *Englishmen* saw their Chiftain was slain,
 Boldly abode, as men of meikle main.
 Rich horse ramping rushed freiks under feet,
 The *Scots* on foot made many lose the sweet.
 Wight men lighted themselves for to defend,
 Where *Wallace* came, their deed was litle kend.
 The *Sutheron* part sore frushed were that tyde,
 That in that stour they might no longer byde.
Wallace indeed he wrought right worthily,
 The Squyer *Boyd*, and all their Chevalry.
 The *Englishmen* took plain part for to flee :
Little and *Cleland* made of their enemies die.
 On horse some part to strengths can them bound,
 To succour them with many working wound.
 An hundred dead in field was leaved there,
 And three yeomen of *Wallace* dead, but mair.
 Two was of *Kyle*, and one of *Cunninghame*,
 With *Robert Boyd* to *Wallace* came from hame,
 Fourscore escaped from field on *Sutheron* side,
 The *Scots* in place that boldly could abide,
 Spoiling the field of gold and other gear,
 Harnels and horse, which they needed in wear.
 The *English* knaves they made the carriage lead,
 To *Clyds* forrest, while they were out of dread.
 And band them fast with widdies sad and sair.
 On bowing trees, then hanged they them there.
 He spared none that able was for wear.
 But women and priests he made them ay forbear.
 When thus was done, to dinner soon they went,
 Of stuff and wine, that God had to them sent.
 Ten score of horse they wan that carriage bare.
 With victual and wines as meikle as they might fare,
 And other stuff, that they of *Carleil* led.
 The *Sutheron* part out of the field they fled,
 With sorrow sought to the Castle of *Aire*,
 Before the Lord, and told him of that care,
 What good they left, and who in field were slain,
 Through wight *Wallace* that was of meikle main :
 And how he had made all his servants hang.
 The *Perse* said, If that Squyer last lang,
 Out of this land he shall exyle us clean.

So despiteful in world was never seen,
 In our prison, here last when that he was,
 Over slothfully our keeper let him pass.
 Then this our hold I find well may not be :
 We must make bring our victual by the sea.
 But loss our men, it helpeth us right nought :
 Our kin may ban that ever we hither sought,
 Leave I them now blaming their sorie chance,
 And more to speak of *Scots* mens governance.

When *Wallace* had well vanquish't into plain
 That false Tyrant that had his father slain,
 His brother als, which was a doughty Knight,
 Other good men before to death had dight :
 He caus'd provide, and parted their victual,
 With stuff and horse that was of great avail.
 To friends about right privily they send,
 The remnant full gladly there they spend :
 In *Clyds* wood they sojourned there three days,
 No *Sutheron* was that durst pursue those ways,
 But he tholed death that came in their danger :
 The word of *VWallace* walked far and near.

VWallace was known on life living again,
 Though *Englishmen* thereof had meikle pain.
 The Lord *Perfie* to *Glasgow* could he fare,
 With wise Lords, and held a counsel there.
 When they were met mo than ten thousand,
 No Chifftain was that time durst take in hand
 To lead a range on *VWallace* to assail :
 Asked about what was their best counsel ?
 Sir *Aymer VWallange*, that false traitor and strong,
 In *Bothwel* dwelt, and then was them among :
 He said, My Lords, my counsel will I give,
 But do ye not, from skaith ye may not live :
 Ye must take peace withoutten tarrying,
 As for a time we must send to the King.
 The *Perfie* said, Of our trews he will none,
 An awful Chifftain truly he is one.
 He will do more in faith ere that he blin,
Sutheron to slay, he thinks it is no sin.
 Sir *Aymer* said, Trews it behoves you take,
 While afterward for him provision make :

I know he will do meikle for his kin,
Gentrice and truth ay resteth him within.

C H A P. II.

How the Englishmen took peace with Wallace.

HIS Uncle Sir Rannald may take the band,
If he will not, recognise all his land,
Unto the time that he the work have wrought.
Sir Rannald was soon to their counsel brought:
They charged him to make Wallace at peace,
Or he should pass to London ere he cease,
To King Edward, and bide in his prison.
While they ask to have peace for his ransom.
Sir Rannald said, Lords, ye know right well,
At my counsel he will not do a deal:
His worthy kin despitefully ye slew,
In prison then near to the death him drew:
He is at large, and will not do for me,
Though ye therefore should now make me to die.
Sir Aymer said, These Lords counsel to send
Me to the King, to make a final end
Of his conquest, forsooth he will it have,
Wallace nor thou may not this countrey save:
Might Edward King get him for gold or land,
To be his man, then might he keep Scotland.
The Lord bade cease, thou failest to that Knight.
Far more in truth then it is any right:
The wrong conquest our King desireth ay,
Of him and us, it shall be seen one day.
Wallace hath right, both force, and fair fortune,
Ye heard how he escaped our prison.
Thus said the Lord, and pray'd Sir Rannald fair,
To make this peace, thou Sheriff art of Aire,
As for a time we may advised be
Under my seal I shall be bound to thee:
The Englishmen, that they shall do him nought,
Nor to no Scots, but it be on them sought.
Sir Rannald knew he might not them gainstand,
Of Lord Persie he had received that band:
Persie was true, and ay of great avail,

Sober in peace, and cruel in battel.
 Sir *Rannald* him bowed on the morn but bade,
VWallace to seek in *Clyds* forrest he rade,
 So he him fand bowning to his dinner.
 When they have seen this good knight coming near,
 Well he them knew, and told them what he was,
 Marvel he had what made him hither pass,
 Made him good chear, of meats good and fine,
 King *Edwards* self could not get better wine,
 Than they had there, vernage and venison,
 Of bestial into great fusion.
 Then after meat he shewed them of his deed :
 How he had been into so meikle dread :
 Nevoy, he said, work part of my counsel,
 Take peace a while, and for the more avail :
 But thou do so, forsooth thou hast great sin,
 For they are set to undo all thy kin.
 Then *VWallace* said to good men him about,
 I will no peace for all this fellon doubt,
 But if it please better to you than me.
 The Squyer *Boyd* him answered soberlie,
 I give my counsel, ere this good knight be slain,
 Take peace a while, although it do us pain.
 So said *Adam*, the heir of *Richartown*,
 And *Cleland* als to their opinion,
 With their consent *VWallace* this peace hath tane,
 As his Eme wrought, while ten moneths were gare,
 Their leave they took with sad comfort in plain,
 Fand God to brogh, they should meet whole again.
Boyd and *Cleland* pott to their places hame,
Adam VWallace to *Richartown* by name :
 Forth with Sir *Rannald* can *VWilliam VWallace* ride
 In his household in *Corsbie* for to bide.
 This peace was cry'd in *August* moneth mild,
 These gods of battel furious and wild,
Mars and *Juno* ever doth their business,
 Causers of war, ay workers of wickedness :
 And *Venus* als, which goddess is of love :
 And old *Saturn* his course for to approve,
 These four skews of diverse complexion,
 Battel, debate, envy, and destruction.
 I cannot deem of their melancholy,

But *Wallace* could not well in *Corsbie* ly.
 I cannot deem of their melancholy,
 But *Wallace* could not well in *Corsbie* ly:
 Him had rather in travel for to be,
 Right fore he longed the Town of *Aire* to see.

C H A P. III.

*How Wallace slew the Buckler-player in the
 Town of Aire.*

Sir *Rannald* past from home upon a day,
 Fifteen he took, and to the town went they:
 Covered his face that no man might him know,
 Nothing he cared how few Enemies him saw,
 In sober weed, disguised well were they,
 An *Englishman* on the gate saw he play,
 At the Scrimmage, a buckler on his hand,
Wallace near by in fellowship could stand:
 Lightly he said, *Scot*, darest thou not prieve?
Wallace said, Yea, so thou dare give me lieve.
 Smite on he said, I defie thy Nation.
Wallace therewith hath tane him on the crown,
 Through buckler, brand; and through the harns also,
 Unto the shoulder the sharp sword made he go.
 Lightly returned to his own men again:
 The Woman cried, Our Buckler-player is slain.
 The Man is dead, what needs words mair?
 Feil men of arms about him sembled there.
 Eight score at once upon sixteen they set,
 But *Wallace* soon with the foremost hath met,
 With yre and will on the Head hath him tane,
 Through the bright helm in funder burst the bane:
 Another breathly on the breast him bare,
 His birnisht blade throughout his body share,
 Great room he made, his Men were fighting fast,
 And many a groom they made full sore agast:
 For they were wight, and well used in wear.
 Of *Englishmen* right boldly down they bear:
 On their Enemies great martyrdoom they made,
 Their hardy Chiftain so well among them gade.
 What *Englishmen* that bade into his gare.
 Contrary to *Scotland* made never more debate.

Feil freiks on fold were felled under feet,
Of *Sutheron* blood lay sticked on the street :
New power came from the Castle that tide,
Then *Wallace* fled, and drew toward aside.
with right good will he would eschew surprise,
For he in war was worthy, wight and wise.
Harns and heads in sunder hew'd he fast,
By force out through the thickest prease he past.
Wallace returned behind his men again,
At the rescue feil *Souteron* hath he slain.
His men all then he out of peril brought
From their Enemies, with all the power he mought,
Unto their horse they went but more abode,
For danger then to *Laglane* wood they rode.
Twenty and nine they left into that stead ;
Of *Sutheron* Men that brittened were to dead.
The remnant again turned that tide ;
For in this wood they durst not him abide :
Toward the Town they drew forth all their main,
Cursing the peace they took before in plain.
The Lord *Persie* in heart was greatly grieved,
His Men suppressed again to him relieved,
And feil were dead into their armour clear,
Three of his Kin that were to him full dear.
When he heard tell of this their great grievance,
Their self was cause of this mischievous chance,
Mourning he made, though few *Scots* it kend.
An Herald then to Sir *Rannald* he send,
And to him told of their fall sudden case,
And charged him to take soverance of *Wallace* :
He should him hold from market, town, and fair,
Where he might best be out of their repair.
The *Souteron* knew that it was wight *Wallace*,
That them overset into that sudden case :
Their trows for this they would not break a deal.
When *Wallace* had this chance eschewed well,
Upon a night from *Laglane* home he rade,
In chamber soon their residence they made :
Upon the morn when that the day was light,
With *Wallace* sent forth Sir *Rannald* the Knight,
Shew him the write that Lord *Persie* had sent,
Dear Son, he said, this is my whole intent,

That

That thou would grant while that this trows were
No skaith to do to any in *England* born, (worn
But where I pass daily thou bide with me.

Wallace answered, good Sir, that may not be :
Right loath I were, dear Uncle, you to grieve :
I shall do nought, while time I take my leave.
And warn you als, ere that I from you pass.
His Eme and he on this accorded was.

Wallace with him made this continuance,
Ilk wight was blyth to do him pleasure.
In *Corsbie* he rested them among,
There seventeen days; suppose he thought it long.
Though they him pleas'd as a Primate or King.
Into his mind remained another thing.
He saw his Enemies masters in this Region,
Might not him please, though he were king with crown.
Thus leave I him with his dear Friends still,
Of *Englishmen* now speak some part I will.

The end of the Third Book

The Fourth BOOK.

CHAP. I.

How Wallace wan the Peele of Gargunnoke.

IN September that humble moneth sweet,
When by past was of the Summer the heat,
Vittail and Fruit are riped in abundance,
As God ordained to Mans sustenance :
Sagittarius with his asper bow,
By each sign the verity to know,
The changing course which makes great difference,
And leaves had lost their colour of pleasure :
All worldly thing hath nought but a season.
Both herb and fruit must from the hight come down,
In this ilk time a great Counsel was set,
In *Glasgow* town, where many Masters met,
Of *English* Lords, to statute this Countrey,
And charged they all Sheriffs there to be.

Sir

Sir *Rannald Crawford* behoved that time be there,
 For he through right was born Sheriff of *Aire* :
 His dear Nevy with him that time he took,
William Wallace as witness bears the book :
 For he no time should far be from his sight,
 He loved him with heart and all his might.
 They graithed them without longer abode,
Wallace some part before the Court one rode,
 Overtook the Child, Sir *Rannald's* sum should lead,
 With him two Men that worthy were indeed :
 Softly they rode while they the Court should know,
 So suddenly that time himself he saw
 The *Perfies* sum, in which great riches was :
 The horse was tyred and might no further pass :
 Five Men were charged to keep it well that tide,
 Two were on foot, and three on horse can ride,
 The Master-man at their servant can spear,
 Who aw the sum ? the truth to me you lear
 The Man answered withoutten words mair,
 My Lord he said it is the Sheriffs of *Air*.
 Since his it is, this horse shall with me gang,
 To serve our Lord. or else I think great wrang.
 Though a subject indeed would pass his Lord,
 It is not leifsome by no righteous record,
 They cutted the brace, and let the harness saw :
Wallace was near when he such robbery saw,
 He spake to them with manly countenance,
 In fair form, he said, but variance :
 Ye do us wrong, and it is time of peace-
 Of such robbery it were good time to cease.
 The *Sutheron* shrew in yre answer'd him to,
 It shall be wrought as thou mayst see us do.
 Thou gets no mends, what needs words mair ?
 Sadly advised, *Wallace* remembred there
 Of the promise he made his Eme before,
 Reason him ruled, as then he did no more,
 But past away to meet his Eme again
 Seeing this reaff, was moved with great pain :
 The horse yet took they, for aventure might fall,
 Bound on the sum, then forth the way can call.
 There tyred summer they left there on the plain.
Wallace returned toward the Court again.

On the mure side soon with his Eme he met,
And told how they the way had for him set :
And were not I was bound in my ledgeance,
We parted not thus for all the Gold in *France*.
The horse they rest which should your battels bear.
Sir *Rannald* said, That is but little dear :
We may get horse, and other things in plain,
If Men be lost, we get them never again
Wallace then said as wisely, God me save,
Of this great miss amends shall I have :
And neither let for peace, nor yet pleasure,
With witness here, I give up my ledgeance,
For cowardly you are like to lose the right,
Soon after then your own death will be dight :
In wrath therewith suddenly from him he went,
Sir *Rannald* was wise, and cast in his intent,
And said, I will bide at the *Meirns* all night,
So *Englishmen* of us shall deem no unright :
If any be dead before us upon case,
Then we in law may bide the righteousness,
His lodging took, at the *Meirns* still he bade,
Full great mourning for his Nevy he made.
But all for nought, what might it him avail,
As into war he wrought not his counsel.
Wallace rode forth, with his two Yeomen past,
The summer-man he followed wonder fast :
By *Catcart* he over-hyed them again,
Then knew they well that it was he in plain,
By horse and weed had argued them before,
And then returned withoutten more.
Wallace to ground from his Courser can glyde,
A birnisht brand he braided out that tyde :
The master-man with so good will strake he,
Both hat and head in sunder made he flee :
Another fast upon the face he gave,
To dead on ground but mercy loon him drave :
The third he hit with great yre in that stead,
Fey on the field, he hath him-left for dead :
Wallace slew three, by that his Yeomen wight,
The other two derfly to death had dight :
Then spoiled they the harness ere they wend,
Of silver and gold they got enough to spend,

Jewels they took the best were chosen there,
 Good horse and gear, then on their way can fare
 Then *Wallace* said, at some strength would I be.
 Over *Clyde* that time was a good bridge of tree,
 Thither they past all in their goodly might.
 The day was gone, and coming was the night,
 They durst not well near still by *Glasgow* byde,
 In the *Lemox* he took purpose to ride.
 And so he did, then lodged there that night,
 As they best might, while that the day was light :
 To an Hostillarie he went and sojourn'd there,
 With true *Scots* that his near friends were.
 The Counsel met right gladly on the morn,
 But fell tidings were brought to *Persie* befor ;
 His Men were slain, his treasure all was rest,
 With fell *Scots*, and them no jewels left,
 They deemed about of that derf doubtful case,
 The *Sutheron* said, Forsooth it is *Wallace*.
 The Sheriffs Court was coming to the town,
 And he was one for *Scot* of most renown.
 They gart seek Sir *Rannald* in that rage,
 But he was still then at his herberge
 Some wise Men said, thereof nothing he kend,
 The Men were slain here at the townsend.
 Sir *Rannald* came by nine hours of the day,
 Before the *Persie*, and his Men brought were they.
 They followed him of fellow that was wrought,
 The asye to him of this could say right nought.
 They deemed about thereof that fellow case,
 Before the Judge there he denied *Wallace* :
 And so he might, he wist not where he was,
 From this Counsel my purpose is to pass.
 OF *Wallace* to speak in wilderness so wide,
 The Lord God be his Governour and Guide :
 Still at that place four days he sojourn'd hail,
 When tidings came to him from that Counsel,
 Then statute they in each stead on the west,
 In these bounds *Wallace* should have no rest.
 His dear Uncle a great Oath made him swear,
 That he but leave, no friendship should him bear,
 And many other full wo was that day,
 And *Robert Boyd* stole off the town away :

And

And *Cleland* als, before with him had been,
 They had far rather see him with their een,
 Living on life, as they knew him before,
 Then of pure gold a million and more.
Boyd weeped sore, and said, Our Lord is gone,
 Amongst his Foes is set all him alone.
 Then *Cleland* said, False fortune changes fast,
 Great God since we with him had ever past.
Edward Little to *Annandale* is went.
 And wist right nought of this new judgment :
Adam Wallace bode still in *Richbartown*,
 So fell it thus with *Wallace* of renown :
 He with his power parted marvellously,
 By fortune of chance over-turns doubly.
 Their piteous moan as then could not be bet,
 They wist no whit where that they should him get.
 He left the place where he in lodging lay :
 To Earl *Malcom* he went upon a day :
 The *Lennox* whole he held into his hand,
 To King *Edward* then had he not made band :
 The land was strait and masterful to win,
 Good Men of arms that time was it within :
 The Lord was traist, the Men sicker and true,
 With weak power they durst him not pursue :
 Right glad he was of *Wallace* company,
 Welcomed him fair with worship reverently :
 At his own will desired if he would,
 To bide there still, Master of his household,
 Of all his men he should whole Chiftain be.
Wallace answered, It were enough for me,
 I cannot bide, my mind is set on plain,
 Wrooken to be, or else to die in pain.
 Our west cuntry, their state is so strang,
 Into the north my purpose is to gang.
Steven of *Ireland* into the *Lennox* was,
 And wight *Wallace* ordained him to pass,
 And others als that born was of *Argyle*.
Wallace still there made residence a while,
 While Men it wist, and sembled soon him till :
 He charged none, but at their own good will.
 Though they were strangers he could not them dread,
 But received them in all his wars to lead,

Some part of them was then in *Ireland* born :
 That *Makfadzean* had exiled out befor :
 King *Edwards* Man he was sworn of *Ireland*,
 Of right low birth, suppose he took in hand.
 To *Wallace* there came one that heght *Fawdon*,
 Of melancholy, and evil of complexion,
 Heavy of stature, and dour countenance,
 Sorrowful was ay, in dread without pleasure,
Wallace received what Men would come him till,
 The bodily oath they made him with good will,
 Before the Earl, all in one concord,
 And him received as their Captain and Lord.
 His special men that came with him from hame,
 The one heght *Gray*, the other *Keirly* by name :
 In his service came first in all their main,
 To *Lowdown-bill*, where that *Fenwick* was slain :
 He them commanded ay next him to persue ;
 For he them kend right hardy, wise and true.
 His leave he took right on a fair manner,
 The good Earl then he bade him gifts feir :
Wallace would none, but gave of his seil syfe,
 To poor and rich on a goodly wise.
 Humble he was, hardy, wise and free,
 And of riches he held no propertie.
 Of honour and worship he was a mirrour kend,
 As he of gold had abundantly to spend,
 Upon his foes he wan it worthily.
 Thus *Wallace* past, and his good Chevalry.
 Sixty he had of likely Men at wage,
 Through the *Lennox* he led them with courage,
 About *Lekkie* he lodged them in a vale,
 A strength there was which they thought to assaile,
 On *Gargunnok* there bigged was a Peil,
 That stuffed was with Men, and victual well,
 Within a dyke, close chamber, and a hall,
 Captain thereof to name heght *Thirlwail*,
 They led *Wallace* where that this bigged was,
 Thought to essay further ere he would pass.
 Two spies he sent to visit all the land,
 Right loath he was the thing to take in hand,
 The which by force that should go him again
 Rather he had through adventure be slain ;

Their Men went forth went it was large mid-night,
About the house they spied all at right.

The watch-men heavy were, and fallen asleep,
The bridge was drawn, that they entry should keep,
The labourers late recklessly went in,

These men returned withoutten noise or din.

To their Master, and told what they had seen :

Then graithed he soon these men of arms keen.

Sadly on foot unto the house they sought,

And entred in, for letting had they nought.

Wight Men essayed with all their busie cure,

A locked bar was drawn athort the door,

But they might not it break out of the wa.

Wallace was grieved when such tarry he saw :

Some part annoyed wrathly to it he went,

By force of hand it raised out of the sprent,

Three ells of breadth als of the wall pulled out,

Then marvelled all his Men that were about,

How he did more then twenty of them might,

Then with his foot the gate he strake up right,

While brace and bands he bursted all at anes :

Frayedly they rose that were within those wanes .

A watch-man had a felloe staff of steel,

At *Wallace* strake, but he kept him right well :

Rudely from him he rest it in the thrang,

Dang out his brains, then in the dyke him flang,

The remnant by that were on their feet,

Thus *Wallace* soon can with the Captain meet,

The staff he had heavy, and forged new

With that *Wallace* upon the head him drew

While bone and brain all into sunder yeed.

His Men entred, that worthy were indeed,,

In hands hint, and sticked all the lave :

Wallace commanded, they should no wearmen save :

Twenty and two they sticked in that stead.

Women and Bairns, when that the Men were dead,

He caus'd be tane, and kept in close full well,

That they thereout might have thereof no feil,

The dead bodies they put soon out of sight,

Took up the bridges ere that the day was light,

In that place bode four days ere he would pass,

Wilt none thereout how that the manner was,

Spoiled

Spoiled that stead, and took them gaining gear,
 Jewels and gold away with them they bear.
 When he thought time, they ished in the night,
 To the next wood they went with all their might.
 The Captain's Wife, Women, and Children three,
 Past where they would, for *Wallace* left them free.
 In that forrest he liked not to bide,
 They bound them over *Forth* for to ride :
 The moss was strong, to ride it was no boot.
Wallace was wight, and lighted on his foot :
 Few horse they had, little thereof they rought,
 To save their lives, feil strengths oft they fought.
Steven of Ireland was their guide that night,
 Toward *Kingkardin*, syn relted there at right,
 In that forrest which was both long and wide,
 Which from the moss grew to the water side :
 After the sun, *Wallace* walked about
 Upon *Teth* side, where he saw many a rout
 Of wild beasts wavering in wood and plain :
 Soon at a shot a great hart hath he slain.
 Flew fire of flint, and graithed thereat right,
 Suddenly their fresh venison they dight :
 Victual they had, both bread and wine so clear,
 With other stuff enough at their dinner.
 The staff of steil he gave *Keirly* to keep,
 Then past they over the water of *Teth* so deep.
 Into *Strathern* they entred suddenly,
 In covert past ere *Sutheron* could them spy :
 Whom that they found of *Scotland's* adversures,
 Without respect was come their fatal hours.
 Whom ever they met was at the *English* say,
 They slew all down withoutten more delay.
 They spared none that was of *English* blood,
 : To death he yeed, though he were never so good,
 This was the grace that *Wallace* to them gave :
 They saved none, Knight, Squyer, nor yet knave,
 But wasted all by worthinels of wear,
 Of that party that might bear bow or spear,
 Some part by slight, some part by force they flew,
 But *Wallace* thought they wasted never anew.
 Silver they took, and als gold as they fand,
 Other good gear fell lightly red from hand,

Cutted throats, syn in peit-pots them cast.
 Put out of sight, for that they thought was best.
 At the black-ford as they would then pass over,
 A Squyer came, and with him Bairns four:
 To Down should ride, and weind that they had been
 All *Englishmen* that he before had seen:
 Tidings to spear, he hoved them among:
Wallace therewith a good sword out he swong,
 Upon his head he strake with so great yre,
 Through bone and brain in sunder strake the lyre.
 The other four in hands soon were hint,
 Derfly to death sticked ere they would stint.
 The horse they took, and what they liked best,
 Spoiled them bare, syn in a bog them kest.
 Of this matter no more tarry they made,
 But forth their way passed without abade,
 These warlike *Scots* all with one consent.
 So north over *Ern* out through the land they went
 In *Metbvin* wood, their lodging took that night:
 Upon the morn when that the day was light,
Wallace rose up, and went to the forrest side,
 Where that he saw some wild beasts abide.
 Of wild and tame walking abundantlie:
 Then *Wallace* said, this cuntry liketh me,
 Weir Men may do with food that they should have,
 But want they meat, they reck not for the lave.
 Of dainty fair *Wallace* could never keep,
 But as it came, welcome was meat and sleep.
 Sometime he had great sufficiencye within,
 Now want, now have, now loss, now sometime win.
 Now light, now sad, now blyth and now in baile:
 In hast, now hurt, now sorrow, and now haile.
 Now waile, and weil, now cold weather, now heir,
 Now moist, now drouth, & wavering wind, now weir,
 So fares with him for *Scotland's* right full even,
 In fell debate, seven years and monethis seven.
 When he wan peace, and left *Scotland* in plain,
 Then *Englishmen* made new conquest again.
 In frustrate terms I will not tarry lang.
Wallace again unto his Men can gang,
 And said, Here is a land of great abundance,
 Thanked be God of his hie purveyance,

Seven of you feires, graith soon, and go with me,
Right fore I lang *Saint Johnstoun* for to see.

C H A P. II.

*How Wallace past to Saint Johnstoun, and
slew the Captain, and wan Kinclevin.*

STeven of Ireland, as God of heaven thee save,
Master and leader I make thee of the leave :
Keep well my Men, let none out of thy sight,
While I gang hither, and come with all my might,
Bide we seven days into this forrest strong,
Ye may get food, suppose I dwell so long.
Some part ye have, and God will send you mair,
Thus turned he, and to the town can fare :
The Mair kepted the port of the village,
Wallace knew well, and sent him his messlage.
The Mair was brought, saw him a goodly Man,
Right reverently he hath received him than.
At him he asked, all *Scots* if that ye be ?
Wallace said, Yea, and it is peace trow me.
I grant, he said, that likes us wonder well,
True Men of peace must ay some friendship feel.
What is your name ? pray you tell me it,
William Malcom, he said, since ye would wit ;
In *Etrick* forrest hath my winning been,
There was I born among the *shawes* sheen.
Now I desire this Northland for to see,
Where I might find better dwelling for me.
The Mair said, Sir I ask it for none ill,
But feil ty, iags oft times is brought us till,
Of one *Wallace* that born was in the west,
Our Kings men he holds at great unrest :
Martyrs them down, great pity is to see,
Out of the trows forsooth I true he be,
Wallace said then, We hear speak of that man,
Tydings to you of him tell nought I can.
For him he gart an innies well graithed be,
Where none should come, but his own men and he.
The stewart *Keirly* brought then in fusion,
Good things enough, the best was in the town.

As *Englishmen* to drinking would them call,
 And commonly he dealt not therewithal.
 In their presence he spende reasonably,
 Yet for himself he payed abundantly :
 On *Scotsmen* he spende meikle good,
 None with his will upon the *Sutheron* blood.
 Soon he conceived in his wit privily.
 Into that town who was of most party.
 Sir *James Butler*, an aged cruel knight,
 Keeped *Kinclevin*, a cattle wonder wight.
 His Son Sir *John*, that dwelt into that town.
 Under captain to Sir *Gerrard Heroun*.
 The Women als he visit at the last.
 And so on one his eyes began to cast,
 In the south-gate a fellow ferlie fair,
Wallace to her made privately repair.
 So fell it thus from the town ere he past;
 At an accord they happened at the last.
Wallace with her in secret made him glad :
Sutheron wist not that he such pleasance had.
 Oft on the night he would say to him-sell,
 This is far worse than any pain of hell,
 That thus with wrong these devils brook our land,
 And I with force may not against them stand ;
 To take this town, my power is too small.
 Great peril als of my life may befall :
 Set it on fire it will undo my sel,
 Or lose my Men, there is no more to tell.
 The gates are closed, the dykes are deep withall,
 Though I could swim, forsooth they cannot all.
 This matter here therefore I will let slide,
 For at this time I may no longer bide.
 All Men him told the captain was to pass
 Home to *Kinclevin*, whereof right glad he was.
 His leave he took at hers of the town,
 To *Methven* wood right gladly made them boun.
 His horn he hint, and blythly bowed to blow :
 His Men him heard, and there soon can they draw.
 Right blyth he was, for they were hail and feire,
 Many at him of rydings would not speire.
 He them commanded for to make ready fast,
 In good array out of the wood they past,

Toward Kinclevin they bowed them that tide,
 Then in the vail that near was them beside,
 Fast upon *Tay* his bussument can he draw,
 In a dern wod he stiled them on raw.
 Set Scurrious out the countrey to espy,
 But soon ere noon there came fore-riders by.
 The watch turned to see what was his will.
 He them commanded in covert hold them still:
 And we skail forth, the house will knowledge have,
 And that may soon be warning to the lave.
 All force in war doth nought but grievance.
VWallace was few, but happy was his chance:
 Made him feil syse his adversours to win,
 By that the court of *Englishmen* came in:
 Fourscore and ten well graithed in their gear,
 Harness on horse, as likely men of wear.
VWallace saw well that number was na ma.
 He thanked God, and then the field can ta,
 The *English* marvel greatly what they should be:
 But fra they saw, they made them for mellie:
 In rest they cast sharp spears in that tide
 In over they thought out over the *Scots* to ride.
VWallace and his went over them again,
 At the first rush feil *Sutheron* were slain:
VWallace strake on with his good spear of steel,
 Throughout the coast that thait frushed ilk deal.
 A birnisht brand in halte then hint he out,
 Thrice upon foot he throng through all the rout,
 Stern horse they slicked, should men of arms bear,
 Fey under foot was foyled men of wear.
Butler lighted himself for to defend.
 With Men of arms, which were full worthy kend.
 On either side feil frieks were fighting fast,
 The Captain bade, though he was sore agast:
 Part of the *Scots* through worthiness they flew,
VWallace was wo, and toward him he drew:
 His Men then dreed, the *Butler* bold and keen,
 On him he sought with yre and proper teen,
 Upon the head he strake in malalent,
 The birnest blade throughout his basnet went,
 Both bone and brain he bursted through his weed:
 Thus *VWallace* hand delivered them of that dread.

Yet feil on fold was fighting fellonly,
Steven of Ireland, and all the Chevalry;
Into that stour did worthily and well,
And *Keirly* als with his good staff of steel.
The *Englishmen* fra their Chiftain was slain,
They left the field, and in all their main.
Threescore were slain ere they would leave the flead,
The fleand folk they wist of no remead;
But take the house, they fled in all their might.
The *Scots* followed, that worthy were and wight,
Few Men of fence was left that place to keep,
Women and Priests upon the wall can weep,
For well they weined the flears was their Lord,
To take them in, they made them ready ford:
Let down the bridge, cast up the gates wide,
The frayed folk entred that durst not bide:
Good *VWallace* ever followed them so fast,
While in the house he entred at the last.
The gate he wore, while coming was the rout,
Of *English* and *Scots* he held no man thereout.
The *Englishmen* that winned in that flead,
Withoutten grace they brittened them to dead
The Captains Wife, Women, and Priests two,
And young Children, forsooth they saved no mo.
Held them in close after this sudden case,
Ere *Sutberon* Men should siede them in that place.
Took up the bridge, and gates closed fast,
The dead bodies out of sight they caus'd cast,
Within the house and without that were dead:
Five of his own to bury he caus'd lead.
In that castle seven days still bode he,
In every night they spoiled busily:
To *Shortwood* shaws led wines and victual wight,
And household gear, both gold and silver bright,
Women, and they to whom he granted grace,
When he thought time, they put out of the place.
When they had tane what liked them to have,
Strake down the gate, and set on fire the laye.
Out of the windows the stancheours all they drew,
Full great yron work into the water threw.
Buirdin doors and locks in their yre,
All work of tree they burnt into the fire.

Spilt what they might, brake brig and bulwark down,
 To *Shortwood* shaws in hast they made them bown:
 Chooſed a ſtrength, where they their lodging made.
 In good eſſeir a while there ſtill he bade,
 Yet in the town of this no wit had they.
 The countrey folk when it was light of day,
 Great ſmoak ſaw riſe, and to *Kinclevin* they ſought,
 But walls & ſtone more good there found they nought.
 The Captains Wife *S. Johnſtown* town ſhe yeed,
 And *Sir Gerrard* told this fellow deed,
 Als to her Son what happened was by caſe:
 Then deemed they all that it was wight *VWallace*,
 Before time there he ſpyed had the town:
 Then charged they all ſhould be ready bown,
 Harnett on horſe into their armour clear,
 To ſeek *VWallace*, they went all forth in in fear:
 A thouſand Men well garniſht for the weir,
 Toward the wood, right awful in eſſeir.

C H A P. III.

Short-wood Shaws.

THe *Short-wood* ſhaw, and ſet it all about,
 With five ſtailes, that ſtalwart were and ſtout.
 The ſixth they made a fellow range to lead,
 Where *VWallace* was full worthy ay indeed.
 The ſtrength they took, and bade them hold it ſtill,
 On every ſide, aſſail ye who ſo will.
Sir John Butler into that forreſt went,
 With two hundred, ſore moved in his intent,
 His father's death to venge him, if he mought,
 To *VWallace* ſoon with men of arms he ſought:
 A cleugh there was, whereof a ſtrength they made,
 With thortour trees, and boldly there abade:
 From the one ſide they might iſh to the plain,
 Then through the wood to the ſtrength paſs again.
 Twenty he had that noble Archers were,
 Againſt ſeven ſcore of *Engliſh* bow-men faire:
 Threſcore of ſpears near hand them bode full right,
 If *Scots* iſſued to help them at their might,

On Wallace set a bicker bold and keen :
 A bow he bare, was big, and well beseen :
 And arrows als, both long and sharp withaw,
 No Man there was that Wallace bow could draw :
 Right strong he was and in full sober gear
 Boldly he shot among those Men of wear.
 An angle head into the hooks he drew,
 Then at one shot the formost soon he flew.
 English Archers that hardy were and wight,
 Against the Scots bickered with all their might,
 Their awful shot was fellon for to bide :
 Of Wallace Men they wounded feil that tide.
 Few of them was sicker of archery :
 Better they were, and they got even party,
 In field to bide, either with sword or spear.
 Wallace perceived his Men took meikle dear :
 He gart them change, and stand not in that stead,
 He cast always to save them from the dead.
 Full great travel upon himself took he,
 Of Sutheron Archers feil men gart he die.
 Of Long-castle shire bow-men were in that place,
 A sore Archer ay waited on Wallace :
 At an open where he used to repair,
 At him he drew a sicker shot and fair,
 Under the chin through a collar of steel,
 On the left side, and hurt his halse some deal :
 Astonied he was, but not greatly agast,
 Wallace him saw, and followed him full fast,
 And in the turning with good will hath him tane
 Upon the craig in sunder broke the bane.
 Then feil of them no friendship with him fand,
 Fifteen that day he shot dead with his hand,
 By that his arrows wasted were and gone,
 The English Archers farsooth they wanted none :
 Out-with they were their power to renew,
 On every side they could to them persew.
 William Loran came with his boultous stail,
 Out of Gowrie on Wallace to assail :
 Nevoy he was, as it was known plain,
 To the Butler before that they had slain :
 To venge his Erme, he came with all his might,
 Three hundreth led of Men in arms bright,

To lead the range, on foot he made him ford,
Wallace to God his confidence couth remord,
 Then comfort them with manly countenance :
 Ye see, he said, good sirs, their ordinance :
 Here is no choice, but either do or die,
 We have the right, the happier may it be,
 That we shall scape by grace out of this land.
Loran by that was ready at his hand :
 By this it was afternoon of the day :
 Feil Men of wit to counsel soon yeed they.
 The *Sutheron* cast sharply on every side,
 He saw the wood was neither long nor wide.
 Lightly they said, He should it hold so lang,
 Five hundreth made on foot through it to gang.
 Sad Men of arms, that eager were of will,
 About the *Scots* with many shout full shril,
 With bow and spear, and swords stiff of steel,
 On either side no friendship could they feel.
Wallace in yre a buirly brand can draw,
 Where feil *Sutheron* were sembled on a raw,
 To fend his men with his dear worthy hand :
 The folk were fey that he before them fand :
 Through the thickest of the great preais he past,
 Upon his enemies he went wonder fast,
 Against his dints no weeds might avail,
 Whom so he hit was dead withoutten fail.
 Of the fiercest full braithly dang he down,
 Before the *Scots* that were of great renown.
 To hold the strength they prest with all their might
 Then *Englishmen* that worthy were and wight,
 Sir *John Butler* relieved in again,
 Sundered the *Scots*, and did them meikle pain,
 The *Loran* als that cruel was and keen,
 A fore essay forsooth there may be seen.
 Then at the strength they might no longer bide,
 The range so strong came up on either side.
 In the thickest wood they made their fell defence,
 Against their foes so full of violence.
 Right feil *Sutheron* there left their life in wed,
 To a new strength *Wallace* and his Men fled :
 On his Adversaries they made full fell debate,
 To help themselves, none other succour they wate,
 The .

The *Sutheron* als were sundred them in twin,
But they again together soon can win :
Full subtilly their ordinance they made,
The range again they bowned but more abade.
The *Scots* were hurt, and part of them were slain.
Then *Wallace* said, we labour all in vain :
To slay Commons, it helps us right nought,
Bnt their Chiftains that hath them hither brought :
Might we work so, that one of them were slain,
So sore essay they could not get again.
By this the host approaching was full near,
Thus they them held full manly upon stear,
Then *Wallace* saw the *Sutheron* were at hand,
Him thought no time longer for to stand.
Right manfully he graithed hath his gear,
Sadly he went against these Men of wear,
Throughout the stour full fast fighting he fought,
With God's Grace to venge him if he mought.
Upon the *Butler* awfully strake he,
Safeguard he got under a bowing tree,
The branch in two he strake above his head,
Als to the ground he felied him in that stead.
The whole power upon them came so fast,
That they by force rescued him at the last.
Loran was wo, and hither fast can draw,
Wallace returned so suddenly he him saw,
Out at a side full fast to him he yeed,
He got no girth for all his birnisht weed :
With yre him strake on his gorget of steel,
The trenching blade it pierced every deal :
Through plate and stuff might not against it stand,
Derfly to death he left him on the land.
Him have they lost, though *Sutheron* had it sworn,
For his craig-bone was all in sunder shorn.
The worthy *Scots* did nobly that day,
About *Wallace* while he was won away.
He took the strength against their foes will,
Abundantly in bargain bade them still.
The cry soon rose the bold *Loran* was dead,
Sir *Gerrard Heroun* tranoynted to that stead.
And all the host assembled him about :
At the north side then *Wallace* issued out

With his good men, and bowned them to go,
 Thanking great God that they were parted so.
 Seven of his men that day to death were dight :
 To *Gargil* wood they went that self same night,
 In the field left of the *Sutheron* six score.
 And *Loran* als that mourning was the more.
 The range in haste they raised soon again :
 But when they saw their travel was in vain.
 When it was past, full meikle moan was made,
 To ride the wood, both vail, slonk, and flaid :
 For *Butlers* gold, *VWallace* took care before,
 But they found nought, would they seek evermore.
 His horse they got, but nought else of his gear :
 With doleful moan return'd these men of wear,
 To *Saint Johnstoun*, with sorrow and great care.
 Of *VWallace* forth, me likes to speak no mair.
 The second night the *Scots* could them draw,
 Right privily again to *Short-wood* shaw,
 Took up their good which was put out of sight,
 Clothing and stuff, both gold and silver bright.
 Upon their feet, for horse was tane them fra,
 Ere the sun rose, to *Methwin* wood can ga.
 The two days over their lodging still they made.
 On the third night they moved but more abade.

C H A P. IV.

*How Wallace was sold to the Englishmen by
 his Leman.*

TO *Elcbok* park suddenly they went,
 There in that strength to bide was his intent.
 Then *VWallace* said, He would go to the town,
 Arrayed him well into a priests gown,
 Into *Saint Johnstoun* disguised can he fare,
 To this woman, the which he spoke of aire :
 Of his presence she right rejoiced was,
 And ay in dread how he away should pass.
 He sojourn'd from noon was of the day.
 While near the night ere that he went his way,
 He trysted her when he should come again,
 On the third day then was she wonder fain :

Yet he was seen with enemies as he yeed ;
 To Sir *Gerrard* they told of all his deed :
 And to the *Butler* that would have wroken been.
 Then they caus'd take that woman fair and sheen,
 Accused her fore of reset into that place.
 Full oft she swore, that she knew not *VWallace*.
 Then *Butler* said, we wor well it was he,
 And but thou tell, in bail fire thou shalt die.
 If thou wilt help to bring yon rebald down,
 We shall thee make a lady of renown,
 They gave to her both gold and silver bright :
 And said, she should be wedded to a knight :
 Whom she desired, that was but marriage,
 Thus tempted they her through counsel & great wage.
 That she them told what night he should be there.
 Then they were glad, for they desir'd no mair,
 Of all *Scotland* but *VWallace* at their will.
 Thus ordain'd they that pointment to fulfil :
 Feil men of arms they graithed hastily,
 To keep the gates, wight *VWallace* to espy,
 At the set tryst he entred in the town,
 Witting nothing of all this false treasoun :
 To her chamber he went but more abade,
 She welcomed him, and full great pleafance made.
 What that they wrought, I cannot graithly say,
 Right unperfet I am of *Venus* play.
 But hastily he bowned him to gang,
 Then she him took, and askt if he thought lang :
 She asked him, that night with her to bide.
 Soon he said, Nay, for chance that may betide :
 My men are left all at misrule for me,
 I may not sleep this night while I them see.
 Then weeped she, and said, full oft, alace,
 That I was made, we worth the cursed case :
 Now I have I lost the best man living is :
 Of feeble mind, to do so foul amiss !
 O warried wit, wicked, and variance,
 That me hath brought in this mischievous chance !
 Alace, she said, in world that I was wrought,
 If all this pain on my self might be brought.
 I have served to be burnt in a gliced,
 When *VWallace* saw she near from wit couth weid,

n by

Yet

In

In his arms he caught her soberly,
 Who hath done ought, he said, dear heart, have I?
 No, I, quoth she, have falsly wrought this train:
 I have you sold, right now ye shall be slain.
 She told to him her treason to an end,
 As I have said, what needs more legend?
 At her he askt, If she fore-thought it fore?
 Yea, Sir, she said, and shall do evermore.
 My varied wierd in world I must fulfil.
 To mend this miss, I would burn on a hill.
 He comfort her and bade her have no dread.
 I will, he said, have some part of thy weed.
 Her gown on him he took, and courches als,
 Will God I shall escape this treason false,
 I thee forgive, withoutten words mair:
 He kissed her, then took his leave to fare.
 His buirly brand helped him oft in need,
 Right privately hid it under his weed.
 To the south-gate the gainest way he drew,
 Where that he found of armed men anew.
 To them he told, dissimulate in countenance,
 To the chamber where he was in perchance.
 Speed fast, he said, *VWallace* is locked in.
 For him they fought withoutten noise or din.
 To that same house about they can them cast,
 Out of the gate then *VWallace* got full fast.
 Right glad in heart, when that he was without:
 Right fast he yeed, a sture pace and stout.
 Two men beheld, and said, we will go see:
 A stalward queen forsooth, yond seems to be.
 They followed him through the *south-inch* they two,
 When *Wallace* saw with them there came no mo,
 Again he turned, and bath the foremost slain:
 The other fled, then *Wallace* with great main,
 Upon the head with his sword hath him tane,
 Left them both dead, then to the strength is gane.
 His men he got, right glad when they him saw,
 To their defence in hatte he caus'd them draw:
 Devoyded him soon out of the womans weed.
 Thus scaped he out of this fellon dread.

The end of the fourth Book.

The Fifth BOOK.

C H A P. I.

*How Wallace escaped out of Saint Johnstoun;
and past to Elchok-park, and how he slew
Fawdoun.*

THe dark Region appeared wonder fast,
In November, when October was past :
The days fall through right course waxed short
To banisht men, that is no great comfort,
With their power to seir place that worths gang,
Heavy they think when that the night is lang :
Thus Wallace saw the nights messenger,
Phœbus had lost his fiery brands clear :
Out of the wood they durst not turn that tide,
For adversaries that in their way would byde.
Wallace then told anew were on his hand,
The Englishmen were of the town command :
The door they brake where they trowd Wallace was,
When they him missed. they bowned hence to pass :
In this great noise the woman got away,
But to what stead, I cannot graithly say.
The Sutheron sought right sadly for that stead,
Through the South-inch, and found their two men dead,
They knew by that Wallace was in the strength,
About the park they set on breadth and length,
With six hundred well graithed in their arms,
All likely men to wreak them of their harms.
An hundred men charged in arms strong,
To keep an hound, that they had them among :
In Gelderland there was that bratched bred,
Sicker of sent, to follow them that fled.
She was so used in Eske and Liddisdale,
While she had blood. no fleeing might avale.
Then said they all, Wallace might not away,
He should be theirs, for ought that he do may.
The host they left in divers parts that tyde,
Sir Gerrard Heroun in the stail can byde :

Sir *John Butler* the range he took him till,
 With three hundred which were of hardy will,
 Into the wood upon *Wallace* they yeed,
 The worthy *Scots* that were in meikle dread,
 Sought to a place, for to have issued out,
 And saw the stall environed them about
 Again they went with hideous stroaks and strong,
 Great noise and din he raised them among :
 Their cruel death right marvellous to ken,
 Where fourty marcht against three hundreth men.
Wallace so well upon him took that tyde,
 Through the great preass a way he made full wyde,
 Helping the *Scots* with his dear worthy hand :
 Feil for men he left fey upon the land.
 Yet *Wallace* lost fifteen into that stead,
 And fourty men of *Sutberon* there was dead :
 The *Butlers* folk so frushed were indeed.
 The hardy *Scots* to the strengths through they yeed.
 Upon *Tay* side they hasted them full fast,
 In will they were the water to have past.
 Better him thought in peril for to be
 Upon the land, then wilfully to see
 His men to drown, where rescue might be none :
 Again in yre to the field are they gone,
Butler by then had put his men in array,
 On them he set with hardy awful essay,
 On either side with weapons stiff of steel.
Wallace again no friendship let them feel,
 But do or die they wist no more succour :
 Thus send they long into that stalward stour.
 The *Scots* Chiftain was young and in a rage,
 Used in war, and fights with high courage :
 He saw his men of *Sutberon* take such wrang,
 Them to revenge all dreadless he did gang :
 For many of them were bleeding wonder fair,
 He could not see none help appearing there.
 But if their Chiftain were put out of their gate,
 The brim *Butler* so boldly made debate,
 Through the great preass, right fast to him he sought,
 This awful deed avenge it if he mought.
 Under an oak with men about them set,
Wallace might not a graith stroak on him get,

Yet shed he them : a full rude step he made,
 The *Scots* went out, no longer there they bade :
Steven of Ireland that worthy was and wight,
 To help *Wallace* he did full prease and might,
 With true *Keirly* doughty in many deed,
 Upon the ground feil *Sutherland* they gart bleed.
 Sixty were slain of *Englishmen* in that place,
 And nine of *Scots* were tint into that case.
Butlers men were so destroyed that tide,
 Into the stour they would no longer bide.
 To get supply, he went into the stail,
 Thus lost he there an hundred of great avail.
 As they were best arraying *Butlers* rout,
 Betwixt parties then *Wallace* issued out.
 Sixteen with him they graithed them to go.
 Of all his men he had leaved no mo.
 The *Englishmen* had missed him, in hy
 The bound they took, and followed hastily,
 At the *Gaskwood* full fain they would have been :
 But this slough-hound that cruel was and keen,
 On *Wallace* foot he followed wonder fast,
 While in their sight approached at the last.
 Their horse was wight, and sojourned right lang,
 To the next wood they had two miles to gang,
 Of upward ground, they yeed with all their might :
 Good hope they had, for it was near the night
Fawdon he tyred, and said he, might not gang.
Wallace was wo to leave him in the thrang :
 He bade him go, and say the strength was near,
 But he therefore would not the faster stear :
Wallace in yre on the craig can him ta.
 With his good sword, and strake his head in twa :
 Dreadless to ground he dushed to the dead
 From him he lap, and left him in that stead :
 Some deems it to evil, and some to good,
 But I say here into these termes rude.
 Better it was he did, as thinks me :
 First, to the hound it may great stooping be.
 Als *Fawdon* was holden of great suspition,
 For he was holden of bruckle complexion.
 Right strong he was, and had but little gone,
 Thus *Wallace* wist, had he been left alone :

And he were false, to enemies he would ga,
 If he were true, the *Sutheron* would him sla :
 Might he do nought, but lose him as it was.
 From this question now shortly will I passe,
 Deem as ye list, ye that can best, and may ;
 But I rehearse, as mine author doth say.
 The stars as then began for to appear,
 The *Englishmen* were coming wonder near.
 Five hundred whole were in their Chevalry,
 To the next strength then *Wallace* can him hye :
Steven of *Ireland* unwitting of *Wallace*,
 And good *Keirly* still bode near hand that place,
 At the mure side, into a scroggie slaid,
 By east *Duplin* where they this tarry made.
Fawdoun was left beside them on the land :
 The power came, and suddenly him fand,
 For their slouth-hound the graith way to him yeed,
 Of other dread as then she took no heed,
 The slouth strooped, at *Fawdoun* still she stood,
 No further would, from time she found the blood.
 The *Englishmen* deem'd, for other they could not tell,
 But that the *Scots* had foughten among them sell.
 Right wo they were, for losted was their sent,
Wallace two men among the host in went,
 Dissembled well, that no man should them ken,
 Right in effeir, as they were *Englishmen*.
Keirly beheld unto the bold *Heroun*,
 Upon *Fawdoun* as he was looking down :
 A subtile stroak upward him took that tyde,
 Under the cloak the grounded sword can glyde,
 By the good malzie, both craig and halse-bane
 In sonder strake, thus ended this Chistrain.
 To ground he fell, feil folk about him throng :
 Treason they cryed, a traytour us among.
Keirly with that fled out at the host-side,
 His fellow *Steven* thought it no time to bide.
 The fray was great, and fast away they yeed
 Both toward *Ern*, thus scaped they that dread.
Butler was wo, of weeping might not flint.
 Thus reklesly this good Knight have they tint.
 They deemed all that it was *Wallace* men,
 Or else himself, though they should not him ken.

He is right near, we shall have him but fail,
 The feeble wood may little him avail.
 Fourty their past again to *Saint Johnstoun*,
 With dread corps to busyng made them bown :
 Parted their men, and diverse ways yeed :
 A great power at *Duplin* still there bade..
 To *Dalreach* the *Butler* past but let,
 At sundry parts the gates was unbeset.
 To keep the wood while it was day they thought.
 As *Wallace* thus in the thick forrest he sought
 For his two men in mind he had great pain ;
 He wist not well if they were tane or slain,
 Or scaped whole by any jeopardie :
 Thirteen were left, with him no mo had he.
 In *Gask-hall* there their lodging hath they tane :
 Fire they got soon, but meat then had they nane,
 Two sheep they took beside them in a fold,
 Ordained their supper into that seemly hold :
 Graithed in haste, some meat to them was dight,
 So hard they blow rude horns upon hight :
 Two sent he forth to see what it might be :
 They bode right long, but no tydings got he,
 But bousteous noise, so brimly blowing fast :
 So other two into the wood forth past.
 None came again, but boustiously can blow,
 Into great yre he sent them forth in row.
 When that along *Wallace* was leaved there,
 The awful blast abounded meikle mair.
 Then trow'd he wist they had his lodging seen :
 His sword he drew of noble mettel keen,
 Then forth he went where that he heard the horn,
 Without the door *Fawdoun* was him beforne,
 As to his sight, his head into his hand.
 A crosse he made when that he saw him stand :
 At *Wallace* in the head he swagged there,
 And he in haste soon hint by the hair,
 Then out again at him could cast,
 Into his heart he was greatly agast.
 Right well he trewed it was no sprit of man,
 It was a devil that such malice began.
 He wist no avail there longer to abide,
 Up through the hall this wight *Wallace* can glyde

To a close stair, the buirds roof in twinne,
 Fifteen foot long he lap forth of that Inne :
 Up the water then suddenly can he fare,
 Again he blenked what appearance was there :
 Him thought he saw *Fawdoun* that ugly syre,
 Upon the house and all the rest on fire.
 A great roof-tree he had into his hand,
Wallace as then no longer he would stand,
 Of his good men full great marveil had he,
 How that they were tint through his fantasie.
 Trusting right well all this was sooth indeed,
 Suppose that it be no point of the creed.
 Power they had with *Lucifer* that fell,
 That time that he parted from heaven to hell.
 By such mischief if his men might be lost,
 Drowned or slain amongst the *English* host :
 Or what it was in likeness of *Fawdoun*,
 Which brought his men to such confusion :
 Or if the man ended in evil intent,
 Some wicked sprite again for him were sent,
 I can nought speak of such divinity,
 To clerks I will let all such matters be.
 But of *Wallace* on forth I will you tell,
 When he was went out of this danger fell :
 Yet glad he was that he escaped sa,
 But for his men great mourning can he ma.
 Flait by himself to the market above,
 Why he suffered his soul such matters prove ?
 He wist not well if it were Gods will,
 Right or wrong his fortune to fulfil :
 Had it pleased God, he trowed it might not be,
 He should be set in such perplexitie.
 But great courage in his mind ever drave.
 On *Englishmen* thinking a mends to have.
 As he was thus walking by him alone,
 Upon *Ern* side making a piteous moan :
 Sir *John Butler* to watch the Furds right,
 Out from his men of *Wallace* had a sight :
 The mist was went and to the mountains gone,
 To him he rade where that he made his moan :
 On loud he spiered, What art thou walks this gate ?
 A true man, Sir, though my voyage be late :

Errands I pass from *Down* unto my Lord,
Sir *John Psewart*, the right who will record :
In *Down* is now, new comed from the King.
Then *Butler* said, this is a selcouth thing :
Thou leid, he said, Thou hast been with *Wallace*,
I shall thee know, ere thou come from this place.
To him he start the courser wonder wight,
Drew out his sword, then made him for to fight,
Above the knee good *Wallace* hath him tane,
Through thie and brain in sunder strake the bane.
Derfly to ground the Knight fell on the land.
Wallace the horse soon seased in his hand,
An ackward stroak then took him in that stead,
His craig in two, thus was the *Butler* dead.
An *Englishman* saw their Chiftain was slain,
A spear in rest he cast with all his main,
On *Wallace* drave from the horse to bear,
Warly he wrought as worthy men of wear :
The Spear he wan withoutten more abaid,
On horse he lap, and through a great rout raid,
To *Dolreach*, then he knew the Furd full well.
Before him came feil stuffed into steel.
He strake the first but bade in the blasoun,
While horse and man all fleit the water down.
Another soon down from the horse he bare.
Stramped to ground and drowned withoutten mair.
The third he hit on the harness of steel,
Throughout the coast the spier it raiff ilk deel.
The great power after him then can ride,
He saw no wisdom there longer to abide :
His birnisht brand braithly in hand he bare,
Whom he hit right they followed him na mair.
To stuff the chafe feil freiks followed fast ;
But *Wallace* made the gayest ay agast.
The mure he took, and through their power rade :
The horse was good, but yet he had great dread,
For failing him ere he wan to a strength.
The chafe was great stailed on bread at length :
Through strong danger they had him ay in sight,
At the black ford there *Wallace* down can light.
The horse stuffed, the way was deep and lang,
A large long while wightly on foot can gang,

Ere he was horsed, ryders about him cast,
 He saw full well long time he might not last.
 Sad men indeed upon him can renew.
 Without recovery twenty that night he flew.
 The fiercest ay rudely rebuked he,
 Keeped his horse, and right wisely can flee,
 While that he came the mirkest mure amang,
 His horse gave over, and would no further gang.
Wallace on foot took him with good intent,
 The horse he slew ere that he further went,
 That *Englishmen* of him should have no good,
 And left on foot, for well he understood :
 For *Sutheron* men on him should have no sight,
 In high hather he past with all his might,
 Through the dark mure then from them hath he sought
 But suddenly there came into his thought :
 Great power did walk at *Sterling* bridge of tree .
 Sighing, he said, no passage is for me.
 For fault of food, and I have fasted lang,
 On war-men now methinks no time to gang :
 At *Cumbuskenneth* I shall thee water till,
 Let God above do with me what he will .
 Into this land I may no longer bide.
 Tarry he made some parton *Forths* side,
 Took off his weed, and graithed him but mair,
 His sword he bound that wonder sharply share,
 Among his gear, on his shoulders aloft :
 Thus in he went, to great God praying oft,
 Of his good grace his cause to take in hand :
 Over the Water he swam to the South land :
 Arrayed him well, the season was right cold,
 For *Pistes* was into his days old.
 Overthart he cast, to the *Torwood* he yeed,
 A widow dwelt which helped him in need,
 Hither he came ere day began to daw,
 To a widow, and privily can caw :
 They spierd his name, but tell them would he nought,
 While she her self near to his language sought.
 From time she knew that it was wight *Wallace*,
 Rejoiced she was, and thanked God of grace.
 She spiered soon, If he was his alone?
 Mourning, he said, As men now have I none,

She spiered then, Where that his men should be ?
 Faire Dame, he said, go get some meat to me :
 I have fasted since yesterday at morn,
 I dread full sore, my men they be forlorn,
 Great part of them I saw to the death brought.
 She got him meat in all the haste she mought.
 A woman he called, and als with her a childe,
 And bade them passe again these ways wilde,
 To the *Gask ball* tydings for to speir,
 If part was left of his men into fear,
 And she should find an horse soon in her gate :
 He bade them see if that place stood in state,
 Thereof to hear he had full great desire,
 Because he thought it was all into fire.
 They passed out, withoutten tarry mair.
 Him tor to rest, *Wallace* remained there,
 Refreshed he was with meat and drink, and heat,
 Which caused him through natural course to sleep.
 Where he should sleep at the woman he spiered,
 The widow had three sons that were leared :
 First two of them she sent to keep *Wallace*,
 He gart the third go soon to *Dunipace*,
 And tell his *Eme* that he was hapned there :
 The Parson came to see of his welfare :
Wallace to sleep, was laid in the wood side,
 The two young men without him near could bide.
 The Parson came near hand, the manner saw,
 They beckened to him what stead he should draw.
 The Rone was thick that *Wallace* sleept in,
 About he went, and made but little din.
 So at the last of him he had a sight,
 Full privately where that his bed was dight :
 He him beheld, then said unto-himself,
 Here is a marvel who likes it for to tell,
 This is a person of worthiness of hand,
 Troweth to stop the power of *England*,
 Now false fortune, the misworker of all,
 By eventure hath given him a fall :
 That he is left without supply of ma,
 A cruel wife with weapons might him sta.
Wallace him heard, with that the sleep overpast.
 Feirly he rose, and said to him als fast :
 Thou

Thou liest, false Priest, were thou a Foe to me,
 I would not dread such other ten as thee :
 I have had more since yesterday at morn,
 Then such sixty assembled me beforne.
 His Emc him took, and went forth with *Wallace*.
 He told to him all his most painful case
 This night, he said, I was left mine alone,
 In fell debate, with Enemies many one :
 God at his will, hath ay my life to keep,
 Over *Forth* I swam, that awful is and deep :
 What I have had in war before this day,
 Prison and pain (to this night) is but play :
 So beat I am with strakes sad and sore.
 The shril water then burnt me meikle more ;
 After great blood, through heat & cold was wrought,
 That of my life almost I nothing rought.
 I moan far more the tynsel of my Men,
 Nor of my self, might I suffer such ten.
 The Parson said, Dear Son, thou mayest see well,
 Longer to strive, it helpeth never a deal :
 Thy Men are lost, and none will with thee rise,
 For God his sake, make as I will devise :
 Take a lordship whereon thou mayest live,
 King *Edward* will great lands to thee give,
 Uncle, he said, of such words na mair,
 This is nothing but eeking of my care :
 I like better to see the *Sutherland* die,
 Then gold or land that they can give to me.
 Trust thou right well, of war I shall not cease,
 Until the time I bring *Scotland* to peace,
 Or die therefore, the plain to understand,
 So came *Keirly* and good *Steven* of *Ireland* :
 The Widow's Son to *Wallace* hath them brought,
 From they him saw, of no sadness they rought :
 For perfect joy they weeped with their een,
 To ground they fell, and thanked heavens King :
 Als he was glad for rescue of them two,
 Of their feirs living were left no mo.
 They told to him that *Sir Gerrard* was dead,
 How they had well escaped of that stead.
 Through the *Ochel* they had gone all that night,
 To *Airth* ferry when that the day was light :

How true a Scot through kindness of *Wallace*,
 Brought them soon over, then kend them to that Place,
 Als *Keirly* wist that *Wallace* living were,
 Near *Dunipace* that he would find them there.

The Parson gart good purveyance for them dight,
 Into *Tor-wood* they lodged all that night,
 While the Woman that *Wallace* north had send,
 Returned again, and told to him an end,
 What *Englishmen* in the way she saw dead,
 Feil was fallen fey in many sundry stead:

The horse she saw that *Wallace* had bereft,
 At the *Gaskball*, standing as it was left,
 Withoutten harm, nor touched of a stone:

But of his Men, good tidings got she none.

Therefore he grieved greatly in that tide,

In the forrest he would no longer bide.

The Widow gave him part of silver bright,

Two of her Sons that worthy were and wight:

The third he left, because he lacked age,

In wear as then might not win vassalage.

The Parson then got them good horse and gear,

But wo he was, his mind was so in wear.

Thus took he leave without longer abode,

To *Dundaff* Mure the samine night he rode,

Sir *John* the *Graham* which was Lord of that Land.

An aged Knight, had made none other band:

But purchast peace, in rest he might bide still,

Tribute he payed full sore against his will,

A Son he had, both wise, worthy, and wight,

King *Alexander* at *Berwick* made him Knight,

Where showing was of battel to have been,

Betwixt the *Scots*, and the bold *Perrie* keen.

This young Sir *John* right noble was in wear,

On a broad sword his Father gart him swear,

He should be true to *Wallace* in all thing,

And he to him while life in them might reign.

Three nights there *Wallace* was out of dread,

Rested him well, so had he meikle need:

On the fourth day he would no longer bide,

Sir *John* the *Graham* bowed with him to ride,

And he said, Nay, as then it should not be,

A plain part yet I will not take on me.

I have tint Men through mine own reckless deed.
 A burnt Child als more sore the fire should dread.
 Friends some part I have in *Cliddisdale*,
 I will go see what they may me avail,
 Sir *John* answered, I will your counsel do;
 When ye think time send privately me to,
 Then I shall come with my power in haste.
 He him betought unto the holy Ghast,
 S. *John* to borgh they should meet whole and sound.
 Out of *Dundaff* he and his four couth found:
 In *Bothwel* mure that night remained he,
 With one *Crawfurd* that lodged him privilie.
 Upon the morn to the *Kilbank* he went,
 Received he was of many with glad intent:
 For his dear Emie young *Auchinlek* dwelt there,
 Brother he was to the Sheriff of *Aire*,
 When old Sir *Rannald* to his death was dight,
 Then *Auchinlek* wedded that Lady bright:
 And Children got, as stories bear record,
 Of *Lismahago*, for he held of that Lord:
 But he was slain, that pity was the mair,
 With *Perfies* Men into the town of *Aire*,
 His Son dwelt still, then nineteen years of age,
 And brooked whole his Fathers heritage:
 Tribute he payed for all his lands bread,
 To the Lord *Perfie*, as his Brother had made.
 I leave *Wallace* with his dear Uncle still,
 Of *Englishmen* yet something speak I will.
 A Messenger soon through the countrey yeed,
 To Lord *Perfie*, and told this fellon deed:
Kinclevin was burnt, broken and casten down,
 The Captain dead of it, and *Saint John* found
 The *Loran* als in *Short-wood* shaws sheen,
 Into the land great sorrow hath been seen,
 Through wight *Wallace* that all this deed hath done.
 The town he spied, and that forethought in his soon.
Butler is slain with doughty Men and dear.
 In asper speech the *Perfie* then gan speir,
 What word of him? I pray thee graithly tell.
 My Lord, he said, right thus the case besel:
 We know for truth he was left him alone,
 And as he fled, he flew full many one:

The horse we found that him that gate could bear,
 But of himself no other word we hear.
 At *Striveling* bridge we wot he passed nought,
 To death in *Forth* he may for us be brought.
 Lord *Persie* said, Now truly that is sin,
 So good of hand he is this world within.
 Had he tane peace, and been our Kings man
 This whole empire he might have conquest than.
 Great harm it is of our Knights that are dead,
 We must gar see for others in their stead :
 I trow not yet that *Wallace* lossed be :
 Our Clerks says, He shall gar many die.
 The messenger says, All that forsooth hath been,
 Many hundred that cruel was and keen,
 Since he began, are lossed without remead.
 The *Persie* said, Forsooth he is not dead :
 The crooks of *Forth* he knows wonder well :
 He is on live that shall our nation feil,
 When he is stressed, then can he swim at will :
 Great strength he hath, both wit and grace theretil.
 A Messenger the Lord charged to wend,
 And his command in writ he with him send :
 Sir *John Psewart* great Sheriff then he made
 Of *Saint Johnstoun*, and all the lands brade :
 Into *Kinclevin* there dwelt none there again.
 There was nought else but broken walls in plain.
 Leave I them thus ruling the lands there,
 And speak I will of *Wallace* good welfare :
 He sent *Keirly* unto *Rannald* that night,
 To *Boyd* and *Blair*, that worthy vere and wight :
 And *Adam* als, his Cousin good *Wallace*.
 To them declared he of this painful case,
 Of his escape out of that company :
 Right wonder glad was that good chevalry.
 From time they knew that *Wallace* living was,
 Good diligence they made to him to pass.
 Master *John Blair* was one of that messlage,
 A worthy Clerk, both wise, and als right sage :
 Learned he was before in *Paris* town,
 Amongst Masters in science of good renown.
Wallace and he at home in school had been.
 Soon afterwards as verity was seen :

He was the Man that chiefly undertook,
 That first compiled to drite the latine book
 Of *Wallace* life, right famous of renown.
 And *Thomas Gray* Parson of *Libertoun*,
 with him they were, and put in historial.
 Oft one or both meikle of his travel.
 And therefore here of them I make mention.
 Master *John Blair* to *Wallace* made him bown,
 To see his health, his comfort was the more,
 As they full oft together were before.
 Silver and gold they gave him for to spend,
 So did he them freely when God it send.
 Of good welfare as then he wanted none,
Englishmen wisht he was left him alone :
 Where he should be, was none of them could say,
 Drowned or slain, or else escaped away,
 Therefore of him they took but little heed :
 They knew him not, the less he was in dread.
 All true *Scots* great favour to him gave,
 What good they had, he needed not to crave.
 The peace lasted that Sir *Rannald* had tane,
 Those three months it should not be out-gane,
 Whole Christmas then *Wallace* remained there.
 In *Lanerke* oft to sport he made repair.
 When that he went to *Kilbank* from the town,
 If he found Men was of that nation,
 To *Scotland* they did never grievance more,
 Some sticked they, some throats in sunder shore,
 Feil were found dead, but none wist who it was.
 Whom he handled, he let no further pass.
 There *Hefilrig* dwelt, that cursed Knight to wail,
 Sheriff he was of all these lands hail :
 Of fellow outrage despiteful in his deed,
 Many of him therefore had meikle dread.
 Marvel he thought who durst his People sla,
 Without the town he caus'd great numbers ga.
 When *Wallace* saw that they were mo than he,
 Then did he nought but salust courteously.
 Als his four Men bure them so quietly,
 No *Sutberon* could deem them unhoneestly.
 In *Lanerke*, a Gentlewoman there,
 A Maiden mild, as my book will declare,

Eighteen years old, and little more of age,
 Als born she was to part of heritage.
 Her Father was of worship and renown,
 And *Hew Braidfute* he heght of *Lammington*,
 As feil were then into the countrey call'd,
 Before-time they Gentlemen were of ald:
 But this good Man and als his Wife was dead,
 The Maiden wist then of none other remead,
 But still she dwelt in tribute in the town,
 And purchast had King *Edward's* protection.
 Servants with her, of Friends at her will,
 Thus lived she without desire of il.
 A quiet house, as she might hold in wear,
 For *Heslrig* had done her meikle dear:
 Slain her Brother which eldest was and heir:
 All suffered she, and right lowly her bare.
 Amiable, so benign, ware and wise,
 Courteous and sweet, fulfilled of all gentrice:
 Well ruled of tongue, right hail of countenance:
 Of vertue she was worthy to advance:
 Humbly her held, and purchast a good name,
 Of every wight she kepted her from blame.
 True religious folk a great favour her lent.
 Upon a day to the kirk as she went,
Wallace her saw as he his eyes can cast,
 The print of love him prunzied at the last.
 So asperly through beauty of that bright,
 With great unease in presence bide he might:
 He knew full well the kindred of her blood,
 And how she was in honelt use and good.
 Whiles would he think to love her over the lave,
 And otherwise he thought on his dislave,
 How that his Men were brought to confusion,
 Through his last love he had in *Saint Johnstoun*.
 Then would he think to live and let overslide.
 But that thought long in mind could not abide.
 He told *Keirly* of his new lust and bail,
 Then asked he him of his true counsel.
 Master, he said, as far as I can feel,
 Of likliness it may be wonder well:
 Since so ye love, take her in marriage,
 Goodly she is, and als of heritage:

Suppose that ye in loving feel amiss,
 Great God forbid it should be so with this.
 To marry thus, I cannot yet attend,
 I would of war first see a final end :
 I will no more alone to my Love gang,
 Take heed to me, for dread I suffer wrang.
 To proffer love thus soon I were not brieve,
 Might I leave off, in war I think to live.
 What is this love ? nothing but foolishness :
 It may reave me both wit and stedfastness.
 Then said he thus, This will not graithly be,
 Amours and wars at once to reign in me.
 Right sooth it is, stood I in blisse of love,
 Where deeds were, I should the better prove.
 But well I wot, where great earnest is in thought,
 It letteth war that in wise men is wrought.
 Unless it be, but only till on deed ?
 Then he that thinks of love for to speed,
 He may do well, hath the fortune and grace ;
 But this stands all into another case.
 A great kingdom with feil foes overset,
 Right hard it is any mends for to get
 Against them, and keep the observance
 Which belongs to love, and all her frivole chance.
 Example I have which me forthinketh fair,
 I hope in God, it shall be so no mair.
 The truth I know of this, and her lineage :
 I know nought her, therefore I losse a gage.
 To *Keirly* he thus argued in this kinde,
 But great desire remained in his minde :
 For to behold that freely of fastoun,
 A while he left, and came not in the town,
 On other thing did make his wit to vaik,
 Proving that he might of that labour slaik.
 When *Keirly* saw he suffered pain for thy,
 Dear Sir, he said, ye live in sluggary :
 Go see your love, and ye shall get comfort.
 At his counsel, he walked for to sport,
 Unto the Kirk, where she made residence.
 She knew him well, but as for eloquence :
 She durst not well in presence to him kyth,
 Full sore she dread that *Sutheron* should her myth :

For *Heslrig* had a matter new begun,
And her desired in marriage to his son.
With her maiden this *Wallace* she besought
To dyn with her, and privately she him brought
Through a garden, she had gart work anew,
So *Englishmen* nought of their meeting knew.
He kissed this maid with gladness and pleasance,
Soon her besought right hartly acquaintance,
She answered him with humble words and wise,
Were mine acquaintance worthy for to prise,
Ye shall it have, as God me save in faul,
But *Englishmen* do gar our power fall,
Through violence of them, and their bairnage,
That hath well near destroyed our Linage.
When *Wallace* heard her complaint piteously,
Grieved in heart he was right greatumly,
Both yre and love him set into a rage,
But nought for thy he sobered in courage.
Of this matter he hold, as I said aire
To that goodly how love constrained him fair.
She answered him reasonably again,
And said, I shall to your service be bane,
With all pleasance in honest causes hail,
And I trust nought ye would set to assail,
For your worship, to do me dishonour,
And I a maid, and stand in many stour,
From *Englishmen* to save my woman heid,
And coast have made to keep me from their feid.
With my good will I will no Lemman be,
To no man born; therefore I think should ye:
Desire me not, but into goodliness:
Perchance ye think I were to low percase,
For to pretend to be your righteous wife.
Into your service I would use all my life.
Here I beseech for your worship in arms,
Ye charge me not with no ungoodly harms:
But me defend, for worship of your blood.
When *Wallace* well her true tale understood,
As in apart him thought it was reason,
Of her desire: therefore to conclusion,
He thanked her, and said, if it might be,
Through Gods will, that our kingdom be free,

th :
For

I would you wed with all hearty pleasure,
 But at this time I may not take such chance,
 And for this cause none other now I crave :
 A Man of war may not all pleasure have.
 Of their talk then can I tell you no mair,
 To my purpose, what band that they made there :
 Conclude they this, and to the dinner went,
 The sore grievance remained in his intent.
 Loss of his Men, and lusty pain of love :
 His leave he took, at that time to remove,

C H A P. II.

*How Wallace past to Lochmabane, and how
 they cutted his horse taitles ; and how he shave
 the blood-letter.*

THen to *Gilbank* he past ere it was night,
 Upon the morn with his four Men him dight,
 To the *Corhead* without resting he rade,
 Where his Nevoy *Thom Haliday* him abade,
 And *Edward Little* als, his Cousin dear,
 Which was so blyth when he wist him so near,
 Thanking great God he sent him safe again.
 For many dreamed he in *Strathern* was slain.
 Good chear they made all out those days three.
 Then *Wallace* said that he desir'd to see
Lochmabane town and *Englishmen* that were there,
 On the fourth day they bowned them to fare :
 Sixteen he was of goodly chevalry,
 In the *Knockwood* he leaved all but three :
Thomas Haliday went with them to the town,
Edward Little and *Keirly* made them bown.
 To an Hostler *Thomas Haliday* led them right,
 And gave command their dinner should be dight.
 To hear a Mass, in good intent they yeed,
 Of *Englishmen* they thought there was no dread,
 One *Clifford* came, was *Emes* Son to the Lord,
 And three with him, the truth for to record.
 To their Innes soon, when *Wallace* was past :
 Who ought these horse ? in great hatthng he askt.

The good Wife said, for to have pleased him best,
 Three Gentlemen are come out of the west.
 Who Devil made them so gayly for to ride?
 In faith with me a wed there must abide.
 These lewd Scots have learned little good,
 Lo, all these horse are shent for fault of blood.
 Into great scorn withoutten words more,
 The taitles of all these three horse they thore.
 The good-Wife cryed, and piteously can greet:
 So Wallace came, and could the captain meet,
 A woman told him, they had this horse shent.
 For proper yre he grew in maltalent:
 He followed fast, and said, good friends, abide,
 Service to take for thy craft in this tide:
 Marchel thou art without command of me,
 Backward again methinks, I should pay thee:
 Alace, I of late new came out of the west,
 In this countrey a barbour of the best:
 To cut and shave, and that on wonder good:
 Now shalt thou feel, how I use to let blood.
 With his good sword the captain hath he tane,
 While horse again he marshelled never ane.
 Another soon upon the head strake he,
 While chafts and cheeks upon the gate can flee:
 By that his men the other three had slain:
 Their horse they took, and graithed them full bane,
 Out of the town, for dinner had they none.
 The wife she prayed, that made so piteous moan.
 Then Englishmen fra their chiftain was dead,
 To Wallace sought from many sundry stead:
 From the castle came cruel men and keen.
 When Wallace hath their sudden semberly seen,
 Toward some strength he bowned him to ride.
 For then him thought it was no time to bide.
 His horse bled fast, that gart him dreading have,
 Of his good men, he would have had the lave.
 To the Knock-wood withoutten more they rade,
 But into it no sojourning he made,
 That wood as then was neither thick nor strang:
 His men he got, then lighted he to gang,
 Toward an hight, and led their horse a while,
 The Englishmen were then within a mile,

On fresh horse riding full hastily,
 Seven score as then were in that company.
 The *Scots* lap on, when they that power saw,
 Toward the *South* them thought it best to draw.
 Then *Wallace* said, it was no wit in wear.
 With our power to bide them bargain here.
 You are men good, therefore I will that we
 Innermore seek, while God send us supplie.
Haliday said, We shall do your counsel:
 But sore I dread that these hurt horse will fail.
 The *Englishmen* in birnisht armour clear,
 By then to them approached wonder near:
 Horsed archers shot, and would not spare,
 Of *Wallace* men they wounded two full fair.
 In yre he grew, when that he saw them bleed,
 Himself he turned, and on them soon he yeed:
 Sixteen with him that worthy were in wear;
 Of the foremost right sharply down they bear.
 At that return fifteen in field were slain,
 The lave they fled unto their power again.
Wallace followed with his good Chevalrie,
Thomas Haliday in wear was full busie,
 A bushment saw that cruel was and keen,
 Two hundred hail of well graithed *Englishmen*.
 Uncle, he said, our power was too sma,
 From this plain field I counsel you to dra:
 Too few we are against yon fellon stail.
Wallace returned full soon at his counsel,
 At the *Corehead* full fain they would have been:
 But *Englishmen* have well their purpose seen
 In plain battel them followed hardily.
 In danger thus they held them awfully.
Hew of Moreland on *Wallace* followed fast.
 He had before made many *Scots* agast.
 Holden he was of wear the worthiest man,
 In *North England* was with him living than;
 In his armour well forged of fine steel,
 A noble courser bare him both fast and well:
Wallace returned beside a buirly oak,
 And on him set a fellon sicker stroak.
 Both collar bone, and shoulder blade in two,
 Through the mid coast, the good sword gart he go:
 His

His spear he wan, and als his courser bright,
 Then left his own, for losed was his might,
 For lack of food he might no further gang.
Wallace on horse the *Sutheron* Men among,
 His Men relieved that doughty were indeed.
 Him to rescue out of that fellon dread,
 Cruel stroaks forsooth there might be seen,
 On either side, till blood ran on the green.
 Right perilously the sembly was to see,
 Hardly and hot continued the maillie.
 Shewing rescue of *Scots* and *English* als.
 Some carved bone in sunder, and some the hals,
 Some hurt, some hint, some dung into the dead,
 The hardy *Scots* so stirred in that stead,
 With *Haliday* on foot that boldly abade,
 Among the *Sutheron* a full great room they made.
Wallace on horse hint him a noble spear,
 Out through them rade, as good Chifstain in wear.
 Three slew he there ere that his spear was gane,
 Thus his good sword in hand then hath he tane :
 Dang on derfly with straiks sad and sore,
 Whom that he hit, grieved the *Scots* no more.
 Fra *Sutheron* Men by natural reason knew,
 How with a stroak a Man ay he slew,
 Then marvelled they he was so meikle of main,
 For their best Men in that kind had he slain.
 That his great strength again helped him nought,
 For none other in contrare *Wallace* sought.
 Then said they all, leave he the strength untane,
 This whole kingdom he will win him alane.
 They left the field, and to their power fled,
 And told their Lord, how evil the foremost sped.
 Which *Graystock* heght, was new come in the land,
 Therefore he trowed none durst against him stand :
 Wonder he thought when as he saw that sight,
 Why his good Men for so few took the flight.
 At that return twenty in field were tint,
 And *Moreland* als therefore he would not stint :
 But followed fast with three hundred but dread,
 And swore he would be venged on that deed.
 The *Scots* wan horse, because their own did fail :
 In fleeing then choosed the most avail.

Out of the field this wight *Wallace* is gone,
 Of his good men he had not losted one :
 Five wounded were, but lightly forth they rode :
Wallace a space behind them ay abode.
 And *Haliday* proved well in many place,
 A sifter son he was to good *Wallace*.
 Warlike they rode, and held their horse on end,
 For they trowed well the *Sutheron* would offend :
 With whole power at once upon them set :
 But *Wallace* cast their purpose for to let :
 To break their ray, he visit them full fast :
 The *Englishmen* so greatly were agast,
 That none of them durst rush out of the stall,
 All in array together held them hail.
 The *Sutheron* saw how that abundantly,
Wallace abode near hand their Chevalry :
 By *Morelands* horse they knew him wonder well,
 Past to their Lord, and told him ever ilk deal :
 Lo, Sir, they said, forsooth this same is he,
 That with his hands caused so many die.
 Hath his horse grace upon his feet to bide,
 He doubts not through five thousand for to ride,
 We need you cease, and follow him no more,
 For dread that we repent it syn full sore.
 He blamed them, and said, men may well see,
 Cowards ye are, that for so few would flee.
 For their counel yet leave would he them nought,
 Into great yre he sadly on them sought,
 Wailing a place where he might bargain make :
Wallace was wo upon him for to take,
 And he so few to bide them on a plain :
 At *Quinsberry* he would have been full fain :
 Upon himself he took so great travail,
 To send his men, if that might him avail,
 A sword in hand, right manly him to wear,
 Ay waiting fast it he might get a spear.
 Now here, now there, before them to and fro,
 His horse gave over, and might no further go :
 Right at the skirt of *Quinsberry* beset,
 But upon grace, as mine Author will tell :
 Sir *John* the *Graham* that worthy was and wight,
 To the *Corbead* came on the other night,

Thirty with him of noble men at wage,
The first daughter he had in marriage,
Of *Haliday*, was Nevoy to *VWallace*,
Tydings to spear, Sir *John* passed of that place,
With men to speak, where they a tryst had set,
Right near the stead where *Scots* and *English* met :
And *Kirkpatrick* that cruel was and keen,
In *Eskdale-wood* that half a year had been :
With *Englishmen* he could not well accord,
Of *Thortolwald* he Baron was and Lord :
Of kin he was to *VWallace* mother dear,
On *Crawford* side, that meikle had to fier.
Twenty he had of worthy men and wight,
By then *VWallace* approached to their fight.
Sir *John* the *Graham* when he the counter saw,
On them he rade, and stood but little aw.
His good father he knew right wonder well,
Cast down his spear, and sunziet not a deal.
Kirkpatrick als with worthy men of wear,
Fifty in front at once they down can bear,
Through the thickest of three hundred they rade,
On *Sutheron* side full great slaughter they made :
Them to rescue that was in fellon throng,
VWallace on foot the great power among :
Good room he got through help of Gods grace,
The *Sutheron* fled, and left them in that place.
Horses they wan to stuff the chase good speed,
VWallace and his that doughty were indeed.
Grayflock took flight on stern horse and stout,
An hundred held together in a rout :
VWallace on them full sadly can persue,
The fleeing well of *Englishmen* he knew.
That ay the best would pass with their Chistain,
Before him fand he good Sir *John* the *Graham*,
Ay striking down whom ever he might hy.
Then *VWallace* said, This is but waste folly,
Commons to slay where Chistains goes away :
Your horse are fresh, therefore do as I say :
Good men ye have are yet in noble state,
To yon great rout, for Gods love hold your gate :
Sunder them soon, we shall come at your hand.
When Sir *John* had this tale well understand,

Of none other, from thenceforth took he heed,
 To the foremost he followed well with speed.
Kirkpatrick als considered this counsel,
 They charged their Men ay followed on the stail:
 At his command full soon with them they met:
 Sad straiks and sore sadly upon them set.
 His Uncle als he knew right wonder well,
 Cast down his spear, and founzied not a deal.
Kirkpatrick als with worthy Men of wear,
 Thirty on front at once down they bear.
 Through the thickest Sir *John* the *Graham* rade,
 On *Sutherland* side full great slaughter they made.
 Good room he got, through help of God's Grace,
 The *Sutherland* fled, and left them in that place.
 Horses they wan to stuff the chase good speed,
Wallace and his that doughty were indeed.
Graystock fled fast on stern horse and stout,
 An hundred held together in a rout.
Wallace on them sadly could persue.
 The fleeing well of *Englishmen* he knew.
Wallace on horse he hint a noble spear,
 And followed fast as good Chiftain in wear.
 Three slew he there ere that his spear was gane,
 Then his good sword in his hand hath he tane,
 Dang on derfly with straiks sad and sore:
 Whom that he hit grieved the *Scots* no more,
 Upon the lave fighting full wonder fast,
 And many groom they made full sore agast.
 The *Englishmen* that busie were in wear,
 Assailed sore them from the moss to bear.
 Right perilous the sembly was to see:
 Hardie and heat continued the mellie.
 Shewing the rescue of *Scots* and *English* als,
 Some carved bones in sunder, some the hals.
 Sir *John* the *Graham* to *Graystock* fast he sought,
 His pensane then it helped him right nought,
 Upon the craig a graith straik gave him right,
 The buirly brand was braid, and birnisht bright,
 In sunder carved the mailzies of fine steel.
 Through brain and bone it rushed ever ilk deal,
 Dead with that dint to the ground down him drave:
 By that *Wallace* assembled on the lave,

Derfly to death feil freiks there he dight,
 Rose never again, whom ever he hit right.
Kilpatrick came, *Thom Haliday* and their Men,
 Their doughty deeds were noble for to ken.
 At the *Knock-head* the bold *Graystock* was slain,
 And many mo which were of meikle main :
 To save their lives, part in the wood they past,
 The *Scotishmen* they ran together fast.
 When *Wallace* with *S. John the Graham* had met,
 Right goodly he with humbleness him greet:
 Pardon he asked of the reprove before,
 Into the chafe, and said, he should no more
 Information make to him that was so good.
 When that *Sir John Wallace* well understood :
 Do away, he said, thereof as now no mair :
 Ye did tull right, it was for our welfare :
 Wiser in war ye are all out then I :
 Father in arms ye are to me for thy.
Kirkpatrick then that was his Cousin dear,
 He thanked him right on a good manner.
 Eight score were slain ere they would leave the stead,
 The fleeing folk they knew of no remead.
 Not one was lost of all their Chevalry.
Sir John the Graham to them came happily.
 The day was done, approaching was the night,
 At *Wallace* then they asked counsel right.
 He answered thus I speak but with your leave,
 Right loath I were any goodly Men to grieve :
 But this I say, in terms short, for me,
 I would assail, if ye think it may be,
Lochmabane house which now is left alone,
 For well I wot that power in it is none.
Carlaverok als yet *Maxwel* hath in his hand.
 And we had these, they might be both a wand
 Against *Sutherland* that now hath our countrie :
 Say what ye will. this is the best thinks me,
Sir John the Graham gave first his good consent,
 Then all the lave right with a whole intent,
 To *Lochmabane* right hastily they rade.
 When they came there not half a mile beside,
 The night was dark, to counsel are they gone :
 Of moon or star appearance was there none.

Then

Then *Wallace* said, we think this land at rest :
Thom Haliday, thou knowst the country best,
 I hear no noise of feil folks here about,
 Therefore I trow we are the lesse in doubt.
Haliday said, I will take one with me,
 And ride before, the country for to see.
Watson he called, with thee make me bown,
 With them thou wast ay neighbour in his town,
 I grant I was with them against my will,
 And mine intent was ay to do them ill.
 Unto the gate peartly they two forth rade,
 The Porter came withoutten longer abade :
 At *John Watson* then tydings could he spier.
 Open, he bade, the Captain cometh near.
 The gate but more unwisely up he drew,
Thom Haliday soon by the craig him threw,
 And with a knife he sticked him in that stead,
 In a dark hole down dreadless cast him dead,
John Watson hath hint the keys in his hand,
 The power then with *Wallace* was command :
 They entred in, before them found no mo,
 Except women, and simple servants two :
 In the kitching long scudlers had they been,
 Soon they were slain. When the Lady had seen,
 She cryed for grace, for him that died on tree,
 Then *Wallace* said, Madam, your noise let be :
 To women yet we do but little ill,
 And young children, we like not for to spill.
 I would have meat, *Haliday*, what lays thou ?
 For fasting folk to dine good time were now.
 Great purveyance was ordained them before,
 Both bread and ale, good wine and other store.
 To meat they bowned, for they had fasted lang.
 Good men of arms into the closse caus'd gang :
 Part fleeing folk on foot they from them glaid,
 On the *Knock-head*, where great mellie was made :
 Ay as they came, *John Watson* let them in,
 And done to death withoutten noise or din.
 No man left there that was of *England* born :
 The castle well they viewed on the morn :
 For *Johnstoun* sent a man of good degree,
 Second daughter forsooth wedded had he.

Of *Halidays* dear Nevoy to *Wallace*,
Great Captain then they made him of that place.
They left him there into a good array,
They ished forth upon the other day.
Women had leave in *England* for to fare.
Good *Wallace* and Sir *John* the *Graham* could care,
To the *Corhead*, and lodged there that night :
Upon the morn the sun was at the height :
Alter dinner they would no longer bide,
Their purpose took in *Crawford-mure* to ride.
Sir *John* the *Graham*, with *Wallace* that was wight,
Thom Haliday again returned right
To the *Corbal*, and remained but dread.
No *Sutheron* wist principle who did this deed.
Kirkpatrick past to *Eskdaile* woods wide,
In safety there he thought he should abide.
Good *Wallace*, and Sir *John* the *Graham* in fear,
With them fourty men of arms clear :
Through *Crawford-mure* as they then took their way
On *Englishmen* their mind remained ay.

C H A P. III.

*How Wallace wan the Castle of Crawford,
and slew the Captain thereof.*

FROM *Crawford* *John* the water down they ride,
Near hand the night, they lodged upon *Clyde* :
Their purpose took into a quiet vail,
Then *Wallace* said, I would we might assail
Crawford Castle with some good jeopardie :
Sir *John* the *Graham*, how lay ye beit may be :
This good Knight said, If the men were without,
To take the house there is but little doubt.
A Squyer then ruled that Lordship haile,
Of *Cumberland* born, his name was *Martindale*,
Then *Wallace* said, My self will passe in tear,
And one with me, of harbery for to spier :
Follow on drigh, if that we mister ought,
Edward Little with his Master forth sought,
To an Hostillary, and with a woman met,
She told to them, that *Sutheron* there were set.

If ye be *Scots*, I counsel you pass by,
 For if they may, ye will get evil harbery.
 At drink they are, so have they been right long,
 Great words there is of *VWallace* them among :
 They trow that he hath found his Men again :
 At *Lochmabane* feil *Englishmen* are slain,
 The house is lost, that makes them be full wo :
 I hope in God, that they shall soon tyn mo.
Wallace spiered, Of *Scotland* if that she be ?
 She said, Yea, and thinks yet to see
 Sorrow on them, through help of God's grace.
 He asked her, who was into that place ?
 No Man of fence was left that house within :
 Twenty are here making great noise and din.
 Alace, she said, if that I might once see,
 The worthy *Scots* in it might master be.
 With this Woman he would no longer stand.
 A beaken he made, Sir *John* came at his hand.
Wallace went in, and said, *Benedicite*.
 The Captain spiered, what bellamy may thou be,
 That comes so grim ? some tidings to us tell.
 Thou art a *Scot*, the Devil thy Nation quell
Wallace braid out a sword withoutten more,
 Into the breast the brime Captain he bore
 Throughout the coast, sticked him to the dead :
 Another he hit acward upon the head.
 Whom ever he strake, he bursted him bone and lyre,
 Feil of them dead fell flatling in the fire.
 Hasty payment he made them on the floor,
 And *Edward Little* kepted well the door.
 Sir *John* the *Graham* full fain would have been in.
Edward him bade at the castle begin,
 For of these Folk we have but little dread.
 Sir *John* the *Graham* fast to the castle yeed.
Wallace rudely such routs on them gave,
 That twenty Men derfly to death he drave.
 Fifteen he strake, and fifteen hath he slain.
Edward slew five which was of meikle main.
 To the castle *VWallace* had great desire,
 By that Sir *John* had set the house on fire :
 None was therein that great defence could mae,
 But Women fore fast weeping into wae,

Without the place a void bulwark was made,
Wallace went over without longer bade :
 The Woman soon he saved from the dead.
 Weak folks he put, and Children from that stead:
 Of purveyance he found little or none,
 Before that time their victail was all gone :
 Yet in that place lodged they all that night,
 From the hostlary brought such good as they might.
 Upon the morn houses they spoiled fast,
 All things that dought, out of that place they cast.
 Tree-work they burnt, that was within the wanes,
 And walls brake down that stalwart were of stanes :
 Spoil'd what they might, then would no longer bide,
 Unto *Dundaff* the same night they did ride,
 And lodged there with all mirth and pleasure,
 Thanking great God that sent them so good chance.
The end of the fifth Book.

The Sixth BOOK.

C H A P. I.

*Of the Spousage of Wallace, and how Hefilrig
 slew Wallace Wife in the Town of Aire,
 and how Wallace slew Hefilrig for the same
 cause, & put the Englishmen out of Lanerk.*

Then passed were the *Oſaves* of *Februar*,
 And part of *March* by right digestion,
 Appeared then the last moneth of *Ver*,
 The sign of summer, with his sweet season.
 By that *Wallace* to *Dundaff* made him boun :
 His leave he took and to *Kilbank* can fare,
 The rumour rose through *Scotland* up and down,
 With *Englishmen*, that *Wallace* living were.

Into *April* when clothed is but ween.
 The able ground through working of nature,
 And woods have on their worthy weeds green :
 When Nymphs in building of her bour,
 With oyl and balm fulfilled of sweet odour :
 Cancittis in trace, as they were wont to gang,
 Walking

Walking their course in every casual hour:
To glad the hunters with their merry sang.

In this same time to him approached new,
His lusty pain of which I spake of aire :
By loves case he thought for to persue
In *Lanerke*, and hither can he fare :
At residence a while remained there,
In her presence, as I have said before :
Though *Englishmen* grieved at his repaire,
Yet he delighted the thing that set him sore.

The fire of Love him ruled at such wise,
He liked well with that goodly to be :
Whiles he would think of dangers for to rise,
And other whiles out of her presence flee :
To cease of war it were the best for me,
Thus win I nought but sadnesse on like side,
Shall never man this cowardesse in me see :
To war I will, for chance that my betide.

What is this, Love? It is but great mischance,
That me would bring from arms verily :
I will not change my worship for pleasure,
In war I think my time to occupy,
Yet here to love I will not let for thy :
More I shall desire my worship to reserve,
From this day forth, then evermore did I.
I fear of war, whether I live or sterue.

What shall I say, *Wallace* was plaidly set,
To love her best in all the world so wide :
Thinking he should of his desire to get,
And so beset by concord, on a tide,
That she was made at his command to bide :
And this began the flinting of this strife.
The band began with graith witness beside.
Mine author sayes, she was his wedded wife.

Now live in peace, now live in good concord :
Now live in play, now live in whole pleasure,
For she by chance hath both her Love and Lord :
He thanks Love that bid him so advance,
So evenly held by favour the ballance :
Then he at will may lay her in his arms :
She thanked God of her high happy chance,
For in his time he was the flower of arms :

Fortune him shew her double figured face.
 Feil syfe ere then he had been set above :
 In prison now, delivered now through grace,
 Now at unease, now at unrest and ruse :
 Now well at will, willing is pleasant love,
 And thought himself out of adversity,
 Desiring ay his manhood for to prove,
 In courage set upon the stages hy.

The very truth I cannot graithly tell,
 Into this life how long that they had been :
 Through natural course of generation fell,
 A child was cheved these two lovers between,
 Which goodly was a Maiden bright and sheen :
 So farther forth became time to her age,
 A Squyer *Shaw* that then full well hath seen,
 This life lait man got her in marriage.

The other Maid wedded a Squyer wight,
 Which was well known come in of *Baliols* blood,
 And their heirs by lyne succeed right
 To *Lammingtoun*, and other lands good :
 Of this matter the right who understood,
 Hereof as now I will no more proceed,
 Of my sentence shortly to conclude,
 Of other thing my purpose is to reed.

Right goodly men came of this Lady ying :
 Further of them as now I speak no mair,
 But *Wallace* forth into his war can reign :
 He might not cease, great courage so him bear,
Sutherland to slay, for dread he would not spare,
 And they oft syfe feil causes to him wrought,
 From that time forth which moved him so fair,
 That never in world out of his minde was brought.

Now leave thy mirth, now leave thy whole pleafance,
 Now leave thy bleffe, now leave thy childish age :
 Now leave thy youth, now follow thy hard chance ;
 Now leave thy lust, now leave thy marriage :
 Now leave thy Love, or thou shalt tyne a gage,
 Which never on earth shall be redeemed again.
 Fellon Fortune, and all her fierce outrage,
 Go live in war, go live in cruel pain.

Fy on Fortune, fy on thy frivole wheel :
 Fy on thy trust, for here it hath no left.

That

That so transfigured *Wallace* out of his weel :
 When he trusted for to have lived best,
 His pleasure here to him is but a jest,
 Through thy fers cours that hath none hap to het :
 Him thou overthrew out of his liking rest,
 From great pleasure, in war, travel and wo.

What is fortune, who draws the date so fast ?
 We wot there is both well and wicked chance :
 But this false world with many double cast,
 In it is nought but very variance,
 It is nothing to heavenly governance.
 Then pray we all to the Maker above,
 Which hath in hand of Justice the ballance,
 That he us grant it of his dear lasting love.

*Hereof as now further I speak no mair,
 But to my purpose shortly will I fare,*

TWelve hundred years, thereto ninety and seven,
 From Christ was born, the righteous King of
William Wallace into good liking goes, (heaven
 In *Lanerk* town amongst his mortal foes.
 The *Englishmen* that ever stout hath been,
 With *Heslrig* that cruel was and keen :
 And *Robert Thorn* a fellow subtile Knight,
 Hath found the way by what means best he might,
 How that they should make contrair to *Wallace*,
 By argument as he came upon case.
 On from the kirk that was without the town,
 While their power might be in arms down :
 Sir *John the Graham* that worthy was and true.
 To *Lanerk* town good *Wallace* could persue.
 Of his welfare as he full oft hath seen,
 Of Men he had in company fifteen :
 And *Wallace* nine, they had no feirs mo,
 Upon the morn unto the mass they go,
 They and their Men graithed in goodly green,
 For the season such useful long hath been.
 When sadly they had said their devotion,
 One argued them as they went through the town ;
 The strongest Man that *Heslrig* then knew,
 And als he had of lightly words anew,

He saluſt them as it were but in ſcorn,
 Dieu gaird, good day bone Senzour, and good morn.
 Whom ſcorns thou? quoth *Wallace*, who leared thee?
 Why, Sir, quoth he, came ye not over the ſea;
 Pardon me then, for I wend you had been
 An Ambaſſade to bring an uncouth Queen.
Wallace answered, Such pardon as we have
 In us to give, thy part thou ſhalt not crave:
 Since ye are *Scots*, yet ſaluted ſhall ye be:
 Good even daucht Lord, *Balluch Benochadie*.
 More *Sutheron* Men to them aſſembled near.
Wallace was loath as then to make a ſtear.
 One made a tit and ſcrip at his long ſword,
 Hold ſtill thine hand, quoth he, and ſpeak the word.
 With thy long ſword thou makeſt meikle boalt,
 Thereof, quoth he, thy Dame made little coaſt,
 What haſt thou to wear that goodly green?
 My moſt cauſe is, but for to make thee teen.
 What ſhould a *Scot* do with ſo fair a knife?
 He ſaid, the Prieſt that jangled thy Wife,
 That Woman long hath called him ſo fair,
 While that his Child worthed to be thine heir.
 Me think quoth he, thou driveſt to be in ſcorn:
 Thy Dame was jaiped ere ever thou was born.
 The power then aſſembled on him about,
 Two hundred Men that ſtalwart were and ſtout,
 The *Scottiſh* ſaw their power was command,
 Sir Robert *Thorn* and *Hefilrig* at hand.
 Great multitude with weapons birniſht been.
 The worthy *Scots* that cruel were and keen,
 Amongſt the *Sutheron* ſuch diants gave that tide,
 While blood on breid burſted from wounds wide.
Wallace in ſtour was cruel fightand,
 Of a *Sutheron* he ſmote off the right hand:
 And when the Carle of fighting might no mair,
 With his left hand in yre held a buckler,
 Then from the ſtump the blood ſprang out full faſt,
 In *Wallace* face abundantly can it caſt:
 Into great part it marred him of his fight:
 Sir *John* the *Graham* a ſtroke hath tane him right:
 With his good ſword upon the *Sutheron* ſyre,
 Derſly to death drove him into that yre.

The

The peril was right awful, hard and strong,
 The stout endured marvellous and long:
 The *Englishmen* yet gathered wonder fast,
 The worthy *Scots* the gate left at the last,
 When they had slain and wounded many one,
 To *Wallace* lones the gainest way are gone.
 Then passed soon, defended them right well,
 He and Sir *John* with swords of tempered steel.
 Behind their men, while they the gate had tane.
 The woman then which was full will of wane,
 The peril saw with felon noise and din,
 Set up the gate, and let them enter in.
 Through to a strength they passed off that stead,
 Fifty *Sutherland* upon the gate lay dead.
 This fair woman with business and might,
 The *Englishmen* did tarry with a slight:
 While that *Wallace* into the wood was past,
 Then *Carlisle* craigs they persued full fast.
 When *Sutherland* saw that chaiped was *Wallace*,
 Again they turned, the woman took on case,
 Put her to death, I cannot tell you how:
 Of such matters I may not tarry now.
 Where great dule is but redeeming again,
 Renewing of it, is but eeking of pain.
 A true woman had served her full lang,
 Out of the town the gainest way can gang,
 To *Wallace* told how all the deed was done:
 The painful wo sought to his heart full soon:
 Were not for shame he had shot to the ground,
 For bitter bail that in his breast was bound.
 Sir *John* the *Graham* both wise gentle and free,
 Great mourning made, that pity was to see:
 And als the lave that were assembled there,
 For poor sorrow with heart weeped full fair.
 When *Wallace* felt their courage was so small.
 He fenized him for to comfort them all.
 Cease men, he said, this is a bootless bane,
 For we cannot chevis her life again.
 Unease a word he might bring out for teen,
 The bailful tears burst braithly from his een:
 Sighing he said: Shall never man me see
 Rest into ease while this deed wroken be.

The sakeless slaughter of her both blyth and bright,
That I avow to the Maker of might,
Of all that nation I shall never forbear,
Young nor old that able is to wear.

Priests nor women I think not for to slay,
In many default, but if thy causing may.

Sir John, he said, let all this mourning be,
And for her sake there shall ten thousand die.

Where men may weep, their courage is the less,
It slaikes the yre of wrang they should redress,
Of their complaints as now I speak no mair,

Of *Auchenleck* in *Kilbank* dwelling there,
When he heard tell of *Wallace* vexation,

To *Cartland* wood with ten men made him bown :

Wallace he found some part within the night,

To *Lanerk* town in the haste they them dight.

The watch as then of them had little dread ;

Parted their men, then diverse ways yeed :

Sir John the *Graham* and his good company,

Unto Sir *Robert Thorn* fall fast they hy :

Wallace and his to *Heslrig* they past,

In an high house where he was sleeping fast :

Strake at the door with his foot hardily,

While bar and brayes in the floor gart he ly.

The Sheriff cryed, who makes this great deray ?

Wallace he said, which thou hast sought this day,

The womans death, will God, thou shalt dear by.

Heslrig thought it was no time to ly.

Out of the house full fain he would have been :

The night was mirk, yet *Wallace* hath him seen:

Fiercely him strake, as he came in great yre,

Upon the head bristit through bone and lyre.

The shearing sword glaid to the shoulder bone,

Out over the stair amongst them he is gone.

Good *Auchenleck* trowed not that he was dead,

Thrice with a knife he strake him in that head.

The scry about rose rudely in that streer,

Feil of the lave were fulzut under feet.

Young *Heslrig* and wight *Wallace* is meet,

A sicker stroak *Wallace* bath on him set,

Derfly to death over the stair dang him down :

Many that night he slew in *Lanerk* town.

Some grieſſes lap, and ſome ſticked within,
 Effeired they were with hideous noiſe and din.
 Sir *John the Graham* had ſet the houſe on fire,
 Where *Robert Thorn* was burnt up bone and lyre.
 Twelve ſcore they ſlew that were of *England* born,
 Women they lived and Prieſts, on the morn,
 To paſs their way of bliſs, and goods bare,
 And ſwore that they again ſhould come no mair,
 When *Scots* heard theſe fine tidings of new,
 Out of all parts to *VWallace* faſt they drew :
 Plenifht the town which was their heritage.
 Thus *VWallace* ſtrave againſt that great barnage,
 Ay he began with ſtiff and ſtalward hand,
 To cheveis again ſome rowms in *Scotland*.
 The worthy *Scots* that ſembled to him there,
 Chooſed him for chief, their Captain and Leader.
Aymer Vallange a fellow tyrant Knight,
 In *Bothwel* dwelt, King *Edwards* Man full right,
Murray was out, tho he was righteous Lord,
 Of all that land, as true Men will record,
 Into *Arran* he was dwelling that tide,
 And other Men in this land durſt not bide.
 But this falſe Knight in *Bothwel* winning was.
 A Man he gart ſoon to King *Edward* paſs,
 And told him whole of *Wallace* ordinance,
 How he had put his people to miſchance,
 And plainly was riſing again to reign :
 Grievd thereat right greatly was the King.
 Through all *England* he gart his doers cry,
 Power to get, and ſaid he ſhould plainly
 In *Scotland* paſs, that realm to ſtatute new :
 Feil Men of war to him right faſt they drew.
 The Queen felt well how that his purpoſe was,
 To him ſhe went, on knees then can ſhe paſs,
 He would deſiſt, and not to *Scotland* gang,
 Ye ſhould have dread to work a fellow wrang :
 Chriſtned they are, yon is their heritage :
 To reave their crown, it is a great outrage.
 For her counſel at home he would not bide,
 His Lords him ſeit in *Scotland* for to ride.
 The *Scotſman* that dwelt with King *Edward*,
 When he heard tell that *Wallace* took ſuch part,

He stole from them as privily as he may.
 In *Scotland* then he came upon a day,
 Seeking *Wallace* he made him ready bown.
 This *Scot* was born in *Kyle* at *Richartown*,
 All *England* coast he knew it wonder well,
 From *Hull* about to *Bristow* every deal:
 From *Carlile* through *Sandwich* that royal stead:
 From *Dover* over unto *Saint Bayes* head.
 In *Picardie* and *Flanders* both had been,
 All *Normandie* and *France* hath he seen:
 A pursivant to King *Edward* in wear:
 But he could never gar him arms bear.
 Of great stature, and part gray was he,
 The *Englishmen* called him but *Grymisbie*.
 To *Wallace* came, and into *Kyle* him fand,
 He told him whole the tydings of *England*.
 They turned his name from time they him knew,
 And called him *Jop*, of engine he was true,
 In all his time good service in him fand,
 Gave him to bear the arms of *Scotland*.
Wallace again in *Cliddisdale* soon he rade,
 And his power sembled withoutten bade.
 He gart command, who would his peace take,
 A free remit he should gar to him make,
 For all kin deed that they had done befor,
 The *Perfies* peace, and *Sir Rannalds* was worn.
 Feil to him drew that boldly durst abide,
 Of *Wallace* kin of many divers side.
Sir Rannald then sent him his power hail,
 Himself durst not be known into battel
 Against *Sutheron*: for he had made a band,
 Long time before, to hold of them his land.
Adam Wallace past out of *Richartown*,
 And *Robert Boyd*, with good Men of renown.
 Of *Cunningham* and *Kyle* came Men of vail,
 To *Lanerke* fought on horse a thousand hail.
Sir John the *Graham*, and his good chevalry,
Sir John of *Tinto* with Men that he might hy:
 Good *Anchinleck* that *Wallace* Uncle was:
 Many true *Scots* with their Chiftrain could pass:
 Three thousand whole of likely men of wear.
 And feil on foot which wanted horse and gear,

The time by this was coming upon hand,
The awful Host with *Edward* of *England*.

The Battel of Bigger.

TO *Bigger* came with sixty thousand Men,
In war weeds that cruel was to ken.
They planted there feil tents and pavilions,
Where clarions blew with many mighty sounds.
Plenisht that place with victual and wine :
In carts brought their purveyance full fine.
This awful King gart two Heraulds be brought,
Gave them command in all the haste they mought,
To charge *Wallace* that he should come him till,
Without promise, and put him in his will :
Because I wot he is a Gentleman :
Come in my grace, and I shall save him than.
As for his life, I will upon me take :
And after this, if he will service make,
Shall have wage that may him well suffice.
That *Rebald* weens, for he hath done surprise
To my People, oft upon adventure,
Against me that he may long endure.
To this proffer gainstanding if he be,
Here I avow, he shall be hanged he.
The young Squyer was Brother to *Febew*,
Thought he would go disguised to persue,
Wallace to see that took so high a part :
Born Sisters Son he was to King *Edward*.
A coat of arms he took on him bar bade,
With the Herauld full privily forth rade,
To *Tinto* hill withoutten residence,
Where *Wallace* lay with his folk at defence,
A likely Host, as of so few they fand.
To him they sought, and would no longer stand,
If ye be he that ruleth all this thing,
Credence we have brought from our worthy King.
Then *Wallace* caus'd three Knights unto him call,
Then read the writ in presence of them all.
To them he said, Answer ye shall not crave,
By word or writ, which likes you best to have.

In writ, they said, it were the likeliest -
Then *Wallace* thus began to dyte in haste.

*Thou river King, thou chargest me through case,
That I should come, and put me in thy grace :
If I gainstand, thou heghtest to hang me,
I vow to God, and ever I may take thee,
Thou shalt be hanged, an example to give,
To King of reif, as long as I may live.
Thou proffers me of thy wages to have :
I thee defy, power and all the lave,
That helps thee here of thy stout nation.
Will God thou shall be put from this Region,
Or die therefore, contrare tho-thou hadst sworn.
Thou shalt us see before nine hours at morn,
Battel to give, mauger of all thy Kin,
For falsly thou seekest our Realm within.*

This writ he gave to the Herauld but mair,
A good reward he gart deliver him there.
But *Jop* knew well the Squyer young *Febew*,
And told *Wallace* for he was very true.
He them commanded, that they should him take.
Himself began sore accusing to make.
Squyer he said, since thou hast feigned arms,
On thee so shall fall some part of these harms,
Example to give to thy stout Nation,
Upon the hill he gart then set him down,
Stroke off his head ere he would further go,
To the Herauld said then withoutren ho :
Because to arms thou art false and mansworn,
Through thy cheek thy tongue shall be outshorn,
When that was done, then to the third said he :
Arms to judge thou shalt never graithly see,
He gart a Smith with a turkes right there,
Pull out his eyes, then gave him leave to fare.
To your false King, thy Fellow shall thee lead,
With this answer, tursle him his Nevoys head.
Thus fore I dread the King and all his boast,
His dumb Fellow led him into the Hoast.
When King *Edward* his Heraulds thus had seen,
In proper yre he grew near wood for teen,

That he wist not in what wise him to wrak,
 For sorrow almost, on word he could not speak.
 A long while he stood writhing in a rage,
 On loud he said, this is a fell outrage.

This deed to *Scots* full sore it shall be bought,
 So despiteful in world was never wrought.

From this Region I think not for to gang,
 Till time that I shall see this Rebel hang.

I let him thus insyte and sorrow dwel,
 Of the good *Scots* shortly I will you tell,

FOrth from his Men then *Wallace* raiked right,
 To him he called Sir *John Tinto* the Knight,
 And let him woe to vissy he would go

The *English* Host, and bade him tell no mo
 What ever he spiered, till that he come again.

Wallace disguised, thus bowned he over plain,
 Betwixt *Culter* and *Bigger* as he past,

He was ware where a work-man came fast
 Driving a mare, and pitchers for to sell.

Good friend, he said, in truth wilt thou me tell
 With this chauffray where passest thou truly?

To any place, who liketh for to buy:

It is my craft, and I would sell them fain.

I will them buy, so God me help from pain.

What price, let hear, I will have ilk ane?

But half a mark, for such price have I tane.

Twenty shillings, *Wallace* said, thou shalt have:

I will have mare, pitchers, and all the lave:

Thy gown and hose, in halte put thou off syn,

And make a change, for I shall give thee mine:

And thine old hood, because it is threed-bare.

The Man weend well he had scorned him there.

Thou tarry nought, it is sooth that I say,

The Man cast off his feeble weed of gray,

And *Wallace* his, then payed silver in hand.

Pass on he said thou art a bad merchand.

The gown and hose of clay that clagged was,

The hood heckled, and then made him to pass.

The whip he took, then forth the mare can call,

Attour the brae the upmost part gart fall:

Brake on the ground: the Man leugh at his fare,

But thou beware thou tines of thy chauffair.

The sun by that was passed out of sight,
The day was gone, and coming was the night.
Amongst the *Sutheron* full busily he past,
On either side his eyes he can well cast,
How Lords lay, and had their lodging made,
The pavilion where that the leopards bade,
Spying full fast where his avail might be.
He could well wink, and look up with one eye :
Some scorned him, some glyde Carle call'd him there,
Agrieved they were of their Heraulds misfare,
Some asked of him, how he sold of the best ?
For four pennies, he said, while they may lest.
Some brake a part, some pricked at his eye.
Wallace slaid out privatly, and let them be :
Unto the Host again he passed right,
His Men by then had tane *Tinto* the Knight :
Sir *John* the *Graham* gart bind him wonder fast,
For he wist well he was with *Wallace* last.
Some bad burn him, some hang him in a cord :
They swore that he deceived had their Lord.
Wallace by this was entred them among,
To him he yeed, and would not tarry long :
Then he gart loose him out of these bands so new,
And said, he was both sober, wise, and true,
To supper soon bownd but more abade,
He told to them what market he had made,
And how that he the *Sutheron* saw full well.
Sir *John* the *Graham* displeased was some deal,
And said to him : not chiftain-like it was,
Through wilfulness in such peril to pass.
Wallace answered, ere we win *Scotland* free,
Both ye and I in peril more must be,
And many other, the which full worthy is.
Now of one thing we do some part in miss,
A little sleep I would fain that we had,
With yon Men then look how we may us glad.
The worthy *Scots* took good rest while near day,
Then rose they up, t'array soon ordained they,
The hill is lest, and to a plain are gane,
Wallace himself the vanguard first hath tane :
With him was *Boyd* and *Auchinleck* but dread,
With a thousand worthy Men in weed.

As many then in the middle-ward put he,
 Sir *John* the *Graham* he gart their Leader be,
 With him young *Adam* the Lord of *Richartown*,
 Which doughty was, and als of great renown.
 The third thousand in rere-ward he dight,
 To *Walter* gave of *Newbigging* the Knight,
 With him *Tinto* that doughty was indeed,
 And *David*, Son to Sir *Walter*, to lead :
 Behind them near the foot-men gart he be,
 And bade them bide while they their time might see,
 Ye want weapons and harness in this tide,
 The first counter ye may not them abide.
Wallace caus'd soon the Chiftain to him call,
 His charge he gave for chance that may befall.
 To take no heed to gear, nor yet pillage,
 For they will flee as wood men in a rage,
 Win first the Men, the goods then ye may have,
 And take no tent of covetise to crave :
 Through covetise Men lose both goods and life :
 I you command forbear such in our strife.
 Look ye save none, Lord, Captain, nor yet Knight,
 For worship work, and for our Elders right.
 God bless us all, that we in our voyage,
 Put this stout Folk out of our heritage,
 Then they inclined all with a good will,
 His plain command they heght it to fulfil.
 On the great Host the parties can forth draw,
 Coming to them out of the south, they saw
 Three hundred Men into their armour clear,
 The gainest way to them approached near.
Wallace said soon, these are no *Englishmen*,
 For by this Host the gates full well they ken.
Thom Haliday those Men he guided right,
 From *Annandale* he had them led that night.
 His two good Sons *Johnstoun* and *Rutherford*.
Wallace was blyth when that he heard that word :
 So was the lave of that good chevalry.
Jardan came there into their company,
 And *Kirkpatrick* before in *Eskdale* was,
 A wing they were in *Wallace* Host to pass.
 The *English* watch that night had been on stier,
 Drew to their horse, right as the day can pier.

Wallace knew well (for he before had seen)
The Kings pavilion, where it had busked been :
Then with rich horse the Scots upon them rade,
At the first counter so great abasing made,
That all the Host astonisht at that sight,
Full many one derfly to death they dight,
Feil of them then were out of their array,
The more awful and hasty was the fray.
The noise was hudge through straiks that they dang,
The rumour rose so rudely them among,
That all the Host was then in point to flee.
The wise Lords, fra they the peril see,
The fellaon fray als raised was about,
And how their King stood in so meikle doubt :
To his pavilion full many thousand sought,
Him to rescue by any way they mought,
The Earl of Kent that night waking had been,
With five thousand of Men in armour keen :
About the King full suddenly they gang,
And trust him well the assaillie was right strang.
All Wallace folk in use of war was good,
Into the stour soon lighted where they stood :
Whomsoever they hir, no harness might them stint,
Fra they on foot assembled with swords dint.
Of manhood they in hearts full cruel was.
They thought to win, or never hence to pass.
Feil Englishmen before the King they slew :
Sir John the Graham came with his power new,
Amongst the Host, with the middle-ward he rade,
Great martyrdom on Sutheron Men they made :
The rere-ward they set on so hardily,
With Newbigging, and all their chevalry.
Pavilion ropes they cutted all in sunder,
Born to the ground, and many smored under.
The footmen came, of which I spake of air,
On frayed Folks with stroaks sad and fair :
Though they before wanted both horse and gear,
Enough they got, what they would weal to wear.
The Scots power then altogether were,
The Kings pavilion brimly down they bear.
The Earl of Kent with a good axe in hand,
Into the stour full stoutly he could stand

Before the King, making a great debate :
Who best did then, he had the highest state.
The fellow stout so stalwart was and strong,
Thereto continued marvellous and long.
Wallace himself full sadly could persue,
And at a stroke the chief Captain he slew.
The *Sutheron* Folk fled fast, and durst not bide,
Horsed their King, and off the field can ride.
Against his will, he was full loath to flee.
Yet in that time he had no will to die.
Of his best Men three thousand there were dead,
Ere he could find to flee, and leave that stead.
Twenty thousand fled with him in a stail.
The *Scots* got horse, and followed the battel :
Through *Culter hope*, before they wan the hight,
Feil *Sutheron* Folk were marred in the night,
Slain by the gate, as their King fled away,
But fair and bright, and right clear was the day,
The sun was risen, shining over hill and dale,
Then *Wallace* cast what was his best avail.
The fleeing folk that off the field first past,
Unto the King again assembled fast :
From either side so many assembled there,
Then *Wallace* would not follow them no mair :
Before he rade, gart his folk turn again :
Of *Englishmen* seven thousand there was slain :
Then *Wallace* Host again to *Bigger* rade,
Where *Englishmen* great purveyance had made :
The Jewalry as they were-hither led,
Pavilions and all they left when as they fled.
The *Scots* got gold, good gear, and other wage,
Relieved they were that parted that pillage.
To meat they went with great mirth and pleasance,
They spared not King *Edward's* purveyance.
With solace then a little sleep they took,
A private watch he gart among them look.
Two Cooks there fell, their lives then for to save,
With dead corsses which lay unput in grave.
When they saw well the *Scotsmen* were at rest,
Out of the field to steal they thought it best.
Full low they crept till they were out of sight,
After the Host then ran in all their might.

When that the *Scots* had sleept but a while,
 Then rose they up for *Wallace* dreaded guile :
 He said to them : the *Sutheron* may persue
 Again to us, for they are Folk anew :
 Where *Englishmen* provision make in wear,
 It is full hard to do them meikle dear.
 On this plain field we will not then abide,
 To some good place my purpose is to ride.
 The purveyance that left was in that flead,
 To *Ropis* bog he gart servants it lead,
 With ordinance that *Sutheron* brought on there.
 He with his Host to *David-shaw* can fare,
 Where they remained a great part of the day,
 Of *Englishmen* yet something will I say :
 As King *Edward* through *Culter-hope* is sought,
 When he perceived the *Scots* followed nought,
 In *Johns* grave he gart his Host bide still :
 Feil fleeing Folks assembled soon him till.
 When they were met, the King near waxed mad,
 For his dear Kin that he there losed had.
 His two Emes into the field were slain.
 His second Son that meikle was of main.
 His Brother *Hew* was killed there full cold.
 The Earl of *Kent* that cruel was and bold,
 With great worship took dead before the King :
 For him he mourned so long as he might reign.
 At this sembly as they in sorrow stand,
 The two Cooks soon came in at his hand,
 And told to him how they escaped were,
 The *Scots* all as swine lyes drunken there,
 Of your wight wine ye gart us thither lead,
 Full well ye may be venged of their deed,
 Upon their lives, is sooth that we you tell :
 Return again, ye shall find them your sell.
 He blamed them, and said, No wit it was,
 That he again for such a tale should pass.
 Their Chiftain is right marvellous in wear,
 From such peril he can them well forbear :
 For to seek more as now I will not ride,
 Our meat is lost, therefore we may not bide,
 The hardy Duke of *Longcastle* and Lord,
 Sovereign he said, to our counsel concord :

If this be true, we may the more avail,
 We may them win, and make but light travel.
 Were yon folk dead that now against us stand,
 Then need we not for meat to leave the land.
 The King answered, I will not ride again,
 As at this time, my purpose is in plain,
 The Duke said, Sir, if ye determined be,
 To move you more effectes not unto me :
 Command your power again with me to wend,
 And I of this shall see the final end.
 Ten thousand whole charged for to ride.
 Here is the strength, all night I shall you bide.
 We may get meat of bestial in this land,
 Good drink as now we may not bring in hand.
 Of *Westmoreland* the Lord hath met him there,
 On with the Duke he graithed him to fare :
 At the first stroke with them he had not been,
 With him he led a thousand well beseen :
 And *Picard* Lord was with a thousand bown,
 Of King *Edward* he keepest *Calice*-town.
 These twelve thousand into the town can fare,
 The two Captains soon met them at *Bigger*,
 With the whole stuff of *Roxburgh* and *Berwick*.
 Sir *Rauf Gray* saw that they were *Sutherland* like,
 Out of the south approached to their sight.
 He knew full well with him it was not right.
Aymer Vallange with his power came als,
 King *Edward's* man a tyrant Knight and false.
 When they were met, they found not else there,
 But dead corpes, and they were spoiled bare.
 Then marvelled they where the *Scots* should be,
 Of them about, appearance they could not see :
 But spies them told, that came with Sir *Aymer*,
 In *David-shaw* they saw them make repare.
 Then feil *Sutherland* passed to that place :
 The watch was ware, and told it to *Wallace*.
 He warned the Host out of the town to ride,
 In *Ropis bog* he purposed to bide.
 A little shaw upon the one side was,
 That men on foot out of the bog might pass.
 The horse they left into that little hold,
 On foot they thought the moss that they should hold,
 The

The *English* Host had well their passage seen,
 And followed fast with cruel Men and keen.
 They trowed that bog might make them little vail.
 Grown over with rispe, and all the swaird was hail :
 On them to ride they ordained with great yre,
 Of the foremost a thousand in the myre.
 Of horse with Men are plunged in the deep.
 The *Scots* of their coming took good keep :
 Upon them set with straiks sad and fair,
 Yeed none away of all that entred there.
 Light Men on foot upon them derfly dang,
 Feil under horse was smored in that thrang,
 Stamped in moss, and with rude horse overgane :
 The worthy *Scots* the dry land then have rane.
 Upon the lave fighting full wonder fast,
 And many groom they made full sore agast.
 The *Englishmen* that busie were in wear,
 Assailed sore them from the mols to bear,
 On either side : but then it was no boot,
 The strength they held right awfully on foot :
 To Men and horse gave many grievous wound.
 Feil to the death the sticked in that stound.
 The *Picard* Lord assailed sharply there,
 Upon the *Grahām*, with straiks sad and fair :
 Sir *John* the *Graham* with a stiff sword of steel,
 His bright birnis he pierced every deal,
 Through all the stuff, and sticked him in that stead,
 Thus of his dint the bold *Picard* was dead.
 The *English* Host took plain part for to flee,
 In their returning the *Scots* gart many die.
Wallace would fain at the *Vallange* have been,
 Of *Westmoreland* the Lord was them between.
Wallace on him he set an awful dint,
 Through banset & stuff, that no steel might out stint :
 Derfly to death he left him in that place,
 So that false Knight escaped through this case.
 Good *Robert Boyd* hath with a Captain met,
 Of *Berwick* then, a sad straik on him set,
 Overthort the craig, one carved the pesane,
 Through all this weed in sunder strake the bane,
 Feil horsemen fled fast, and durst not abide.
 Rebuted evil, unto the King they ride.

The Duke him told of all his journey hail,
 His heart for yre boldned in bitter bail,
 Highly he thought he should never *London* see,
 On *VWallace* deed, while he revenged be,
 Or lose his Men again, as he did air :
 Thus south he fought with great sorrow and care,
 Then at the Kirk a little tarry made,
 Then through the land over *Sulway* fast they rade :
 The *Scots* Host a night remained still,
 Upon the morn they spoiled with good will.
 The dead corps carried to *Braidwood* was with care,
 At a counsel three days they sojourned there ?
 At the *Forrest kirk* a meeting ordained he :
 They choosed *VWallace*, *Scots* Warden for to be,
 Trusting he should their painful sorrow cease,
 He received all that would come in his peace,
 Sir *VWilliam* came that Lord of *Douglas* was,
 Forsook *Edward*, at *VWallace* peace can ask :
 In that thirlage he would no longer be.
 Tribute before to *England* payed he.
 In contrare *Scots* with them he never rade,
 Far better chear *VWallace* therefore him made.
 Thus treated he and cherist wonder fair,
 True *Scottishmen* that fewty made him there,
 And gave full greatly feil goods that he wan,
 He spared it nought to no good *Scottishman*.
 Who would rebel, and go contrare the right,
 He puttist sore, were he Snyer or Knight.
 Thus marvellously good *VWallace* took in hand.
 Likely he was, right fair, and well farrand,
 Manly and stout, and therewith liberal,
 Plealant and wise, in all good general.
 To slay forsooth *Sutberon* he spared nought.
 To *Scottishmen* full great profit he wrought,
 Into the south forsooth then passed he,
 As him best thought he ruled that countrie.
 Sheriffs he made that cruel was and keen,
 And Captains of true wise *Scots-men*.
 From *Gamylishpath* the land obeyed him hail,
 To *Ur* water both strength forrest and dail,
 Against him in *Galloway* house was none,
 Except *VWigtoun* bigged of lime and stone.

That Captain heard the ruling of *Wallace*,
 Away by sea he stole out of that place :
 Leaved all waste, and could to *England* wend :
 But *Wallace* soon a keeper to it send,
 A good Squyer, and to name was call'd
Adam Gordoun, as the story me tald.

A strength there was at the water of *Cree*,
 Within a rock right stalwart wrought of tree,
 A gate before, no man might to it win,
 But the consent of them that dwelt therein.
 On the back-side a rock and water was,
 A strait entry forsooth there was to pass :
 To vissy it, *VWallace* himself soon went :
 Fra he it saw, he cast in his intent
 To win the hold : he hath chosen a gate,
 That they within should make little debate,
 His power whole he gart bide out of sight,
 But three with him, while time that it was night,
 Then took two when that the night was dim,
Steven of Ireland, and *Keirly* that could clim,
 Up soon they went against that rock so strong,
 Thus entred they the *Sutheron* men among,
 The watch before took no heed to that side,
 These three in feir soon to the porter glide :
 Good *Wallace* then strake the porter himsel,
 Dead over the rock into the dyke he fell,
 Let down the bridge, and blew the horn on hight,
 The bushment brake, and came in all their might ?
 At their own will soon entred in that place :
 To *Englishmen* they did full little grace.
 Sixty they slew, in that place was no mo,
 But an old Priest, and simple women two,
 Great purveyance was in that rock to spend.
Wallace staid still, while it was at an end.
 Brake down the strength, both bridge and bulwark all,
 Out over the rock they gart the timber fall :
 Under the gate, and would no longer byde.
 In *Carrik* then they bowned them to ryde :
 Haltad them not, but soberly can fare
 To *Turnberry* that Captain was at *Aire*,
 With Lord *Persie* to take his counsel hail.
Wallace purpose that place for to assail :

A woman told when the Captain was gone,
 Good men of fence into that stead was none.
 They filled the dyke with earth and timber hail,
 Then fired the house, no succour might avail:
 A priest there was, and Gentle-women therein,
 Which in their manner made hideous noise and din:
 Mercy, they cried, for him that dyed on-tree,
Wallace gart slaik the fire, and let them be,
 To make defence no mo was leaved there.
 He them commanded out of the land to fare.
 Spoyled the place, and spilt all that they mought,
 Upon the morn to *Cumnok* soon they sought,
 To *Lanerke* then, and yet a time of *Aire*,
 Misdoers teil he gart be punisht there.
 To the good true men he gave a noble wage,
 His brothers sons put to their heritage.
 To *Black-craig* of *Cumnok* past again,
 His household set with men of meikle main.
 Three moneths there he dwelt into good rest,
 The subtil *Sutheron* found well it was the best,
 Trews to take, for to eschew a chance,
 To further this, they sent for Knight *Wallace*.
Bothwel yet that traiture kept still,
 And *Aire* all whole was at Lord *Perries* will.
 Through great supply of the Captain of *Aire*,
 The Bishop *Beik* in *Glasgow* he dwelt there.
 Earl of *Stanfurd* was Chancellour of *England*.
 With Sir *Aymer* this traiture took in hand,
 To procure Peace by any manner of case:
 A safe conduct they purchast of *Wallace*:
 In *Ruglan* kirk the tryst there have they set,
 And promise to made to meet *Wallace* but let,
 The day of this approached wonder fast,
 The great Chancellour and *Aymer* thither past,
 Then *Wallace* came, and his men well beseen,
 With him fifty arrayed all in green:
 In one of them a bow and arrows bear,
 With long swords, the which full sharply shear.
 Within the Kirk so soon they entred had,
 Unto his prayer he past, but more abade:
 Then up he rose, and to his tryst he went,
 And his good men full cruel of intent,

In yre he grew, that traiture when he saw,
 The *Englishmen* of his face stood great aw :
 Wit ruled him, that he did none outrage,
 The Earl beheld fast to his hie courage :
 Forthought some part that he came to that place,
 Greatly abased for the volt of his face.
 Sir *Aymer* said, This speech ye must begin,
 He will not bow to no Prince of your kin.
 All ordered ye are, I trust you may speak well,
 For all *England* he will not break a deal,
 His safe conduct where he makes a band :
 The Chancellour then proffered him his hand :
Wallace stood still, and could no hands take,
 Friendship to them no likeliness would make.
 Sir *Aymer* said, *Wallace*, ye understand,
 This is a Lord and Chancellour of *England* :
 To salute him ye may by proper skill,
 Without short advise he made answer him till :
 Such saluting I use to *Englishmen* :
 So shall they have, where ever I may them ken.
 At my power, that make I God a vow,
 Out of the conduct if that I had him now ;
 But for my life, and all my land so brade,
 I will not break the promise that is made :
 I had rather at mine own will have thee,
 Without conduct, that I might wroken be
 Of thy false deed thou doest in this Region.
 Than of pure gold a King with his ransom.
 But for my hand, I will as now let be.
 Chancellour, say forth forth what ye desire of me.
 The Chancellour said, The most part of this thing,
 To procure peace, I am sent from the King,
 With the great seal, and voice of his Parliament,
 What I bind here, our barnage shall consent.
Wallace answered, Over little mends we have,
 Then of our right ye occupy the lave :
 Quite-clame our land, and we shall not deny,
 The Chancellour said, Of no such charge have I.
 We will give gold, ere our purpose should fail.
 Then *Wallace* said, In waste is that travel :
 We ask no gold by favour of your kin,
 In war of you we take what we may win.

Abased he was to make answer again,
Wallace said. Sir, we jangle all in vain :
 My counsel gives, I will no fable make,
 As for a final peace now to take.
 Not for my self, that I bind your seal,
 I cannot trow that ever you will be leal.
 But poor folk that greatly have been surpris'd,
 I will take peace, while further ye be advis'd.
 Then bound they thus there should be no debate,
 Castles and towns should stand in their ilk state,
 From that day forth, while a year was at end :
 Sealed this peace, and took their leave to wend.
Wallace from them pass'd into the West,
 Made plain repare where that him lik'd best.
 Yet sore he dread that they should him deceive :
 The Indentour to Sir *Rannald* he gave,
 His dear uncle, where it might keep'd be.
 In *Cumnok* then to his dwelling went he.
The end of the sixth Book

The Seventh BOOK:

C H A P. I.

*How Wallace burnt the Barns of Aire; and put
 Bishop Beik out of Glasgow, and slew Lord
 Persie.*

IN *Februar* besel the famine case,
 That *Englishmen* took trews with *Wallace* :
 This passeth over till *March* away was sought,
 The *Englishmen* cast all the wayes they mought,
 With subtil and wicked conclusion,
 The worthy *Scots* to put to confusion.
 Into *April* the King of *England* came,
 In *Cumberland*, to *Pumfret* from his hame,
 Into *Carlile* to a counsel he yeed,
 Whereof the *Scots* might have full meikle dread.

Many

Many Captains that were of *England* born,
 Thither they past, sembled the King beforne.
 No *Scotsman* to counsel was there call'd,
 But Sir *Aymer* that traitour was of ald:
 At him they spiered: How they should take in hand,
 The righteous blood to stroy out of *Scotland*?
 Sir *Aymer* said, Their Chifftain can well do,
 Right wise in war, and hath great power too:
 And now this trews gives them such hardement,
 That to their faith they will not all consent:
 But would ye do right, as I can you lear,
 This peace to them it should be sold full dear.
 Then deemed he the fierce *Sutheron* amang,
 How they best might the *Scots* Barrons hang.
 Four great Barns at that time stood in *Aire*,
 Wrought for the King, when his begging was there.
 Bigged about that no man enter might,
 But one at once, nor have of other sight:
 A Justice made which was of meikle main,
 There ordained they these Lords should be slain:
 The Lord *Persie* of this matter they laid,
 With sad advise again to them he said:
 These men with me have kepted truth so lang,
 Deceitfully I may not see them hang:
 I am their so, and warn will I them nought:
 So I be quite, I care not what be wrought,
 From thence I will, and toward *Glasgow* draw,
 With our Bishop, to hear of his new law.
 Then choosed they a Justice fierce and fell,
 Which *Arnulfe* heght, as mine Author will tell,
 Of *South-Hampton* he heght both heir and Lord,
 He undertook to pine them with a cord.
 Another *Aire* in *Glasgow* ordaired they,
 For *Cliddisdaile*-men to stand the self same day.
 Then charged them in always earnestly,
 By no kin mean *Wallace* should scape them by:
 For well they wist, and these men were overthrown,
 They might at will brook *Scotland* as their own.
 This band they closed under their seals full fast,
 They sought over mure again King *Edward* past,
 The new Justice received was in *Aire*,
 The Lord *Persie* can unto *Glasgow* fare.

This *Aire* was set in *June* the eighteen day,
 And plainly cryed, no free men were away.
 The *Scots* marvelled, and peace tane in the land,
 Why *Englishmen* such maltery took in hand.
 Sir *Rannald* set a day before this *Aire*,
 At *Monktown* Kirk, his friends to meet him there.
VVilliam VVallace into the tryft can pass,
 For he as then Wardan of *Scotland* was.
 Thus Malter *John* a worthy Clerk was there,
 His kin he charged to byde from that *Aire*.
 Right well he wilt, fra *Persie* left that land,
 Great peril was to *Scots* appearand.
VVallace from them into the Kirk he yeed,
 Pater noster he said, and als a Creed,
 Then to the Grece then leaned him soberly,
 Upon a sleep he fell full suddenly.
Cleland followed, and saw him fall on sleep,
 He made no noise, but wisely couth him keep:
 In that slumber coming he thought he saw,
 A stalwart man that toward him couth daw,
 Soon by the hand he hint him hastilie,
 I am, he said, in voyage charged to thee.
 A sword him gave of burely birnisht steel.
 Good son, he said, this sword thou shalt brook well.
 Of topasion he thought the plummat was,
 Both hilt and all, glittering as the glafs.
 Dear son, he said, we tarry here too long,
 Thóu shalt go see where wrought is meikle wrong:
 Then he him led to a mountain on hight,
 The world he thought he might see at one sight:
 He left him there, and then from him he went,
 Thereof *VVallace* studied in his intent.
 To see him there he had full great desire,
 Therewith he saw begin a fellaun fire,
 Which braithly burnt broadly out through the land,
Scotland all over, from *Ross* to *Sulway* sand.
 Then soon to him descended there a Queen,
 Illuminate, bright, shining full bright and sheen:
 In her presence appearand so meikle light,
 That all the fire the put out of his sight:
 Gave him a wand of colour red and green,
 With a saphir syned his face and een:

Welcome,

Welcome, she said, I choose thee to my love :
Thou art granted, by the great God above,
To help people that suffer meikle wrong :
With thee as now I may not tarry long,
Thou shalt return to thine own Hoast again,
Thy dearest kin are here in meikle pain.
This right Region thou must redeem it all,
Thy last reward on earth shall be but small,
Let not therefore, take redress of this miss,
To thy reward thou shalt have heavens bliss.
Of her right hand she betaught him a book,
Humbly thus her leave-then she took,
Unto the clouds ascended out of sight.

Wallace took up the book in all his might :
In three parts the book well written was,
The first letters were gross letters of brass,
The second gold, the third fine silver sheen ;
Wallace marvelled what this writing should mean,
To read the book he busied him so fast,
His spirit again to weakning minde it past,
And up he rose, then suddenly forth went,
This Clerk he found, and told him his intent,
Of his vision, as I have said before,
Completely forth, what needs words more ?
Dear son, he said, my wit unable is,
To ratifie such, for dread I say amiss :
Yet I will deem, though my cunning be small :
God grant that no charge after my words fall,
That stalwart man gave thee that sword in hand,

Fergus it was, first winner of *Scotland* :
That mountain is where he thee had on sight,
Knowledg to have of wrong which thou must right.
That fire shall be feil tydings ere ye part,
Which will be told in many sundry airt.
I cannot wot what that Queen will be,
But it be Fortune, a Lady whiles right free,
The pretty wand I trow by mine intent,
Betokens rule and cruel chastisement.
The red colour who graithly understood,
Betokens all to great battel and blood,
The green, courage, that thou art now among,
In trouble and war thou shalt continue long.

The Saphire stone, she blessed thee withal,
 Is happy chance, will God, shall to thee fall.
 The three fold book is but this broken Land,
 Thou must redeem by worthiness of hand.
 The brasse letters betoken but to this,
 The great oppress of war, and meikle miss,
 The which thou shalt bring to the right again :
 But thou therefore must suffer meikle pain.
 The gold betokens honour and worthiness,
 Vict'or in arms, manhood and nobleness.
 The silver shows clean life, and heavens bliss
 To thy reward, that mirth thou shalt not miss.
 Dread not therefore, be out of all despair :
 Further as now hereof I can no mair.
 He thanked him, and thus his leave hath tane,
 To *Corsbie* then with his Uncle rade hame,
 With mirths thus all night sojourned there.
 Upon the morn they graithed them to *Aire*,
 And forth they rade till they came to *Kincace* :
 With dreadful heart thus spiered good *Wallace*,
 At Sir *Rannald*, for their charter of peace.
 Nevoy, he said, these words are no lies,
 It is leaved at *Corsbie* in the kist,
 Where thou it laid, thereof none other wist.
Wallace answered : Had we it here to shaw,
 And they be false, we shall not enter aw.
 Dear son, he said, I pray thee pass again,
 Though thou would send, thy travel were in vain,
 But thou or I, none can it bring this tyde
 Great grace it was made him again to ryde,
Wallace returned, took none with him but three,
 None of them knew of this Indentour but he.
 Unhap him led, forbid him could he nought,
 Of false deceit this good Knight had no thought.
 Sir *Rannald* rade but resting to the town,
 Witting nothing of all this false treatoun :
 That wicked sign so ruled that planet.
Saturn as then was in his highest state,
 Above *Juno* in his melancholy,
Jupiter and *Mars* ay cruel of envy :
Saturn as then advanced his nature,
 Of tyranny he power had and cure,

Rebels rules in many free Nation.
 Troublous weather makes many ships to drown.
 His dreiching was with *Pluto* in the Sea,
 As of the land full of iniquitie.
 It wakens war full of pestilence,
 Filling of walls with cruel violence :
 Poyson is rise amongst these other things,
 Sudden slaughter of Emperours and Kings,
 When *Sampson* pulled to ground the pillar,
Saturn was then into his highest sphear,
 At *Thebes* als of his power they tell,
Amphiaraws sank through the earth to hell.
 Of the *Trojan* he had full meikle cure.
 When *Achilles* at *Troy* slew good *Hector*.
Berdeous shent, and many Cities mo,
 His power yet hath no hap to ho.
 In broad *Britaine* feil vengeance hat been seen.
 Of this, and more, ye wot well what I mean.
 But to this house that stalwart was and strong,
 Sir *Rannald* came, and might not tarry long.
 A balk was knit, all full of ropes keen,
 Such a Tol-booth since then was never seen.
 Strong men were set the entry for to hald.
 None might win in but one, as they were call'd.
 Sir *Rannald* first, to make fewty for his Land.
 The Knight went in, and would no longer stand,
 A running cord they slipped over his head,
 Hard to the blak, and hanged him to the dead,
 Sir *Brice* the *Blair* right alter in he past,
 Unto the death they hasted him full fast :
 By he was entred, his head was in the snare,
 Knit to the balk, hanged to death right there.
 The third entred, great pity was for thy
 A gentle Knight, Sir *Neill Montgomery* :
 And other feil of landed men about.
 Many went in, but no *Scotsman* came out,
 Of *Wallace* part they put to that derf dead,
 Many *Crawfurds* so ended in that stead.
 Of *carrick* Men and *Kennedies* slew they als,
 And kind *Cambels* that never had been false.
 They rebelled not against their righteous Crown,
Sutherland for they put them to confusion,

Barklyes,

Barklyes, Boyds, and Stewards of good kin :
 No *Scot* escaped that time that entred in.
 Upon the balk they hanged many pair,
 Beside them dead, in a nook cuist them there.
 Since the first time that any war was wrought,
 To such a death so many yeed their naught,
 Upon one day through curled *Saxons* seed :
 Vengeance of this out through the kindred yeed :
 Granted it was from the great God of heaven,
 So ordained that Law should be their freven,
 So the false *Saxons*, for their false judgement.
 Their wickedness over all the world is went.
 Ye noble men that are of *Scottish* kind,
 Their piteous death ye keep it in your mind,
 And us revenge when we are set in throng :
 Dolour it is hereon to tarry long,
 Thus eighteen score derfly to death they dight,
 Of *Barons* bold, and many worthy Knight.
 When they had slain the worthiest was there,
 For weak people no longer they would spare.
 Into the graith cuist them out of that stead,
 As they were born, spoiled, bare, and dead,
 Good *Robert Boyd* into the tavern yeed,
 With twenty men that doughty were indeed,
 Of *Wallace* house, full cruel of intent,
 He governed them, when *Wallace* was absent,
Keirly returned with his Master again,
Cleland and *Boyd* that meikle was of main,
Steven of *Ireland* went forth into the freet,
 A true Woman full soon with him could meet :
 He spiered at her, What happened in *Aire* ?
 Sorrow, she said, is nothing else there.
 Fearedly she said : Alace, where is *Wallace* ?
 From us again he passed at *Kincace*.
 Go warn his Folk, and charge them off the town,
 To keep himself I shall be ready bown.
 With her as then no more tarry he made,
 To his fellows he went withoutten bade.
 And to them told of all this great misfair,
 To *Laglane* wood they bowned withoutten mair,
 By this *Wallace* was coming wonder fast,
 For his Friends he was full sore agast :

Unto the barn sadly he could persue,
 To enter in, for he no peril knew :
 This true woman upon him loud can call :
 O feirs, *Wallace*, feil tempest is befall,
 Our best men slain, great pity is to see,
 As bestial hounds hanged over a tree,
 Our true barons by two and two palt in.
Wallace weeped for great loss of his kin,
 That with uncase upon his horse he bade.
 More for to spier to this woman he rade ;
 Dear Nice, he said, if thou the truth can tell,
 Is mine Eme dead ? Or how the case befall ?
 Out of yon barn forsooth, I saw him born,
 Naked laid, low, and cold earth him befor.
 His frosty mouth I kissed in that stead,
 Right now man-like, now bare and brought to dead :
 And with a cloth I covered his lichame ;
 For in his life he did never woman shame,
 His sisters son thou art, worthy and wight,
 Revenge his death, for Gods sake, at thy might :
 Als I shall help, as I am woman true.
 Dear wight, he said, great God, if that thou knew
 Good *Robert Boyd*, where ever thou can him see
William Crawford also, if he living be :
Adam Wallace would help me in this strife :
 I pray to God to send them all on life.
 For Gods sake bid them soon come to me :
 The Justice Innes ^{the} ~~the~~ py for charity,
 And in what fair that they their lodging make :
 Soon after that we shall our purpose take.
 Into *Laglane* which hath their succour been,
 Aduie Market, and welcome woods green.
 Hereof as then to her he spake no mair,
 His bridle turned, and from her can he fare :
 Such mourning made for his dear worthy kin,
 He thought for vail, his breast near burst in twin.
 As he thus rade in great anger and teen,
 Of *Englishmen* there followed him fifteen,
 Wight wailed men, that toward him could draw,
 With a Macer, to teach him to the Law :
Wallace returned in grief and matalent,
 With his sword drawn, amongst them soon he went :

The middle of one he manked soon in twa,
 The other there upon the head can ta,
 The third he strake, and through the coast him clave;
 The fourth to ground right derfly down he drave;
 The fift he hit in great yre in that stead,
 Without rescue dreadleis he left them dead.
 Then his three men had slain the other five,
 From them the lave escaped with their life:
 Fled to their Lord, and told him of this case.
 To *Laglane* wood then rode wight *VWallace*.
 The *Sutheron* said, What one he hit right,
 Without mercy dreadleis to death was dight,
 Marvel they had such strength in one should be,
 One of their men at each stroak he gart die.
 Then deemed they it should be *VWallace* wight,
 To their language then answered an old Knight:
 Forsooth he said, be he escaped this *Aire*,
 All your new deed, is eeking of your care.
 The Justice said, when there such rumors rose:
 Ye would be feared, and there came many foes.
 That for one man, me think ye like to flee,
 And wots not yet indeed if it be he:
 And tho it were, I count it but full light,
 Who bides here, each gentleman shall be Knight.
 I think to deal their lands whole the morn,
 To you about that are of *England* born.
 The *Sutheron* drew to their lodging but mair,
 Four thousand whole that night was into *Aire*,
 In great barns bigged without the town,
 The Justice lay, with many bold Barron.
 Then he gart cry about these wains wide,
 No *Scots* bairn amongst them there should byde.
 To the Castle he would not pass for ease,
 But sojourned there with things that might him please
 Great purveyance by sea was to them brought.
 With wine and ale, the best that could be bought:
 No watch was set, because they had no doubt
 Of *Scots* men that living was without.
 Laboured in mind they had been all that day,
 Of ale and wine enough chosen had they,
 As beast-like folk took of themselves no keep,
 In their veins soon staid the sloathful sleep:

Through

Through foul gluttony in swair swapped like swine,
 Their Chiftain was great *Bacchus* god of wine.
 This wise Woman long time amongst them was,
 Feil Men she warned, and gart to *Laglane* pass,
 Her self foremost: when they with *Wallace* met,
 Some comfort then into his heart was set.
 When he them saw, he thanked God of might.
 Tidings he asked, the Woman told him right,
 Sleeping as swine are all yon fierce meinie,
 No *Scotsman* is in yon company.
 Then *Wallace* said, If they they all drunken be,
 I call it bett with fire them for to see.
 Of good Men three hundred unto him sought:
 The Woman told three true Burgessees that brought
 Out of the town both noble ale and bread,
 And other stuff, as meikle as they might lead.
 They ate and drank, the *Scotsmen* that mought,
 The Nobles then, *Jop* hath to *Wallace* brought;
 Sadly he said, Dear friends now ye see,
 Our Kin are slain, therefore is great pity,
 Through foul murther, the great despite is more:
 Now some remead I would we fet therefore:
 Suppose that I was made Wardan to be,
 Part are away, such charge is put to me,
 And ye are here come in of als good blood,
 And righteous born, by adventure als good.
 Als forward fair, als likely in Person,
 As ever I was: then for conclusion,
 Let us choose five of this good company,
 Then cavels cast who shall our master be,
Wallace and *Boyd*, and *Crawfurd* of renown,
 And *Adam* als then Lord of *Richbartown*.
 His Father then was visied with sickness.
 God hath him tane into his lasting Grace.
 The fifth *Auchinlek*, in war a Nobleman:
 Cavels to cast about the five began.
 It would on him, for ought they would devise
 Continually, while they had catten thrise.
 Then *Wallace* rose, and out a sword can draw:
 He said: I vow to the Maker of aw,
 And to *Mary* his Mother Virgin clear,
 Mine Uncles death now shall be sold full dear,

With many moe of our dear worthy Kin:
 First ere I eat or drink I shall begin:
 For sleuth nor sleep shall never remain with me,
 Of this tempest while I avenged be:
 Then all inclined right humble of one accord,
 And him received as their Chiftain and Lord.
Wallace a Lord he may be taken well,
 Though rural Folk thereof have little feel,
 They deem no Lord, but lands be their part.
 Had he the World, and be wretched in heart,
 He is no Lord: but to the worthiness:
 It cannot be but freedom, lordliness,
 At the rods they make full many one,
 Which worthy are, yet lands have they none,
 This discussing we leave Heralds to end,
 Unto my matter briefly I will wend.
Wallace commanded a Burgefs for to get
 Fine calk enough, that his dear Neice might fet
 At ilk gate where *Sutheron* were on a raw,
 And twenty Men he gart soon Widdies thaw.
 Each Man upon his arms a pair he threw,
 Unto the town full fast they can pursue.
 The Woman past before him subtrilly,
 Calked each gate, they needed not go by,
 Then fastned they the doors with widdies fast,
 To stapil and hespe, with many ficker cast.
Wallace gart *Boyd* near hand the castle ga,
 With fifty Men a jeopardie to ma:
 If any escape the fire when that they saw,
 All fast the gate he ordained them to draw:
 The rest with him about the barns yeed:
 This true Woman him served well indeed:
 With lint and fire that hasty kendle would,
 In every nook they fastned bleases bold.
Wallace commanded to all his Men about,
 No *Sutheron* Men that they should let break out.
 Whatever he be, rescues of their Kin,
 From the red fire, himself shall pass therein.
 The lemand low soon lanced upon hight,
 Forsooth, he said, this is a pleasant sight,
 To our hearts it shall be some redress,
 Were they away, their power were the less.

Unto the Justice himself on loud can caw,
 Let us to brough our Men from your false law,
 That living are, and scaped from your *Aire*,
 Deal not their land, the unlaw is over fair :
 Thou hadst no right, it shall on thee be seen :
 The rumour rose with careful cry and keen.
 The bail-fire burnt right brimly upon lost,
 To sleeping Men their wakning was unsoft.
 The fight without was awful for to see,
 In all the World no greater pain might be,
 Then they within suffered for to dwell,
 That ever was wrought, or purgatory, but hell.
 A pain of hell well near it may be call'd,
 Made Folk in fire hampered manifold.
 Feil biggings burnt that worthy were and wight,
 Got none away, Knave, Captain, nor Knight,
 When brands fell of roof-trees them among.
 Some rudely rose in bitter pains strong.
 Some naked burnt with belches all away,
 Some never rose, but sinored where they lay,
 Some rushed fast to air, if they might win,
 Blinded with fire, their deeds were full dim.
 The reck filled with filth of carion,
 Amongst the fire right foul of infection :
 The People beired like wood beasts in that tide,
 Within the wall ramping on either side.
 Rumisht with rueth, and many greisly groan,
 Some grimly grat, while their life days were gone :
 Some doors sought the entry for to get,
 But *Scotsmen* so wisely them beset,
 If any brake by adventure of that stead,
 With swords soon brimed they were to dead,
 Or else again by force driven in the fire :
 There scaped none, but burnt bone and lyre.
 The stink skailed of dead bodies so wide,
 The *Scots* abhorred near hand them for to bide,
 Yeeld to the wind, and let them even alone,
 While the red fire had not fierce blood overgone.
 A Frier, *Drumlaw* was Prior then of *Aire*.
 Seven score with him that night took harbery there,
 Into his Innes for he might not them let,
 While near mid-night a watch on them he set.

Himself woke well, while he the fire saw rise,
 Some mends he thought to take of that surprife.
 His brethren seven soon to harness they yeed,
 Himself Chiftain, the remnant to lead.
 The beft they wail of armour and good gear,
 Then weapons took right awful in effeir,
 Thefe eight Friers in three parts they go,
 With fwords drawn in every houfe yeed two;
 Soon entred in where *Sutheron* fleeping were,
 Upon them fet with ftraiks fad and fair:
 Feil freiks there the Friers dang to dead:
 Some naked fled, and got out of that ftead:
 The water fought, abafed out of fleep:
 In the Friers well that was both long and deep,
 Feil of them fell, that brake out of that place,
 Drowned to ground, and dead withoutten grace,
 Slain and drowned was all that harboured there,
 Men calls it yet: the Friers bleffing of *Aire*.
 Few Folk of vail was lived upon cafe.
 In the Caftle, Lord *Perfie* from that place,
 Before the *Aire* from thence to *Glasgow* drew,
 Of wine and ftuff, it was to purvey new.
 Yet they within faw the fire burning ftout,
 With fhort advice, ifhed and made no doubt,
 The bufhment then, as warriours wife and wight.
 Let them alone, and to the houfe paff right.
Boyd wan the port, entred with all his Men,
 Keepers in it were left but nine or ten.
 The foremoft foon himfelf fched in hand.
 Made quite of him, then flew all that he fand.
 Of purveyance in the caftle was none,
 Short time before from it was *Perfie* gone.
 The Earl *Arnulf* had perceived that hold,
 Who in the town was burnt to powder cold.
Boyd gart remain of his Men twenty ftill,
 Himfelf paff forth to wit of *Wallace* will.
 Keeping the town while nought was leaved there,
 But the wood fire, and biggings burnt full bare.
 Of likely Men that were born of *England*,
 By fword and fire that night died five thoufand.
 When *Wallace* Men were well together met:
 Good Friends, he faid, ye know that there was fet,

Such law as this now into *Glasgow* town,
 The Bishop *Beik*, and *Perfie* of renown :
 Therefore I will in haste ye thither fare,
 Of our good Kin some part is losed there,
 He gart soon the the Burgeesses to him call,
 And gave command in general to them all,
 In keeping they should take the house of *Aire*,
 And hold it whole, while time that we hear mair.
 To bide our King, castles I would we had.
 Cast we down all, we may be deemed too bad.
 They gart meat come, for he had fasted lang :
 Little he took, then bowned him to gang.
 Horse they choose that *Sutheron* had brought there,
 Anew at will, and off the town can fare.
 Right wonder fast rode this good Chevalry,
 Three hundred whole was in that company ;
 To *Glasgow* bridge that bigged was of tree,
 Soon passed over, ere *Sutheron* might them see,
 Lord *Perfie* wight that busy was in wear,
 Sembled his Men right awful in effeir.
 Then deemed they all that it was wight *Wallace*,
 He had before escaped through many case.
 The Bishop *Beik*, and *Perfie* that was wight,
 A thousand led of Men in arms bright.
Wallace saw well what number sembled there,
 He made his Men in two parts for to fare,
 Graithed them well without the towns end,
 He called *Auchinlek*, for he the passage kend.
 Uncle, he said, be busy in the wear.
 Whether will ye the Bishops tail up bear,
 Or pass before, and take his bennison.
 He answered him with right short provision :
 Unbishopsed yet, forsooth I trow ye be,
 Your self shall first his blessing take for me :
 For sickerly ye served it best to night,
 To bear his tail we shall with all our might.
Wallace answered, since we must sundry gang,
 Peril it is if ye bide from us lang :
 For yon are Men will not be soon agast.
 From time we meet, for God's sake hy you fast,
 Our sundering I would no *Sutheron* saw,
 Behind come in throw the north-east raw.

Good Men of war are in *Notbumberland*.
 They parted thus, took other by the hand.
Auchinleck said, We shall do as we may,
 We would like evil to bide ought long away,
 A bousteous stail betwixt us soon must be ;
 But to the right Almighty God have eye..
Adam Wallace and *Auchinleck* was bown,
 Seven score with him on back-side of the town.
 Right fast they yeed, while they were out of sight.
 The other part arrayed them full right.
Wallace and *Boyd* the plain street up can go,
 The *Sutheron* marvelled because they saw no mo :
 Their *Ensenzie* cryed on the *Persies* side,
 With Bishop *Beik* that boldly could abide.
 A sore sembly was at their meeting seen,
 As fire from flint it fared them between.
 The hardy *Scots* right awfully them abade,
 Brought feil to ground through weed that was well
 Pierced plates with points stiff of steel, (made
 By force of hand gart many cruel kneel.
 The strong stour rose as smoak about them fast,
 Or mist through Sun, up to the clouds past.
 To help himself, each one had meikle need :
 The worthy *Scots* stood in a fellon dread,
 Yet forward fast they preassed for to be,
 And they on them great wonder was to see.
 The *Persies* Men in war were used well,
 Right fiercely fought, and sonzied not a deal.
Adam Wallace and *Auchinleck* came in,
 A part of *Sutheron* right cruelly twin,
 Returned to them as noble Men of wear,
 The *Scots* got rowm, and many down they bear.
 The new counter assailed them so fast,
 Through *Englishmen* made strops at the last.
 Then *Wallace* self into the fellon throng,
 With his good sword, that heavy was and long,
 At *Persies* face with a good will he bare,
 Both bone and brain the frushed steel through share.
 Three hundred Men when Lord *Persie* was dead,
 Out of the gate the Bishop *Beik* they lead.
 For then them thought it was no time to bide,
 By the Frier Kirk, to a wood them beside :

In the forrest forsooth they tarried nought.
 On fresh horse to *Bothwel* soon they fought.
Wallace followed with worthy Men and wight :
 Forsoughren they were, and travelled all the night,
 Yet feil they flew into that chase that day :
 The Bishop self, and good Men got away :
Aymer Vallange rescued him in that place,
 That Knight full oft did great harm to *Wallace*.
Wallace began that night at ten hours in *Aire*,
 On day by nine in *Glasgow* sembled there :
 By one afternoon in *Bothwel* yet he was,
 Reproved *Vallange* ere he would further pass :
 Then turned again, as witnesses well the book,
 To *Dundaff* rode, and then resting he took :
 Told good Sir *John* of their tidings in *Aire*,
 Great moan he made, he was not with him there,
Wallace sojourned in *Dundaff* at his will,
 Five days out, till tidings came him till,
 Out of the hight where good Men were forlorn,
 For *Buchan* rose, *Athole*, *Menteith*, and *Lorn*,
 Upon *Argyle* a fellon war they make.
 For *Edwards* sake this they can undertake.
 The Knight *Cambel* in *Argyle* then was still,
 With his good Men, against King *Edwards* will,
 And kepted free *Lochlow* his heritage,
 But *Makfadyean* did him great outrage.
 This *Makfadyean* to *Englishmen* had sworn,
Edward gave to him both *Argyle* and *Lorn*,
 False *John* of *Lorn* to that gift can accord,
 In *England* then he was new made a Lord.
 Thus falsely he gave over his heritage,
 And took at *London* of *Edward* a great wage.
Duncan of *Lorn* yet for the land frave,
 While *Makfadyean* overset him with the lave :
 Put him on force to good *Cambel* the Knight,
 Which into war was wise, worthy and wight,
 This *Makfadyean* was entred into *Scotland*,
 And marvellously that tyrant took in hand.
 With his power the which I spake of *Aire*,
 These three Lordships assembled to him there,
 Fifteen thousand of cursed Folk indeed,
 Of all gathering, the Host he had to lead,

And many of them was out of *Ireland* brought,
 Bairns nor Wives. that People spared nought,
 Wasted the land as far as they might ga:
 These beastly Folk could not but burn and sla:
 Into *Lochow* he entred suddenly,
 The good Knight *Campbel* saw good defence for they,
 To *Craigbunmyre* with three hundred he yeed,
 That strength they held, for all their cruel feed.
 Then brake the bridge that they should over pass,
 But through a ford where narrow passage was,
 A bandonly *Campbel* against them bade.
 Fast upon *Ause*, that was both deep and braid.
Makfadyean was upon the other side,
 And there on force behoved him to bide:
 For at the ford he durst not enter out,
 For good *Campbel* might set him then in doubt.
Makfadyean sought, and a small passage fand,
 Had he leisure, he might pass off the land,
 Betwixt a rock, and a great water side:
 But four in front, there might none go nor ride.
 Into *Lochow* was bestial great plentie,
 Where that he thought with all his Host to be,
 And other stuff that they had with them brought:
 But all his Host availed him right nought.
Duncan of *Lorn* hath seen this sudden case,
 From good *Campbel* he went to seek *VWallace*,
 Some help to get of their torment and teen,
 Together before in *Dundie* they had been,
 Learning at school, into their tender age:
 He thought to slack *Madfadyeans* high courage,
Gilmichil then with *Duncan* forth had dight,
 A Guide he was, a Footman wonder wight.
 Soon got they wit where *VWallace* lodged was.
 With their complaint to his presence they pass.
 Earl *Malcom* als the *Lennox* held at peace,
 With his good Men to *VWallace* can he prease.
 To him there came good *Richard* of *Lundie*,
 Into *Dundass* he would no longer lie.
 Sir *John* the *Graham* als bowed him to ride,
Makfadyeans war so grieved him that tide.

C H A P. II.

How Wallace slew Makfadyean.

Then *VWallace* thought his great power to see,
 In what array he ruled that countrey :
 The *Ruikby* then keepest with great wrong
Striviling castle, that stalwart was and strong :
 When *VWallace* came by south it in a vale,
 To Earl *Malcom* he said he would it sail :
 In divers parts he gart dislever his Men,
 Of their power the *Sutheron* should not ken.
 Earl *Malcom* bade in bushment out of sight,
VWallace with him took good Sir *John* the Knight
 And an hundred of wise war Men about.
 Through *Striviling* rade, if any would ish out,
 Toward the bridge the gainest way they pass.
 When *Ruikby* saw where that their power was,
 He took seven score of Archers that was there,
 Upon *VWallace* he followed wonder fair,
 That feil bicker did them meikle dear,
VWallace in hand gripped a noble spear,
 Again returned, and hath the foremost slain.
 Sir *John* the *Grabam* that was of meikle main,
 Amongst them rade with a good spear in hand,
 The first he slew that he before him fand :
 Upon another his spear in sunder yeed :
 A sword he drew, which helped him in need,
 English Archers upon them can renew,
 That his good horse with arrows soon they slew.
 On foot he was, when *VWallace* hath it seen,
 He lighted soon with Men of arms full keen,
 Amongst the rout fighting full wonder fast,
 Then *Englishmen* returned at the last :
 At the castle they would have been full fain,
 But Earl *Malcom* with Men of meikle main,
 Betwixt the *Sutheron* and the gates yeed,
 Many they slew that doughty were indeed :
 In the great preas *VWallace* and *Ruikby* met,
 With his good sword a straik upon him set,
 Derfly to death the old *Ruikby* he drave,
 His two Sons escaped amongst the lave,

In the castle, by adventure they yeed,
 With thirty Men, more escaped that dread.
 The *Lennox* Men with their good Lord that was,
 From the castle, they said they would not pass:
 For well they wist it might not holden be
 For no long time, for they this ordained he.
 Earl *Malcom* took the house to keep that tide.
Wallace would not from his first purpose bide:
 Instance he made to this good Lord and Wife,
 From them to pass he would in no kind wise,
 While that he had *Striviling*, the castle strong,
 True Men him told, they might not hold it long,
 Then *Wallace* thought most on *Makfadyean*,
 Of *Scottishmen* he had slain many an.
Wallace avowed, that he should wroken be
 On that Rebal, or else therefore to die.
 Of tyranny King *Edward* thought him good,
 Low born he was, and als of simple blood.
 Thus *Wallace* was sore grieved in his intent,
 To this journey right earnestly he went,
 At *Striviling* bridge assembled to him right,
 Two thousand Men that worthy were and wight,
 Toward *Argyle* he bowned him to ride,
Duncan of *Lorn* was their true sicker Guide,
 Of old *Kuikby* the which I spake of air,
 Two Sons on live in *Striviling* lived there.
 When those Brethren conceived all at right.
 This house to hold, that they no longer might,
 For cause why they wanted Men and meat,
 With Earl *Malcom* they made them for to treat,
 Grace of their lives, and they that with them was,
 Gave over the house, then could to *England* pass.
 On the third day that *Wallace* from them rade,
 With King *Edward* full many years they bade.
 In *Bruces* wars again came in *Scotland*,
Striviling to keep, one of them took in hand.
 Mention of *Bruce* is oft in *Wallace* book,
 To send his right full meikle pain he took:
 Wherefore should I here tarry any ma,
 To *Wallace* forth now shortly will I ga.
Duncan of *Lorn*, *Gilmichil* from him send,
 A spy to be, for he the countrey kend,

By our party was past to *Straitbfillan*,
 The small foot Folk began to irk ilk ane,
 And horse also on force behoved to fail,
 Then *Wallace* thought that company to weal.
 Good Men, he said, this is not meet for us,
 In broken array, if we come to them thus,
 We may take skaith, and harm our Foes but small,
 To them in like we may not semble all.
 Tarry we long in plain field while they get,
 Upon them soon so well we may not set.
 Part we must leave, us following to be :
 With me shall pass our power into three.
 Five hundred first to himself bath he tane,
 Of west-land Men, were worthy know ilk ane.
 To Sir *John* the *Graham* as many ordained he,
 And five hundred to *Richard* of *Lundie*.
 In that part was *Wallace* of *Richartown*,
 In all good deed he was ay ready boun.
 Five hundred left, and might not with them go,
 Suppose that they to bide was wonder wo.
 Thus *Wallace* Host began to take hight
 Over a mountain, then passed out of sight :
 In *Glendocher* their Spy met them again.
 With Lord *Cambel*, then was our Folk right fain.
 At their meeting great blythness might be seen,
 Three hundred led that cruel were and keen :
 He comfort them, and bade them have no dread,
 Yon beastly Folk they want weapons and weed,
 Soon will they flee, and we shortly persue,
 To *Loch Duchan* full suddenly they drew.
 Then *Wallace* said, And life we shall all ta,
 For here is none will from his fellow ga,
 Upon the moss a scurriour soon found he,
 The Spy they send, the countrey for to see.
 To scour the land *Makfadyean* had him send,
 Out of *Craigmore* that day he thought to wend,
Gilmickil fast followed upon him there,
 With a good sword that well and sharply share,
 Made quite of him, that tidings told he nane,
 The out-Spy thus was losed from *Makfadyean*.
 Then *Wallace* Host upon their foot can light,
 Their horse they left though they were never so wight,

For moss and craig they might no longer dree,
 Then *Wallace* said, who goes best, lets see :
 Out through the moss deliveredly they yeed,
 Then took they hold, whereof they had most dread,
 Andlong the shore, ay three in front they past,
 While all within were sembled at the last.
 Lord *Campbel* said, we have chosen this hold,
 I trow to God, their wakening shall be cold :
 Here is no gate to flee yon People can,
 But rocks high, and waters deep and wan.
 Eighteen hundred of doughty Men indeed,
 On the great host but more process they yeed,
 Fighting on front, and meikle massery made.
 The frayed folk busked withoutten bade :
 Rudely to ray they rushed them again,
 Great part of them were Men of meikle main,
 Good *Wallace* Men so stoutly can them steir,
 The battel on back, five aiker braid they bare,
 Into the stour feil tyrants gart they kneel :
Wallace in hand had a good sword of steel,
 Whomever he hit, brimly down he bare,
 Rowmed him about a large rude and mair.
 Sir *John* the *Graham* indeed was well worthie,
 Good *Campbel* als, and *Richard* of *Lundie*,
Adam Wallace, and *Robert Boyd* in fear,
 Amongst their Foes where deeds was sold dear.
 The felloe stour was awful for to see.
Mak sadyean then, so great debate made he,
 With *Ireland* Men hardy and couragious :
 The stalwart strife right hard and perilous,
 Abundance of blood, from wounds wide and wan,
 Sticked to dead on ground lay many a Man.
 Two hours large into the stour they stand,
 The fiercest they enough of fighting fand :
 That *Jop* himself, well wist not who should win,
 But *Wallace* Men would not in sunder twin :
 To help themselves they were of hardy will,
 Of *Ireland* blood full fellonly they spill :
 With feil fighting made slops through the thrang,
 On the false part our wight war Men so dang,
 That they to bide might have no longer might.
 The *Ireland* Folk then made them for the flight,

In craigs clam, and some in water flet,
Two thousand there drowned withouten let.
Born *Scotjmen* bade still into the field,
Cast weapons them from, and on their knees kneel'd,
With piteous voice they cryed on *Wallace*,
for God's, sake to take them in his grace.
Grieved he was, but rueth of them he had,
Received them fair with countenance full sad:
Of our own blood we should have great pitie,
Look ye slay none of *Scots* will yelden be:
Of out-land Men let none escape with their life,
Makfadyean fled for all his fellow strife,
Unto a cave within a clift of stone,
Under *Craigmor*, with fifty hath he gone.
Duncan of *Lorn* his leave at *Wallace* askt,
On *Makfadyean* with worthy Men he past:
He granted him to put them all to dead:
They left none then, but brought *Wallace* his head,
Upon a spear through the field it bare.
The Lord *Campbel* then hint it by the hair,
High on *Craigmor* he heght it for to stand,
Still on the stone, for honour of *Ireland*.
The lyflyke Men than were of *Scotland* born,
Soon at his faith he gart them all be sworn:
Restored them that would come to his fees,
He let none slay that would come to his peis.
After this deed in *Lorn* then could he fare.
Ruled the land had been in meikle care:
In *Ardchatane* a counsel he gart cry,
Where many Men came to his senzoury:
All *Lorn* he gave to *Duncan* that was wight,
And bade him hold in *Scotland* with the right.
And thou shalt brook this land in heritage,
Thy Brothers Son in *London* hath great wage:
Yet will he come, he shall the lands have.
I would tyn none that verity might save.
Many true *Scots* to *Wallace* could persue,
At *Ardchatane* from feil strengths they drew:
A good Knight came, and with him Men sixtie,
He had been oft in many jeopardie.
With *Englyshmen*, and sonziet not a deal,
Ay from their faith, he sende him full well:

keepe

Keeped him free, though King *Edward* had sworn.
Sir *John Ramsay* that righteous was born,
Of *Ochterbouse*, and other Lands Lord,
And Sheriffs als, as my book will record,
Of noble blood, and old Ancestery,
Continued well with worthy Chevalry.
Into *Strochane* long time he had been.
At great debate amongst his enemies keen.
Right wightily wan his living into wear,
To him and his, *Sutherland* did meikle dear.
Well he eschewed, and suffered great distress,
His son was called the flowre of courtlines,
As witnesses well into this short treaty,
After the *Bruce*, who reads that history,.
He ruled well both into war and peace,
Alexander Ramsay to name he heght but lies.
When it was wear to arms he him cast,
Under the Crown he was one of the best.
In time of peace, to courtlines he yeed,
But to gentrice he took no other heed.
What Gentle-men had not with *Ramsay* been.
Of courtlines they counted not a preen.
Freedom and truth he had as men would as,
Since he began, no better Squyer was.
Roxburgh hold he wan right manfully,
Then held it long, while traytours treasonably
Caused his death, I will not tell you how.
Of such things, I will go by as now.
I have had blame to say the soothfastness,
Therefore I will but lightly run that race.
But it be thing that plainly slander is,
For such, I trow, they should not deem no mis;
Of *Alexander* as now I speak no more,
His father came, as I you told before,
Wallace of him right full great comfort hes,
For he well could do harming unto foes
In war he was right meikle for to prise.
Busy, and true, both sober, wight, and wise.
A good Prelat als to *Ardchatan* sought,
Of his Lordship as then he brooked nought,
This worthy Clerk came in of his linage,
Of *Sinkler* blood not fourty years of age,

Chosen he was by the Popes consent,
 Of *Dunkeld* Lord was made with good intent.
 But *Englishmen* that *Scotland* gripped hail,
 Of benefice they let him brook but small.
 When he saw well theretore he might not mute,
 To save his life, three years he dwelt in *Bute* :
 Lived as he might, and kepted ay good part,
 Under safery of *James* their Lord *Stewart*.
 While good *Wallace* which *Scotland* wan with pain,
 Restored this Lord to his living again.
 And many mo which long had been overthrown.
Wallace them put righteously to their own.
 The small Hoast the which I spake of *Aire*,
 Into the hight that *Wallace* leaved there,
 Came to the field where *Makfadian* had been,
 Took that was left both weeds and weapons sheen,
 Through *Lorn* they past, as goodly as they can.
 Of their number they had not lost one man,
 On the fifth day they went to *Ardchatan*,
 Where *Wallace* bade with good men many an.
 He welcomed them upon a goodly wise,
 And said, They were right meikle for to prise,
 All true *Scots* he honoured into wear,
 Gave that he wan, himself kepted no gear.

C H A P. III.

How Wallace wan St- Johnstoun.

W HEN *Wallace* would no longer sojourn there
 From *Ardchatan* out throghe the land they fare
 Toward *Dunkeld*, with good men of renown,
 His most thought then was of *Saint Johnstoun*.
 He called *Ramsay*, that good Knight great of vail,
 Sadly advised, besought him of counsel :
 Of *Saint Johnstoun* now have I remembrance,
 There have I been, and losed men by chance :
 But ay for one we gart ten of them die,
 And yet methinks that is no mends for me.
 I would assay from this land ere we gang,
 And let them wit they occupy here wrang.
 Then *Ramsay* said, That town they may not keep,
 The walls are low, suppose the ditch be deep :

Ye have anew, that shall them cumber so,
 Fill up the dyke that we may plainly go
 In plain battel, a thousand over at anes,
 From this power they shall not hold you waines,
Wallace was glad, that he such comfort made,
 Forth talking thus, unto *Dunkeld* they rade.
 Three dayes there they lodged with pleasure,
 While time they had fore-seen their ordinance.
Ramsay gart big great Battailies of tree.
 By good wights, the best of that Countrie.
 When they were wrought, betought them men to lead
 The water down, while they came near that stead.
 Sir *John Ramsay* right goodly was their guide,
 Ruled them well, at his will for to byde :
 The great Hoast then about the village past,
 With earth and stone they filled dykes fast :
 Flaiks they made on timber long and wight,
 A rowm passage to the walls they dight.
 Feil Battailies right strongly up they rose,
 With men of arms soon to assaile he goes.
 Sir *John the Graham*, and *Ramsay* that was wight,
 The turate bridge assiedged in all their might.
 And *Wallace* self at mid-side of the town,
 Good men of arms that was to bargan bown.
 The *Sutheron* men made great defence that tyde,
 With artailie that fellon was to bide :
 With tablaster ganzie and stones fast,
 And hand guns right brimly out they cast :
 Funziet with spears as men of arms keen.
 The noble *Scots* that worthy ay have been,
 And hand straiks fra they together met,
 With *Sutheron* blood their weapons soon they wet,
 Yet *Englishmen* that worthy were in wear,
 Into that flour right boldly can them bear :
 But all for nought availed them that deed,
 The *Scots* through force upon them in they yeed :
 A thousand men over wals yeed hastily,
 Into the town rose hideous noise and cry.
Ramsay and *Graham* the turate gate hath win,
 And entred in, where great strife did begin,
 A true Squyer, which *Ruthwen* heght to name.
 Came to the assault with good Sir *John Graham*,

Thirty with him, of men that proved well,
Amongst their foes, with weapons stiff as steel.
When that the *Scots* assembled on either side,
No *Sutheron* was that might their dints abide:
Two thousand soon were foyled under feet,
Of *Sutheron* blood they sticked in the street.
Sir *John Psewart* saw well the town was tint,
Took him to flight, and would no longer flint,
In a light barge, and with him men sixtie,
The water down, fought succour to *Dundie*.
Wallace bode still while the fourth day at morn.
And left none there, that was of *England* born.
Riches they got, both gold and other good,
Plenisht the town again with *Scots* blood.
Ruthwen he left their Captain for to be,
In heritage gave him the office of fee,
Of all *Strathern*, and Sheriff of the town,
Then in the North good *Wallace* made him bown.
In *Aberdeen* he gart a counsel cry,
True *Scottish-men* should assemble hastilie,
To *Cowper* he rade, to visit that Abbay:
The *English* Abbot was fled from thence away.
Bishop *Sinkler* without longer abade,
Met them at *Glams*, syn forth with them he rade:
Into *Brecbin* they lodged all that night.
Soon on the morn *Wallace* gart graith at right,
Displayed abroad the Banner of *Scotland*,
In good array with noble men at hand.
Caus'd plainly cry, that saved should be none
Of *Sutheron* blood, where they might be overgone.
In plain battel throughout the *Merns* they rade.
The *Englishmen* that durst not them abide.
Before the Hoast full fearedly they flee
To *Dunnottter*, a strength within the sea.
No further they might win out of the Land,
They sembled there, while they were four thousand.
To the Kirk they ran, and thought girth to have tane,
The lave remained upon the rock of stane:
The Bishop then began treaty to ma,
Their lives to get, out of the land to ga:
But they were red, and durst not well assay:
Wallace in fire caus'd set all hastily,

Burnt up the Kirk, and all that was therein :
Attour the rock the lave ran with great din.
Some hung on craigs right dolefully to die :
Some lap, some fell, some fluttered in the sea :
No *Sutheron* on life was leaved in that hold,
And they within were burnt to powder cold.
When this was done, they fell on knees down.
At the Bishop asked absolution.
Then *Wallace* leugh, and said, I forgive you all:
Are ye war-men that repents for so small?
They rewed us not within the town of *Aire*,
Our true Barrons when that they hanged there.
To *Aberdeen* then safely can they pass,
Where *Englishmen* right busie flitting was.
An hundred ships that rather bear and aire,
To turse their goods in haven were byding there.
But *Wallace* Host came on them suddenly,
There scaped none of all that great Navy :
But feil servants in them was lived none,
At an eb sea the *Scots* is on them gone,
Took out the gear, then set the ships on fire,
The men on land they burnt both bone and lyre.
Yeed none away, but priests, wives, and bairns :
Made they debate, they scaped none but harms.
Into *Buchan Wallace* made him to ryde,
Where Lord *Bewmont* was ordained to abyde :
Earl he was but of short time before,
He brooked it not for all his bousteous shore.
When he wist well that *Wallace* coming was,
He left the land, and came to *Slanis* pass,
And then by ship fled in *England* again.
Wallace rade through the North land into plain :
At *Cromarty* feil *Englishmen* they slew,
The worthy *Scots* unto him could persue.
Returned again, and came to *Aberdeen*,
With his blyth Hoast, upon the *Lammas* even.
Establisht the Land, as he thought best to be,
Then with an Hoast he passed to *Dundie*.

C H A P. IV.

*How Wallace laid a sledge to Dundie, and gave
battel to Kirkingham, Thesaurer to King
Edward, and the Earl of Warran, at Ster-
ling-bridge.*

G Art set a sledge about the castle strang.
I leave him there, and further will I gang.
Sir Aymer Wallange halted him full fast,
Into England with his whole household past.
Bothwel he left, was Murrays heritage,
And took him then to go to Edwards wage.
Thus his own land he left for evermair,
Of Wallace deed great tydings told he there.
Als Englishmen sore mourned in their mood,
That losed here both life, lands, and good :
Edward as then could not in Scotland fare,
But Kirkingham that was his Thesaurer,
With him a Lord that Earl was of Warran,
He charged them with numbers many an,
Right well beseen in Scotland for to ryde,
At Sterling still ordained them to byde,
While he might come with ordinance of England :
Scotland again he thought to take in hand.
This Hoast past forth, and had but little dread,
The Earl Patrick received them at Tweed.
Malice he had at good Wallace before,
Long time by past, and that increased more :
But through a case it h. pned of his wife,
Dumbar from him she held it into a strife,
Through the supply of Wallace into plain,
But he by means got this castle again :
Long time ere then, and yet he could not cease,
Against Wallace he proved in many a preasse,
With Englishmen supplied them at his might,
Contrair Scotland they wrought full great unright.
Their muster then was awful for to see.
Of fighting men thousands there were sixtie:
To Sterling bridge ere they liked to byde,
To Earl Malcom a sledge they laid that tyde,

And

And thought to keep the command of their King :
But good *Wallace* wrought for another thing.
Dundie he left, and made a good Chiftain,
With two thousand to keep that house of ftane.
Of North-land men, and dwellers at *Dundie*,
The famine night to *Saint Johnstoun* went he.
Upon the morn to *Sheriff-mure* he rode,
And there a while in good array he bode.
Sir *John* the *Graham* said, we have undertane,
With lefs power, fuch thing that well is gane.
Then *Wallace* said, where fuch things comes of need,
We fhould thank God that makes us for to fpeed,
But near the bridge my purpofe is to be,
And work for them fome fubtile jeopardie.
Wallace answered, the bridge we may keep well,
Of way about, the *Sutheron* have little foil.
Wallace fent *Jop* the battel for to let,
To tuesday next to fight withoutten let :
On faturday unto the bridge they rade,
Of good plain boords was well and jointly made.
Gart watches wait, that none fhould to them pafs.
A wright he took, the fubtileft that was,
And ordained him to faw the boards in two,
By the mid tref, that none might over it go :
On cornal bands nailed it full foon,
Then filled it with clay, as nothing had been done.
The other end he ordained for to be,
How it fhould ftand upon rollers of tree,
When one were out, that the reft down fhould fall,
Himself under, he ordained there withal,
Bound on the tref, in a cradle to fit,
To loofe the pin, when *Wallace* let him wit,
But with an horn, when it was time to be,
In all the Hoaft no man fhould blow but he,
The day approached of the great battel,
The *Englifhmen* for power would not fail :
Ay fix they were againft one of *Wallace*,
Fifty thoufand made them to battel place,
The remnent bade at the caftle ftill,
Both field and houfe they thought to keep at will :
The worthy *Scots* upon the other fide,
The plain field took, on foot made them to bide,

Hew *Kirkingham* the vanguard then led he,
With twenty thousand of likely men to see.
Thirty thousand the Earl of *Warran* had,
But he did then as the wise man him bade :
And the first Hoast before him over was send.
Some *Scotsmen* that well the matter kend,
Bade *Wallace* blow, and said, they were anew.
He halted not, but sadly could persue,
While *Warrans* Hoast thick on the bridge he saw :
From *Jop* the horn he hint, and could it blaw.
So asperly, and warned good *John Wright* :
The roller out he strake then with great slight :
The rest yeed down, when that the pin out goes.
An hideous cry amongst the people rose :
Both horse and man into the water fell.
The hardy *Scots* that would no longer dwell,
Set on the rest with straits sad and fair,
Of them thereover as then sowered they were,
At the fore breast they proved hardilie,
Wallace, and *Graham*, *Boyd*, *Ramsay*, and *Lundie*,
All in the flour fighting face for face.
The *Sutheron* back retired in that place,
At the first straik five aiker broad and more.
Wallace on foot a great sharp sword he bore,
Amongst the thickest of the preals he gaes,
On *Kirkingham* a straik he chosen hes,
In the birnisht that polisht was full bright,
The prunzeing head the plates pierced right,
Through the body sticket him but rescue :
Derfly to death that Chiftrain was adue.
Both man and horse at that straik he bare down.
The *English* Hoast that were in battel bown,
Comfort they tint when their Chiftrain was slain,
And many one began to flee in plain :
Yet worthy men bade still into that stead,
While ten thousand were brought unto the dead.
Then fled the lave, and might no longer bide,
Succour they sought in many divers side :
Some East, some West, and some fled to the North :
Seven thousand whole at once fluttered in *Forth*,
Plunged in deep, drowned without mercie,
None left on life of all that whole menzie.

Of *Wallace* Hoast no man was slain of vail,
 But *Andrew Murray*, into that strong battel.
 The South part then that saw their men was tint,
 All fiercely fled, as fire doth from the flint.
 The place hath left, *Striviling* Cattle and Town,
 Toward *Dumbar* in great haste made them bown,
 When *VWallace* Hoast had won the field by might,
 Took up the bridge, and loosed good *John VVright*,
 On the flyers then followed wonder fast,
 Earl of *Malcom* als out of the Castle past,
 With *Lennox* men, to stuff the chase good speed,
 Ay by the way they gart feil *Sutheron* bleed.
 In the *Tor-wood* they gart full many die.
 The Earl of *VVarran* then can full fiercely flee.
 With *Corspatrick* that graithly can him guide,
 Unchanging horse out through the land they ride,
 Streight to *Dumbar*, but few with them they led.
 Many were slain overslothfully; that fled.
 The *Scottish* horse had run full wonder lang,
 Many gave over, and might no further gang.
VWallace and *Graham* ever together bade,
 At *Haddingtown* full great slaughter they made
 Of *Englishmen*, when their horse tyred had.
 When *Ramsay* came, good *VWallace* was still glad.
 With him was *Boyd*, and *Richart* of *Lundie*,
 Three hundred whole was of good Chevalrie.
 And *Adam VWallace* als of *Richartown*,
 With Earl *Malcom* they found at *Haddingtown*.
 The *Scottishmen* on slaughter tarried was,
 While to *Dumbar* the two Chiffrains could pass:
 Full spiteful were for their contrary case.
Wallace followed, while they got in that place.
 Of their best men, and *Kirkingham* of renown,
 Thirty thousand: was dead but redemption,
 Beside *Beltown* *Wallace* returned again
 To follow more, then was it but in vain.
IN *Haddingtown* lodging he bade all night.
 Upon the morn to *Striviling* passed right:
 On the Assumption day besel this case,
 Ay loved be the Lord of his good grace:
 Convoyer oft he was to good *Wallace*,
 And helped him in many sudden place.

Wallace in halte soon after this battel,
 A great oath took of all the Barrons hail,
 That with good will would come to his presence,
 He heght them als to byde at their defence :
 Sir John Menteith was then of Arran Lord,
 To Wallace came, and made a plain concord :
 With witness there with his oath he him band,
 Lawty to keep to Wallace and Scotland :
 Who would not with free will to right apply,
 Wallace by force punisht them rigorously :
 Part put to death, part put in prison strang,
 Great word of him through both these Realms rang :
 Dundie they got soon by a short treaty,
 But for their lives they fled away by sea.

English Captains that houses had in hand,
 Left Castles free, and stole out of the Land.
 Within ten days after this time was gone,
 English Captains in Scotland then was none,
 Except Barwick and Roxburgh Castles wight,
 Yet Wallace thought to bring them to the right.

That time there was a worthy true Barron,
 To name he heght Christel of Setoun.

In Jedburgh wood, for safety he had been,
 Against Sutherland full well he could conteen.
 Edward could not from Scots faith him get,
 Though they a million gave of gold well met.
 Heabottel fled from Jedburgh castle wight,
 Towards England, there Setoun met him right,
 With fourty Men Christel in bargain bade,
 Against seven score, and meikle mastery made :
 Slew that Captain, and many cruel Man,
 Full great riches in that journey he wan.
 Household and gold, as they should pass away,
 The which before they kepted many a day.
 Jedburgh he took, and Ruthven leaved he,
 At Wallace will their Captain for to be.
 Bold Setoun then to Lowthian made repair,
 In this story ye may hear of him maire;
 And into Bruce, who liketh for to read,
 He was with him in many cruel deed.
 Good Wallace then full sadly can devise,
 To rule the land, with worthy Men and wise.

Captains he made, and Sheriffs that were good,
 Part of his Kin, and of other true blood,
 His dear Cousin in *Edinburgh* ordained he,
 The true *Crawfurd*, that ay was full worthie,
 Keeper at it with noble Men at wage,
 In *Manwel* then he had good heritage,
Scotland was free, that long in bail had been,
Wallace it wan from our false enemies keen :
 Great Governour of *Scotland* he could reign,
 Waiting a time to get his righteous King,
 From *Englishmen* that held him in a bandoun,
 Long wrongfully from his own righteous crown,
The end of the seventh Book.

The Eight BOOK.

C H A P. I.

How Wallace put Corspatrick out of Scotland.

FIve moneths thus *Scotland* stood in good rest,
 A counsel cry'd, them thought it was the best,
 In *Sain t Johnston*, where it should holden be,
 Assembled Clerk, Barron, and Burges free :
 But *Corspatrick* would not come at their call,
 Bade in *Dumbar*, and made scorn of them all.
 They spake of him feil Lords of that Parliament.
 Then *Wallace* said, will ye hereto consent,
 Forgive him free all things that is bypast,
 So he will come, and grant he hath trespass,
 From this time forth keep lawty to our crown :
 They granted thereto, Clerk, Burges and Barron :
 With whole consent their writing to him send,
 Right lowly thus they them to him commend,
 Belought him fair, as one then of the land,
 To come and take some governance in hand.
 Lightly he leugh, in scorn as it had been,
 And said he had such messlage seldom seen,
 That *Wallace* now as Governour should reign :
 Here is great fault of a good Prince or King.
 That King of *Kyle* I cannot understand,
 Of him I never held a fur of land :

That

That Bauchler trows, for Fortune knows her wheel,
 Therewith to last, it shall not long be well:
 But to you Lords, and ye will understand,
 I make you wise, I ought to make no band:
 Als free I am in this Region to reign,
 Lord of mine own, as ever was Prince or King:
 In *England* als great part of land I have,
 Man-rent thereof will no man of me crave.
 What will ye more? I warn you, I am free,
 For your summons, ye get no more of me.
 To *Saint Johnstoun* this writ he sent again,
 Before the Lords, was manifest in plain.
 When *VWallace* heard the Earl such answer makes
 A great heat through courage then he takes:
 For he wist well there could be but one King
 Of this Region at once for to reign.
 A King of *Kyle*, for that he call'd *VWallace*:
 Lords, he said, this is an uncouth case:
 Be he suffered, we are worse than he was.
 Thus rose he up, and made him for to pass:
 God hath us tholed to do so for the lave,
 On life or death, in faith we shall him have:
 Or gar him grant whom he holds for his Lord,
 Or else were shame in story to record.
 I vow to God, with ease he shall not be,
 Into this Realm, but one of us shall die.
 Less then he come, and know his righteous King,
 In this Region well both we shall not reign:
 His lightly scorn he shall repent full sore:
 But power-fail, or I shall end therefore.
 Since in this earth is ordained me no rest,
 Now God be judge, the right he knoweth best.
 At that counsel he longer tarried nought,
 With his two hundred from *Saint Johnstoun* he sought
 To the Counsel made instance e're he yeed,
 They should contain, and of him have no dread:
 I am but one, and for good cause I ga-
 Toward *Kinghorn* the gainest way they ta:
 Upon the mornover *Forth* South they past:
 On his voyage, he hasted wonder fast.
 Robert *Lawder* at *Musselbrugh* met *VWallace*:
 From *Englishmen* he kepted well his place.

Could none him treat, Knight, Squyer, nor yet Lord
 With King *Edward* for to be at concord.
 On Earl *Patrick* to pass he was full glad.
 Some said before, the *Basse* he would have had.
 Good men came als with *Christel* of *Setoun*,
 Then *Wallace* was four hundred of renown.
 A Squyer *Lyle* that well the countrey knew,
 With twenty men to *Wallace* could persue,
 Beside *Lyntoun*, and to them told he than,
 That Earl *Patrick* with many likely man,
 At *Cokburns* path he had his gathering made,
 And to *Dumbar* would come withouten bade.
 Then *Lawder* said, It were the best, thinks me,
 Faster to pass in *Dumbar* ere he be.
Wallace answered, we may at leasure ryde,
 With yon power he thinks bargane to byde.
 And of one thing ye shall well understand,
 An hardier Lord is not within our land.
 Might he be made true stedfast to our King,
 By wit and force he can do meikle thing:
 But wilfully he likes to tyne himsel.
 Thus rode they forth, and would no longer dwell,
 By East *Dumbar*, where men them told on case,
 How Earl *Patrick* was warned of *Wallace*:
 Near *Innerweik* choosed a field at wail,
 With nine hundred of likely men but fail.
 Four hundred was with *Wallace* in the right,
 And then anon approached in their sight:
 Great fault was there of good treaty between,
 To make concord, and that full soon was seen,
 Without rehearse of action in that tyde,
 On either part together fast they ryde.
 The stour was strong, and wonder chevalrous,
 Continued long with deeds perious.
 Many there died of cruel *Scots* blood.
 Of this treaty the matter is not good.
 Therefore I cease to tell the destruction:
 Pity it was, and all of one nation.
 But Earl *Patrick* the field left at the last,
 Right few with him to *Cokburns* path there past:
 Agrieved sore that his men thus were tint.
Wallace returned, and would no longer stint,

Toward

Lord

Toward *Dumbar*, where soothfast men him told,
 No purveyance was left into that hold,
 Nor men of fence, all had been with their Lord,
 When *Wallace* heard the sicker true record,
Dumbar he took all whole at his bandoun,
 Gave it to keep to *Christel* of *Setoun*,
 Who stufed it with men and good victual.
 Upon the morn, *Wallace* that would not fail,
 With three hundred to *Cokburns* path he sought,
 Earl *Patrick* ished, for bide him would he nought.
 Soon to the Park *Wallace* a range hath set,
 To *Bonkel* wood *Corspatrick* fled but let:
 And out of it to *Norham* passed he,
 Then *Wallace* saw it might no better be,
 To *Caldersferm* rode, and lodged him on *Tweed*,
 Earl *Patrick* then in all haste can him speed,
 And passed by, e're *Wallace* power rose,
 Without resting to *Etrick* forrest goes.
Wallace followed, but he would not assail,
 A range to make, as then it might not vail:
 Over few he had, the strength was thick and strong,
 Twelve miles of breadth, and thereto twice as long,
 Into *Cokholme* Earl *Patrick* bode at rest,
 For more power *Wallace* past in the West.
 Earl *Patrick* then him graithed hastily,
 In *England* past to get him there supply:
 Out through the land right earnestly could pass,
 To *Anthony Beik* that Lord of *Durham* was:
Wallace put him out of *Glasgow* before,
 And slew *Perfie*, their malice was the more.
 And Bishop *Beik* gart soon great power rise,
Northumberland upon an awful wise,
 They ordained *Bruce* in *Scotland* for to pass,
 To win his own, but evil deceived he was:
 They gart him trow that *Wallace* was rebel,
 And thought to take the *Kingrick* to himsel:
 For false they were, and ever yet hath been,
 Lawty and truth was ever in *Wallace* seen.
 To fend their right was all he took in hand,
 And thought to bring *Bruce* free to his land,
 Of this matter as now I tarry nought.
 With strong power *Sutherland* together sought,

Toward

From *Oyfs* water assembled whole in *Tweed*,
 The land Host was thirty thousand indeed :
 Off *Thames* mouth sent ships by the sea,
 To keep *Dumbar*, that none should them supply :
 Earl *Patrick* past but twenty thousand but let,
 Before *Dumbar* a stalwart siege he set.
 The Bishop *Beik* and *Robert Bruce* bade still,
 With ten thousand in *Norham* at their will.
Wallace by this that fast was labourand,
 In *Lowthian* came with good Men five thousand,
 Right well beseen into their armour bright,
 Thought to rescue the *Setoun* bold and wight.
 Under *Tester* that first night lodged he,
Hay came to him with a good Chevalrie :
 In *Down* forreft all that time he had been.
 He had the coming of the *Sutheron* seen.
 Fifty he had of wise Men into wear,
 They told *Wallace* of *Patrick's* great effear.
Hay said, Forsooth and ye might him overset,
 Power again right soon he might not get.
 My counsel is, that ye give him battel.
 He thanked them of comfort and counsel,
 And said, Friend *Hay*, in this cause that I wend,
 So that we win, I reke not for to end :
 Right sooth it is that once we must die,
 Into the right, who should in terror be ?
 Earl *Patrick* there a Messenger gart pass,
 Told *Anthony* that *Wallace* coming was.
 Of these tidings the Bishop was full glad.
 Amends of him full fain he would have had :
 But more prolong through *Lammer-mure* they rade,
 Near the *Spot-mure* in bushment still he bade,
 Where Earl *Patrick* then ordained for to be.
Wallace on *Beik* onwarned then was he,
 Yet he beforewas not hast y indeed :
 But then he put both him and his in dread.
 Upon swift horse scurriours rode between.
 The coming then of Earl *Patrick* hath seen :
 The house is left, and to the mure is gane,
 A plain field with his Host hath he tane.
 Good *Setoun* then ished with few menzie,
 Part of his Men into *Dumbar* left he,

To *Wallace* rode, was on the righteous side,
In good array to *Spots-mure* they ride.
The *Scots* dread the Earl so many was,
Twenty thousand against so few to pass.
But *Jop* perceived, he bade *Wallace* should bide,
Tyne not your Men, but to some strength ye ride.
And I shall pass to get you power mair :
These are overgood thus lightly for to wear.
Then *Wallace* said, In truth I shall not flee,
For four of his, ay one while I may be :
We are over near such purpose for to take.
A dangerous chase they might upon us make :
Here is twenty with this power this day,
Would him assay, suppose I were away :
Many they are, for God's sake be we strong,
Yon *Sutheron* Folk in flour will not bide long.

C H A P. II.

*How Corspatrick brought into Scotland Bishop
Beik, and Robert the Bruce : and how Wal-
lace gave them battel, and put them out of
Scotland.*

THe brim battel braithly on either side,
Great rierd there rose over all where that they
The fore sembly when they together met, (ride
Feil straits there they sadly on other set :
Prunzeing spears through plates preassed fast,
Many off horse down to the ground they cast :
Saddles they tine off horse, but Masters there,
Of the south-side five thousand down they bare,
Good *VWallace* Host the foremost cumbered so,
That the rest was in will away to go :
Earl *Patrick* bode so cruel of intent,
All his whole Host of him took hardiment :
Against *VWallace* in many flour was he :
Wallace knew well that his Men would not flee,
For no power that living was on live.
While they on hail might be one ay for five :
In that great strife many were handled hair,
The feil dints, the cruel hard debate :

The feirs striking made many grievous wound,
 Upon the earth the blood made to abound.
 All *Wallace* Hoast into a compass bade.
 Where they turned, full great slaughter they made.
Wallace and *Graham* with *Ramsay* full worthie,
 The bold *Setoun*, and *Richard* of *Lundie*,
 And *Adam* als of *Richartown*,
 Both *Hay* and *Lyle*, with good men of renown:
Boyd, *Barkley*, *Baird*, and *Lawder* that was wight,
 Feil *Englishmen* derfly to death they dight.
 But *Earl Patrick* full fiercely fought again,
 Through his own hand many he put to pain:
 Our men on him throng forward into thro,
 Made through the Hoast feil slops to and fro.
 The *Englishmen* began plainly to flee,
 Then *Bishop Beik* full suddenly they see:
 And *Robert Bruce* contrair his native men:
Wallace was wo, fra time he could him ken:
 Of *Bruces* deeds he was agrieved mair,
 Than all the lave that day that sembled there.
 The great bushment at once then brake on breed,
 Ten thousand whole that doughty were indeed:
 The fliers then with *Earl Patrick* relieved,
 They fought again, where many were mischieved.
 When *Wallace* saw the bushment broken was,
 Out of the field on horse he thought to pass:
 But he saw well his Hoast found in their weed:
 He thought to fray the foremost ere he yeed.
 The new come Hoast about him sembled there,
 On either side with straiks sad and fair.
 The worthy *Scots* so fiercely fought again,
 Of *Anthonies* men full many have they slain:
 But that Tyrant so used was in wear,
 On *Wallace* Hoast he did full meikle dear:
 And the bold *Bruce*, so cruelly wrought he,
 Through strength of hand feil *Scots* gart he die.
 To resist *Bruce*, *Wallace* he preassed fast,
 But *Englishmen* so thick between them past:
 And *Earl Patrick* in all the haste he mought,
 Throughout the stour to *Wallace* soon they fought,
 On the pesant a fellon straik him gave,
 Carved the plate, with his sharp grounden glave,
 Thro ugh

Through all the stuff, and wounded him some deal,
 But *Wallace* thought he should be venged well,
 Followed on him, and a strake etled fast,
 But one *Maitland* reckless between them past:
 Upon the head good *Wallace* hath him tane,
 Through head and brain in sunder strake the bane.
 Dead to the ground at that strake he him drave:
 Thus *Wallace* was delivered from the lave
 Of his good men, amongst them him alone:
 About him sought feil enemies many one.
 Sticked his horse, to ground behoved to light,
 To fend himself as wisely as he might.
 The worthy *Scots* that might no longer byde,
 With heavy hearts out of the field they ryde,
 With them in fear they weened *Wallace* had been:
 On foot he was amongst his enemies keen:
 Good rowm he made about him into breed,
 With his good sword that helped him in need:
 Was none so strong that got of him a straik,
 After again made never the *Scots* wraik.
 Earl *Patrick* then that had great craft in wear,
 With spears ordain'd good *Wallace* down to bear:
 Anew they took were whole into the field,
 To him they yeed, thought he should have no bold.
 On either side fast prunzeing at his gear:
 He hewed off heads, and wisely could him wear.
 The worthy *Scots* of this then little wist,
 Sought to good *Graham*, when they their chistain mist
Lawder and *Lyle* and *Hay*, that were so wight,
 And bold *Ramsay*, which was a worthy Knight:
Lundie and *Boyd*, and *Christel* of *Seton*,
 With five hundred that were in bargain boun.
 Him to rescue, rudely in they rade,
 About *Wallace* large rowm they made.
 The Bishop *Beik* was braithly horn to cird.
 At that rescue, there was a fellon reird.
 Ere he got up, feil *Sutheron* they flew,
 Out of the preais *Wallace* they can rescue,
 Soon horsed him upon a courser wight,
 Toward a strength they rade in all their might,
 Right wisely fled rescuing many man.
 The Earl *Patrick* to stuff the chase began,

On the fliers there little harm they wrought,
 Good *VWallace* Folk away together fought
 The five hundred of which I spake of air,
 So awfully abandoned them and fair:
 No follower durst from his fellow ga,
 The good fliers such turning in they ma,
 Four thousand whole had tane the strength before,
 Of *VWallace* Host, his comfort was the more,
 Of *Gladaften* that forrest thought to hold.
 Earl *Patrick* turned, though he were never so bold,
 Again to *Beik*, when scaped was *VWallace*,
 Cursing fortune of his mischanceful case.
 The field he wan, and seven thousand were lost,
 Dead on that day, for all the Bishops boast.
 Of *VWallace* Men five hundred slain I gess,
 But no Chiftain, his mourning was the less.
 Near even it was, but *Beik* would not abide,
 In *Lammer-mure* they turned in that tide,
 Their lodging where he thought to avail,
 For well they trowed the *Scots* would assail,
 Upon the field, where they gave battel last.
 The countrey-men to *VWallace* gathered fast.
 Of *Edinburgh* with *Crawfurd* that was wight,
 Four hundred came into their armour bright:
 To *VWallace* rod, by his lodging was tane.
 Of *Trivdale* came good Men many ane.
 Out of *Jedburgh* with *Ruthven* at that tide,
 Together fought from many divers side.
 Sir *VWilliam* then that Lord was of *Douglas*,
 With him fourscore that night came to *VWallace*.
 Twenty hundred of new Men met that night,
 Upon their Foes to venge them at their might.
 At the first field these good Men had not been,
VWallace watches their adversaries hath seen,
 Into what wise they had their lodging made.
Wallace bowned after supper but bade,
 In *Lammer-mure* they passed hastily,
 Soon to array yeed his good Chevalry.
Wallace them made in two parts to be,
 Sir *John* the *Graham* and *Setoun* ordained he,
Lawder and *Hay* with three thousand to ride,
 Himself the rest took wisely for to guide.

With him *Lundie*, both *Ramsay* and *Douglas*,
Barclay and *Boyd*, and good *Adam VWallace*.
 By this the day approached wonder near,
 And hight *Titan* in presence can appear :
 The *Scottish* Host soon sembled into fight
 Of their Enemies, they were not ready dight :
 Out of array feil of the *Sutheron* was :
 Right awfully *VWallace* can on them pass.
 At this entry the *Scots* so well them bare,,
 Feil of their Foes to death were brittened there.
 Reckless they rose, and many fled away :
 Some on the ground were smored where they lay :
 Great noise and cry was raised them among ;
 Good *Graham* came, that stalwart was and strong.
 Fra *VWallace* Men were well together met,
 On the south part so awfully they set.
 In contrair them the frayed Folk might not stand,
 At once their fled of *Sutheron* ten thousand.
 The worthy *Scots* wrought upon such a wise.
Jop said, that they were worthy for to prise.
 Yet *Bishop Beik*, that fellon tyrant strong,
 Bode in the stour right awfully and long.
 A Knight *Skeltoun*, that cruel was and keen,
 Before him stood into his armour sheen,
 To fend his Lord, full worthily he wrought :
Lundie him saw, and sadly to him sought :
 With his good sword an ackward straik him gave.
 Through pesan stuff his craig in sunder drave :
 Whereof the rest were stonilht in that stead.
 The bold *Skeltoun* of *Lundies* hand was dead.
 Then fled they all, and might no longer bide,
Patrick and *Beik* away with *Bruce* they ride,
 Five thousand held into a sloop away,
 To *Norham* house in all the hast they may.
 Our Men followed that were worthy and wight,
 Many fliers to death they derfly dight.
 These three Lords to the castle they sought,
 Full feil that losed that were from *England* brought,
 At this journey twenty thousand they tint,
 Drowned and slain with spears and swords dint.
 The *Scots* at *Tweed* they hasted them so fast,
 Feil *Sutheron* Men to wrong foords they pass,

Wallace returned, in *Norham* when they were,
 For worthy *Bruce* his heart was wonder fair.
 He had rather have had him at his large,
 Free of our Crown, than of fine gold to charge
 More than in *Troy* was when the *Greeks* it wan.
Wallace passed with many awful man
 Over *Patricks* land, and wasted wonder fast :
 Took out great goods, and places down can cast.
 His steeds twelve, that *Metbamis* were call'd,
Wallace gart break those burely buildings bald :
 Both in the *Mers*, and also *Lowthian*,
 Except *Dumbar*, standing he leaved nane.
 To *Edinburgh* then upon the eighth day,
 Upon the morn *Wallace* without delay,
 To *Perth* past where a counsel was set.
 To the Barrons he shewed withoutten let,
 How his great vow right well eschewed was :
 To a Master he gart *Earl Patrick* pass,
 Because he said of *Scotland* he held nought :
 To King *Edward* to get supply he fought
 The Lords were blyth, and welcomed *Wallace*.]
 Thanking great God of his fair happy case.
Wallace took state to govern all *Scotland*,
 The barnage whole made him an open hand :
 Then dealt the land to good men him about,
 For *Scotland's* right had set their lives in doubt,
Scaintown he gave to *Lawder* in his wage,
 The Knight *Wallange* ought it in heritage.
 Then *Birgem-crook* he gave *Lyle* that was wight,
 To *Skrymiger* als full good reward he dight :
 Then *Wallace* town, and other lands theretil,
 To worthy men he dealt with noble will.
 To his own kin no heritage gave he,
 But offices, that every man might see,
 For covetice there could no man him blame,
 He bade reward, while the King should come hame :
 Of all he did, he thought to byde the Law,
 Before his King and Master when he saw.
Scotland was blyth, in dolour had been lang,
 In every part to good labour they gang.

C H A P. III.

How Wallace past into England, and remained there three Quarters of a Year, and came again without Battel.

BY this the time of October was past,
 November near approached wonder fast :
 Tydings there came King Edward grieved was,
 With his power in Scotland thought to pass :
 For Earl Patrick had given such counsel,
 Wallace got wit, and sembled power hail :
 Fourty thousand in Rosin-mure they met.
 Lords, he said, This is King Edwards set,
 In contrair right to seek us in our land :
 I heght to God, and to you by mine hand,
 I shall him meet, for all his great barnage,
 Within England, to fend our heritage.
 His false desire shall on himself be seen,
 He shall us find in contrair of his een.
 Since he with wrong hath riden this Region,
 We shall now pass in contrair of his Crown.
 I will not bide great Lords with us to fare,
 For mine intent plainly I will declare ;
 Our purpose is either to win or die :
 Who yeilds to him, shall never ransomed be,
 The Barrons then him answered worthily,
 And said, They would pass with their Chevalry,
 Himself and *Jop* provided that menzie,
 Twenty thousand of wailed men took he :
 Harnels and horse he gart amongst them wail,
 Weapons anew that might them best avail :
 Graithed these men that cruel were and keen.
 Better in war in world could not be seen :
 He bade the rest in labour for to bide,
 In good array from *Rosing-mure* they ride :
 In their muster, good Wallace could them ask :
 What needeth more in one power to pass ?
 All of one will, as I trow, set are we,
 In plain battel cannot discomfist be :

Our Realm is poor, wasted with *Sutherland* blood,
 Go and win on them gold and other good.
 The Host inclined all with humble will,
 And said, they should his bidding then fulfil.
Earl Malcom with his *Lennox* Men is gone,
 But name of rule in him he would have none:
Wallace him knew a Lord that was worthy,
 At his counsel he wrought full stedfastly:
 Stronger he was if he had battel seen,
 For he before had in good journeys been.
 A Man of strength that hath good wit withal,
 A whole Region may comfort at his call.
 As manly *Hector* wrought into his wear,
 Against an hundred counted was his spear:
 But that was not through his strength only,
 Such rule he left of noble cheualry,
 These examples were worthy for to ken.
Hector I leave, and speak forth of our men,
 The Knight *Campbell* made him to that voyage,
 Of *Lochow* chief that was his heritage:
 And good *Ramsay* forth to that journey went:
 Sir *John* the *Graham* forward in his intent.
Wallace Cousin *Adam* full worthy was,
 And *Robert Boyd* full blithly can they pass.
 Both *Auchinleck*, and *Richard* of *Lundie*,
Lawder and *Hay*, and *Setoun* full worthy.

THis royal Host but resting forth they rode,
 To *Broxes* field, and there a while they bode:
 Then *Wallace* took with him fourty but lies,
 To *Roxburgh* gate rode soon ere they would cease,
Sutherland marvelled it should be *Wallace*,
 Without assurance came to persue that place,
 Of Sir *Rauf Gray* soon presence could he ask,
 And warned him thus, further ere he could pass,
 Our purpose is in *England* for to ride,
 No time we have of sieging for to bide:
 Take heed and heer of our coming again,
 Give over this house, send me the keyes in plain,
 This I command, before this witness large,
 If thou wilt not, remain with all the charge:
 But this be done, of force and I take thee,
 Over the wall thou shalt be hanged hee.

With that he turned, and all his Host can wend :
This like command to *Berwick* soon he send,
With good *Ramsay* that was a worthy Knight.
The Host but more right awfully he dight.
Began at *Tweed*, and spared nought they fand,
But burnt by force all whole *Northumberland*.
All *Durham* town they burnt up in a gleid,
Abbays they spared, and Kirks where they yeed.
To *York* they rode, but bode ere they would blin,
To burn and slay of them, he thought no sin :
No sin they thought the same to let us feel.
But *William Wallace* quite our quarrel well :
Forts they wan, and small castles cast down,
With asper weapons payed their ransom.
Of prisoners they liked not to keep :
Whom they overtook, they made their friends to weep.
No *Sutheron* saved for all their great Riches,
All such treachry he called wretchedness.
Unto the gates and suburbs of the town,
Braithly they burnt, and brake their buildings down,
At the walls assayled fifteen days,
While King *Edward* sent to them in this wise,
A Knight, a Clerk, and a Squyer of peace.
And prayed them from burning for to cease,
And heght battel ere fifteen days should pass,
Soverance so long, if he liked to ask.
And als he spiered, Why *VWallace* took in hand,
The fellon strife in defence of *Scotland*,
And said, he marvelled in his wits for they
Against *England* was of so great parry.
Since ye have made so meikle of *Scotland* free,
It were good time for to let Malice be,
VWallace hath heard the messlage say their will,
With manly voice right that he said them till,
Ye may know well that right enough we have,
Of his soverance I covet not to crave :
Because I am a native *Scotsman*,
It is my debt to do all that I can.
To fend of *Kingrik* out of dangering,
To his desire we will grant him something.
Our Host shall cease for ought that may beryde,
These fourty days bargain to abyde,

And

And shall do nought lest then it move in you,
 In this respite my self could never trow.
 King *Edwards* writ under his seal they gave,
 In fourty days that they should battel have.
Wallace then gave credence to their King.
 Their leave they took, then passed but resting.
 And told him whole how *Wallace* let him feel,
 Of their soverance he cared not a deal.
 Such ruled men, so awful in effeir,
 Are not Christen, as he leads into wear,
 The King answered, and said, it should be kend.
 It comes of wit, enemies to commend :
 They are to dread right greatly in certain,
 Sadly they think of harms that they have tane.
 Leave I them thus at counsel with their King,
 And of the *Scots* again to speak something.

W *Allace* tranoynted upon the second day,
 From *Tork* they pass upon a good array :
 North-west they went, in battel busked bown,
 Their lodging they took, beside *Northhallartown*,
 And cryed his peace, their Markers for to stand,
 Those fourty days for people of *England*,
 Who that liked any victual to sell,
 Of all their store was meikle for to tell.
 Sir *Rauff Rymount* Captain of *Miltown* was,
 With great power by night ordained to pass.
 On *Wallace* Host to make some jeopardie.
 Feil *Scotsmen* that dwelt in that Countrie,
 Wist of this thing, and gathered to *Wallace* :
 They made him wise of all this fellow case.
 Good *Lundie* then to him he called there,
 And *Hew the Hay* of *Lochartquart* was air,
 With three thousand that worthily was wrought,
 Then privately on from the Host they sought :
 The men he took, that came to him of new.
 Guides to be, for they the Countrie knew,
 The Host they made in good quiet to be,
 A space from them he busked privatlie :
 Sir *Rauff Rymount* with seven thousand came in,
 Of *Wallace* Host a jeopardie did begin :
 The bushment brake, e're they the Host came near.
 The *Sutheron* men the worthy *Scots* can stear,

Three thousand whole were braithly broght to ground,
Journey they sought, and sickerly have found.
Sir *Rauf Rymount* was sticket on a spear,
Three thousand slain that worthy was in wear.
No *Sutheron* wist when their Chittain was slain,
To *Miltoun* fast they fled in all their main :
Wallace followed fast with his Chevalry,
Amongst *Sutheron* they entred suddenly,
Scots and *Eng lish* into the town at once,
Sutheron Men shot, and braithly cast down stones :
Of their own Men right feil then have they slain.
The *Scots* about that were of meikle main,
Up griessles ran, and seased all the town,
Derfly to death the *Sutheron* dang they down.
Wallace there hath founded great riches,
Jewels and gold, weapons and harness :
Spoiled the town of wine and victual,
To his Host sent with carriage of great vail,
Three days still within the town he bade,
Then broke down work that worthily was made :
Wives and Bairns they put out of the town,
No Man he saved that was of that Nation.
When *Scots* had tane and tursed their desire,
Walls they broke, and set the rest on fire :
The timber work they burnt up all in plain,
On the fourth day to the Host rode again.
Gart cast a dyke that might some strengthing be,
To keep the Host from sudden jeopardie.
Then *Englishmen* was right graithly agast,
From north and south unto the King they past :
At *Pumfret* lay, and held a parliament :
To give battel the Lords would not consent,
But *Wallace* were of *Scotland* crowned King.
Their counsel fand it was a perilous thing,
For though they wan, they wan but as they were.
And if they tint, lost *England* evermair,
In case it were put in the *Scots* hand :
And this decreit their wit amongst them fand,
If *Wallace* would upon him take the crown,
To give battel they should be ready bown.
The famine message to him they sent again.
And their intent they told to him in plain,

Wallace

Wallace them charged from his presence absent,
 His counsel called, and showed them his intent;
 He and his Men desired battle to have,
 By any ways of *England* over the lave:
 Himself said first: that were ane over high thing,
 Against my faith, to reave my righteous King,
 I am his own born native of *Scotland*,
 To wear the crown I will not take in hand,
 To fend my realm it is my debt by skill,
 Let God above reward me as he will.
 Some bade *Wallace* upon him take the crown:
 Wise Men said, Nay, it were derision,
 To crown him King but voice of Parliament,
 For they wilt not if *Scotland* would consent.
 Other some said, it was a wrongous place,
 Thus deemed they of many divers case,
 The Knight *Campbel* of wit a worthy man,
 As I said aire, with them was present then,
 Heard, and answered, when many said their will,
 This were the best, and *Wallace* grant theretil
 To crown him King solemnly for a day,
 To get an end of all our long delay,
 The good Earl *Malcom* said, that *Wallace* might.
 As for one day, in fence of *Scotland's* right,
 Though he refused it lastingly to bear,
 Receive the crown as into fere of wear.
 The People all to him gave their consent:
Malcom of old was Lord of Parliament.
 Yet *Wallace* tholed and let them say their will,
 When they had deemed by many divers skill.
 In his own mind he abhorred this thing.
 The Commons cryed, Make *Wallace* crowned King.
 Then sembled he, and said, it should not be,
 At terms short, ye get no more of me.
 Under colour our answer we must make,
 But such a thing I will not on me take:
 I will you suffer to say that it was swa,
 It were a scorn on me the crown to ta,
 They would not let the message of *England*
 Come them amongst, or they should understand.
 Two Knights past to the message again,
 Made them to trow *Wallace* was crowned in plain:

Gart them trust well that it was soothfast thing :
Delivered thus they passed to their King :
To *Pumfret* went, and told that they had seen,
Wallace crowned, whereof they Lords were teen,
In barret wox in Parliament where they stood.
Then said they all, these tidings are not good :
He did so well in all his time before,
And now their King he will do meikle more.
A fortunate Man, nothing goes him again,
And we give battel, we shall repent with pain.
Another said, and battel will he have,
Or stroy our land, no treasoun may us save,
In his first conquest, since first he couth begin,
He selleth not, but takes that he may win :
For *Englishmen* he sets no doom but dead :
Pryce or pennies may make us no remead.
And *Woodstock* says, ye work not as the wise,
If that ye take not the aysure of supprise :
For though we win all that are in *England*,
The rest are strong against us for to stand.
Be *Wallace* safe, other they count but small,
For that, me think, it were the best of all,
To keep our strengths, castles and walled town,
So we shall fend the Folk of this Region :
Though North be burnt, better of soverance to be
Then set all *England* in a jeopardie.
They granted all as *Woodstock* can them say,
And thus they put the battel in delay.
And cast them whole for other governance,
Against *Wallace* to work some ordinance,
Thus *Wallace* hath in plain discomfist hail,
Against King *Edward* all his whole battel :
For through falshood and his subtilty,
They thought he should for great necessity,
And fault of food, to steal out of the land.
Then this deceit their wit amongst them fand.
They gart the King cry all their markets down,
From *Trent* to *Tweed*, in through fair and free town,
That in the bowns no Man should victual lead,
Such stuff and wine under the pain of dead.
The same decreit they gave in Parliament.
Of *Scots* forth to speak is mine intent.

Wallace lay still while fourty days were gone,
 Abiding them, but appearance saw none,
 Battel to have as their promise was made :
 He gart again display his banner brade :
 Reproved *Edward* greatly of this thing,
 Bauchled his seal, blew out on this false King.
 As re-crying turned back, and yeed his gate,
 Then *Wallace* made full many biggings hate.
 They raised fire, burnt up *Northallartoun*,
 Again through *York-shire* boldly made them bown.
 Destroyed the land as far as ever they rade,
 Seven miles about they burnt on every side,
 And wrought the *Sutherland* many working wound :
 Palaces spilt, great towers can confound.
 Widows weeped with sorrow in their song,
 Maidens mourned with great meaning among.
 They spared none, but Women and the Kirk :
 The worthy *Scots* of labour would not irk,
 Gave to abbays right largely of their good.
 To all Kirk-men they did nothing but good.
 The temporal land they spoiled at their will,
 Good gardens gay, and great orchards they spill.
 To *York* they went these war-Men of renown,
 A siege set they right sadly to the town.
 For great defence they garnisht them within,
 A fell assault without they can begin.

C H A P. IV.

The Siege of York.

Divided the Host in four parts about,
 With watches fell, that no Man should ish out.
 About the town, upon the south-port side,
 Where *Wallace* and good *Lundie* did abide.
 Earl *Malcom* then at the west-gate abade,
 With him the *Boyd* that good journeys had made.
 The Knight *Campbel* of *Lochow* that was Lord,
 At the north gate, and *Ramsay* made them ford,
 Sir *John* the *Graham* that worthy was in wear,
Auchinleck, *Crawford*, with full manly effeir.
 At the east-port boldly they think to bide.
 A thousand Archers upon the *Scots* side.

Dissevered them amongst the four party.
Five thousand bowmen in the town for they,
Within the walls arrayed them full right,
Twelve thousand mo, that seemly was to fight.
Then *Wallace* said, and yond were on a plain,
In field to fight, methinks we should be fain.
Then salzeit they right fast on every side,
The worthy *Scots* that boldly durst abide.
With spear and shield, for guns they had none.
Within the dykes they gart feil *Sutheron* grone,
Arrows they shot right fierce as any fire,
Out over the walls, that flamed in great yre :
Through birnish bright, with heads of fine steel.
The *Sutheron* blood of friendship none they feel,
Over shining harness sought the blood so theen.
The *Englishmen* that cruel were and keen,
Keaped their town, and fended them full fast,
Faggals of fire amongst the Host they cast :
With pick and tar, of feil shoues they sent :
Many were hurt ere they from the walls went,
Stones of spring-holds they did cast down so fast,
And Gads of iron, made many groom agast :
But nevertheless the *Scots* that were without,
The town full oft they set into great doubt.
Their bulwark burnt right brimly of the town.
Their barmkin wan, and great garrets cast down,
Thus sailed they on each side with great might.
The day was gone, and coming was the night.
The weary Host then drew them from the town,
Set out watches, for resting made them boun.
washt wounds with wine, of them that were unsound,
For none was dead, of great mirth they abound.
Feil Men were hurt, but no mourning they made,
Confirmed the siege, and stedfastly abade,
When that the sun on morrow rose up bright.
Before the Chiftains assembled they full right,
And said, amends of the town they should take,
For all the fence that the *Sutheron* might make,
Arrayed again as they began before,
About the town they assailed wonder sore,
With felleon shot out over the walls full sheen :
Feil *Englishmen* that cruel were and keen,

With

With shot were slain, for all their targets strang :
 Burtled helms, many to ground they dang.
 Brime burning fire they cast at every gate,
 The entrie thus in peril oft they set.
 The Defenders were of full great defence,
 Keaped the town through strength and violence :
 All thus the day they drave unto the night,
 To pavilions bowned many weary wight :
 All irk of war, the town was strong to win,
 Of artailzie, and noble Men within.
 When that they trowed the Scots were at rest,
 For jeopardie the *Englishmen* them cast.
 Sir *John Morton* was known worthy and wight,
 Sir *William Leis* then graithed them that night ;
 With five thousand well garnisht and savage,
 Upon the Scots they thought to make skirmage,
 And at the gate ished out hastily,
 On Earl *Malcom*, and his good Chevalry.
 To check the Watch, *Wallace* and ten hath been
 Riding about, and hath their coming seen ;
 He gart one blow was in his company,
 The ready Men arrayed them hastily :
 Feil of the Scots ilk night in harness bade,
 By ordinance, for they such rule had made :
 With short advice together then they went
 Upon their Foes, where feil *Sutheron* were shent,
Wallace knew well the Earl too hasty was,
 For that he sped him in the preals to pass.
 A sword of war into his hand he bare,
 The first he hit, the craig in sunder share.
 Another acward upon the face took he,
 Both nose and front on the field gart he flee.
 The hardy Earl before his Men outpast
 Into the field, where feil were fighting fast.
 A sharing sword he bare drawn to his hand,
 The first was fey that he before him fand.
 When *Wallace* was and he together set,
 There lasted none against them that they met,
 But either dead or fled away them fra :
 By this the Host was in good array :
 With the great scry assembled them about,
 Then stood the *Sutheron* in a fellow doubtr.

Wallace knew well the *Englishmen* would flee,
For thy he thrust in the thickest to be,
Hewing full fast on whomsoever he sought,
Against his dint fine steel availed nought,
Wallace of hand, since *Arthur*, had no maik,
Whom he hit right, was ay dead at one straik;
That was well known in many places where,
Whom *Wallace* hit, they deired *Scots* no mair:
Als all his Men did cruelly and well,
That came to straiks, that might the *Sutheron* feel.
The *Englishmen* fled, and left the field plainly,
The worthy *Scots* wrought there so hardily,
Sir *John Morton* in that place he was dead,
And twelve hundred, but any more remead.
Thus many were left into the field and slain,
The rest returned into the town again:
And rewed full sore that ever they forth could found.
Amongst them was full many working wound.
The Host again each one to their ward rade,
Commanded watch, and no more noise made,
But rested still, while that the bright day dew,
Again began the town to sailzie new.
All this day wrought with full great worthiness,
Assailed sore by wit and hardiness.
The Hosts victual waxed scant, and failed fast,
Thus lay they there while divers days were past:
The land wasted and meat none was to win,
But that wist not the Folk that was therein:
They dread full sore for their own vennison.
For loverance prayed the power of the town,
To speak with *Wallace* then they desired fast,
And he appeared, and spiered, what they askt?
The Major answered, we would pay you ransom,
To pass away, and dear no more the town.
Great shame it were that we should yelden be,
And towns holden of less power than we:
Ye may not win us, long though that ye abide,
We shall give gold, and ye will from us ride.
We may give battel, durst we for our King,
Since he hath left it, were over high a thing
To us to do, without his ordinance,
This town of him we hold in governance.

Wallace

Wallace answered, Of your good reck we nought,
 It is for battel that we hither sought :
 We had rather have battel of *England*,
 Then all the gold that good King *Arthur* fand
 On mount *Michel* when he the Gyant slew.
 Gold may be gone, but worship ay is new :
 The King promis'd that we should battel have,
 His writ thereto under his seal they gave.
 Letter nor band ye see may not avail
 Us for this time, of him to get battel :
 Methink we should on his Men wroken be :
 Upon our Kin many great wrongs wrought he.
 His devil-like deed he wrought into *Scotland*.
 The Major said, Sir right ye thus understand :
 We have no charge but what our King gars us do,
 But in this kind we shall be bound you to :
 Some part of gold to give you with good will,
 And nought after to wait you with none ill.
 By no kin mean the power of this town,
 But if our King make him to battel bown.
 Into the Host was many worthy Man,
 With *Wallace* mo, nor now reckon I can.
 Better it was, for at his will they wrought,
 Though he was best, yet other lake we nought.
 All served thanks to *Scotland* evermair,
 For manlike wit the which they shewed there.
 The whole counsel thus deemed them among,
 The town to siege they thought it was too strong.
 And not a way to win it by no flight :
 The Counsel found it was the best they might,
 Some gold to take, since that we get na mair
 Then forth away into their voyage fare.
 Then *Wallace* said, My self will not consent,
 But if this town make us this plain consent,
 Take our banner, and set it on the wall,
 For our power this Realm hath ridden all,
 Yelden to be, when we think them to take,
 In *England* long residence if we make.
 This answer soon they sent to the Major,
 And they consented, the remnant that was there :
 The banner took and set it on the town,
 To *Scotland* was heght honour and renown,

The banner there from eight hours unto noon.
 Their finance made, delivered gold full soon.
 Five thousand pound of good gold of *England*,
 The Host received with victual abandond,
 Both bread and wine, right gladly forth they gave,
 And other stuff that they liked to have.
 Twenty days out the Host remained there,
 But want of victual gart them from it fare,
 Yet still at peace the Host had lodged that night,
 While on the morn the Sun was risen bright,
 Into *April* amongst these shaws sheen,
 When that the ground was clad with tender green,
 Pleasant it was to any creature,
 In lusty love this time for to endure.
 The good Women had freedom largely,
 But food was scant, they could get none to buy:
 Turl'd up tents, and to the countrey rade,
 On *Englishmen* full great heirship they made.
 Burnt and brake down, buildings they spared nought,
 Right worthy *Wallace* low to ground they brought.
 All *Myldame* they burnt up in a fire.
 Brake parks down, destroyed all the *Aire*.
 Wild deer they slew, for other beasts were nane,
 These war-men took of vennison good wane.
 Toward the south they turned at the last,
 Made buildings bare, as far as ever they past.
 The Commons all to *London* then they went,
 Before the King, and told him their intent,
 And said, they would, but he gart *Wallace* cease,
 Forsake their faith, and take them to his peace.
 No Herauld there then durst to *Wallace* pass,
 Whereof the King greatly agrieved was.
 Thus *Edward* left his People into vail,
 Contrair *Wallace* he would not give battel,
 Nor bide in field, for ought that they could say,
 Gave over the cause, to *London* past his way.
 At men of wit this question here I ask,
 Amongst Nobles, if ever any was
 So long in *England*, through force, or through case,
 Since *Brutus* death, but battel, but *Wallace*?
 Great *Julius* the Empire had in hand,
 Yet twice on force was put out of *England*.

With *Arthur* als, first of war when he prieved,
 Twise did they fight, suppose they were milchieved.
 Awful *Edward* durst not for *Wallace* bide
 In a plain battel, for all *England* so wide,
 In *London* lay, and took him to his rest,
 And brake his vow: which hold you for the best?
 Deem as ye list, good Men of discretion,
 Right clear it is to resolve this question.
 To my sentence now briefly will I pass:
 When *Wallace* thus through *Tork-shire* journeying was,
 Victual as then was none left in the land,
 But in houses, where it might be warrand:
 The Host thereof abased was to bide,
 Fra food scanted, no pleasure was that tide.
 Some bade turn home and some would farther mair,
Wallace called *Jop*, and said to him right fair,
 Thou knowest the land where most abundance is,
 Be thou our Guide, and then we shall not miss:
 Victual to find, that wot I wonder well,
 Thou hast I trust in *England* meikle feil.
 The King and his strong strengths are gone,
 But jeopardie, now peril have we none.
 Then *Jop* said, Sir, be ye guided by me,
 The plentiest part of *England* ye shall see:
 Of wine and wheat there is in *Richmont-shire*,
 And other stuff for food as ye desire.
 Whereof, I trow, ye shall be well content.
 The Host was glad, and thitherward they went.
 Many true *Scots* was sembled in that land,
 To *VWallace* came well mo than nine thousand,
 Of presoun part, some had in labour wrought,
 From either part full salt to him they sought.
VWallace was blyth of our own native kin,
 That came to him of bail that they were in.
 And all the Host, of comfort was blyther,
 Fra their own folk was multiplying there:
 In *Richmont-shire* they found abundance
 Of bread and ale, with other purveyance:
 Brake parks down, and slew beasts many one,
 Of wild and tame forsooth they spared none.
 Throughout the land they past in good array,
 A seemly place so found they in their way,

Which

Which *Ramswatch* heght, as *Jop* himself then told,
Febew was Lord and Captain in that hold:
 Five hundred men were sembled in that place,
 To save their selves and their goods from *Wallace*
 A royal stead was by the Forrest side,
 With turats fair, and garrats of great pride,
 Buildd about, right likely to be wight,
 With five great towers well buildd to the hight
 Feil men about on walls busked been,
 In good armour that burnisht was full sheen.
 The Host past by, and visited but that place
 Yet they within on loud defied *Wallace*:
 And trumpets blew with many warlike sound.
 Then *Wallace* said, Had we you gallants down
 On the plain ground, they would more sober be.
 Then *Jop* said, Sir, ye gart his brother die,
 In Heraulds weed, ye wot, on *Tinto* hll.
Wallace answered, So would I with good will,
 Had I himself, but we may not him dear,
 Good men may thole of harlots scorn in wear.
 Sir *John* the *Graham* would at the bicker been:
 But *Wallace* soon the peril hath foreseen,
 Commanded him to let his fierceness be,
 We have no men to waste in such degree.
 Would we them harm, I have another gate,
 How we with fire within shall make them heat:
 For fire hath ay been fellon into wear,
 On such a place it may do meikle dear:
 Their bulwark old I see of withered oak,
 Were it on fire, it would not byde a stroak:
 Houses and woods here is enough plentie,
 Who hews best of this Forrest let see.
 Pull houses down, we shall not wein a deal,
 The old timber will gar the green burn well.
 At his command right busily they wrought,
 Great wood in haste about the place they brought,
 The bulwark wan these men of arms bright,
 To the barmkin laid timber upon hight,
 Then bow-men shot, to keep from that cast,
 But they about had fastned fire full fast:
 Women and bairns on *Wallace* loud can cry,
 On knees they fell, and asked him mercy.

At one quarter where fire had not yet tane,
 They took them out of that Castle of Iane,
 Syn bet the fire with brands brim and bold.
 The red flame rose full high about that hold.
 Barrels of pick for fence were hanged there,
 All strake in fire, their mischief was the mair,
 When the brim fire out over the place was past,
 Then they within might neither shoot nor cast:
 Allo bestial of neat and horse within,
 Amongit the fire they made an hideous din.
 The armed men in harness were so heat,
 Some down to ground dushed but more debate.
 Some lay, some fell into the fellon fire,
 Smored to dead, and burnt up bone and lyre.
 The fire brake in at all opens about,
 None bade aloft, so fellon was the doubt:
Fehew himself lap rudely from the hight,
 Through all the fire, can on the barmkin light:
 With a good sword *Wallace* strake off his head,
Jop hint it up, and thrust it from that stead.
 Five hundred men that were into that place,
 Got none away, but dead withoutten grace.
Wallace bade still with his power that night:
 Upon the morn, the fire had failed might,
 Before the gate where it had burnt on breed,
 A path they made, and to the Castle yeed,
 Strake down the gate, and took what they might win,
 Jewels and gold, great riches was therein.
 Spoiled the place, and left nought else there,
 But beasts, burnt bodies, and als walls bare.
 Then took they her that wife was to *Fehew*,
 Gave her command, as she was woman true,
 To turse that head to *London* to King *Edward*.
 She it received with great sorrow in heart.
Wallace himself these charges to her gave:
 Say to your King, but if I battel have,
 At *London* gates we shall assailly fair,
 In this moneth we think for to be there.
 Trust in the truth, will God we shall not fail,
 Unless I cease through charge of our Counsel.
 The South-west part of *England* we shall see,
 But he seek peace, or else bargain with me:

Upon

Upon a time he charged me on this wise,
 Right bousteously to make to him service,
 Such shall he have, as he us cause hath made.
 Then moved they withoutten more abade,
 Delivered she was from this Chevalrie,
 Toward *London* she dight her earnestlie :
 Unto the town but more processe she went,
 Where *Edward* lay, sore moved in his intent :
 His Nevoys head, when he saw it was brought.
 So great sorrow sadly upon him sought,
 With great unease upon his feet he stood,
 Weeping in wo for his dear tender blood.
 The Counsel rose, and prayed him to cease,
 We lose *England*, but if we purchase peace :
 Then *Woodstock* said, This is my best counsel,
 Take peace in time, as for your own avail :
 Ere ye tyme more, we flake of our courage,
 After ye may get help of our barnage.
 The King granted, and bade them message send;
 No man was there that durst to *Wallace* wend.
 The Queen appeared, and saw this great distance :
 Well born she was of the right blood of *France*.
 She trowed well therefore to speed the mair.
 Her self purposed in that message to fare.
 Als she forethought that the King took on hand,
 Against the right so oft to reave *Scotland*.
 And feil men said, the vengeance hapned fair,
 Of great murther his men made into *Aire*,
 Thus deemed they in Counsel them amang,
 To this effect the Queen bowned to gang.
 When she bath seen each man forsake this thing,
 On knzes she fell, and asked at the King :
 Sovereign, she said, if it your wills be,
 That I desire yon Chistain for to see :
 For he is known both worthy, wise, and true :
 Perchance he would rather on women rue,
 Then on your men, they have done him such dear ;
 When he them sees, it moves him ay to wear :
 It may not skaith, although I do not vail,
 To help this land, I would make my travel.
 The Lords all, of her desire was fain,
 Unto the King made instance into plain,

That she might pass. The King with awkward will,
 Halt into yre he gave consent theretil.
 Some of them said, the Queen loved *Wallace*,
 For the great voice of his hie nobleness.
 An hardy man that is seemly withal,
 Great favour will of Fortune to him fall,
 Anent women is seen in many place,
 So happened now in this time of *Wallace*.
 In his rising he was a lover true,
 And choosed one, but *Englishmen* her slew.
 Yet said they nought, the Queen would on her take,
 As for his love such travel for to make.
 Now love or leave, or for help of their land,
 I make rehearse, as I in old writ fand.
 She graithed her upon a goodly wise,
 With gold and gear, and gold at her devise:
 Ladies with her, none other would they send,
 And old priests, that well the countrey kend.
 Leave I the Queen to message ready dight,
 And speak further of *Wallace* travel right.

The worthy *Scots* amongst their enemies rade,
 Destruction great upon them have they made,
 Wasted the land about on either side:
 No war-men then durst in their ways abide.
 They ransomed none, but to the death them dight,
 In many stead many fire broad and bright.
 The Host was glad, and in a good estate,
 No power was that would make them debate.
 Great riches wan of gold and gear theretil,
 Leaving enough to take at their own will.
 In awful fear they travel through the land,
 Made biggings bare that they before them fand.
 Great barmkins brake of steeds stark and strong.
 These wight war-men of travel thought not long,
 South in the Land right earnestly they sought,
 To Saint *Albans*, but harm there did they nought.
 The Pryor sent them wine and vennison,
 Refreshed the Host with great food and fusion.
 The night appeared when they were at that place,
 Then harbored they from thence a little space.
 Choosed a stead where they should bide all night.
 Tents on ground, and pavilions proudly pight,

Into a vail beside a river faire,
On either side where wild beasts made repara.
Set watches out, that wisely could them keep,
To supper went, and timeously could sleep,
Of meat and drink they have sufficiency.
The night was short, overdrave the darkful chance.

C H A P. V.

*How the Queen of England came and spake with
Wallace.*

THe merry day sprang up from the Orient,
With beams bright illuminate the Occident,
After *Titan*, *Phæbus* upraised faire,
High in his Sphear the signs made declare.
Zephyrus began his mighty morrow course,
The sweat vapour did from the ground resource,
The donk dew from the heaven down did vail,
In every meid, both firth, forrest and dail:
The fresh river amongst the rocks rang,
Through green branches, where birds blythly sang,
With joyous voice in heavenly harmony:
Then *Wallace* thought it was no time to ly;
He blessed him, then suddenly up he rose,
To take the air, out of his tent he goes.
Master *John Blair* was ready hastily,
To Gods service bowed right reverently.
When that was done, *Wallace* could him array
In his armour, which was both good and gay.
His shining shield that birnisht was full been,
His leg-harnesse that clasped was full clean;
Pullanes gries he clasped on full fast:
A clos birney with many sickle cast.
Breast-plate, braisses, that worthy were in wear,
Beside him forth *Jop* could his banner bear:
His glittering gloves graven on either side,
He seemed well in battel for to bide.
A good girdle, and then a burely brand,
A staff of steel he gripped in his hand,
The Host him blessed, and prayed God of his grace,
Him to convoy from all mistempered case.

Adam Wallace and *Boyd* forth with him yeed,
 Endlong a river, out through a forreitt meid :
 And as they walked out over the fields green,
 Out of the South they saw where that the *Queen*,
 Towards the Host came riding soberly,
 Fifty Ladies were in her company.
 Wailed of wit, and deemed of renown,
 Some widows were, and some of Religion.
 And seven Priests that were entred in age :
Wallace to such did never great outrage,
 But if to him they made a great offence :
 Thus they approached on toward their presence.
 At the Pavilion where they the Lion saw,
 To ground they light, and then on knees they saw,
 Praying for peace, they cry with piteous chear.
 Earl *Malcom* said, Our Chistain is not here.
 He bade her rise, and said, It was not right,
 A *Queen* on knees to bow to lower wight.
 Up by the hand the Earl hath her tane,
 Out over they went, to *Wallace* have they gane.
 When she him saw, she would have kneeled down,
 In arms soon he caught this *Queen* with Crown,
 And kissed her withoutten words more,
 So did he never to no *Sutheron* before.
 Madam, he said, right welcom mot ye be :
 How pleased you our hoasting for to see ?
 Right well, she said, of friendship have we need :
 God grant ye will our errand for to speed.
 Suffer we must, suppose it like us ill,
 But trust us well, it is contrair our will,
 Ye shall remain, with this Lord I must gang,
 From your presence we shall not tarry lang.
 The Earl and he unto the Pavilion yeed,
 With good advice to deem more of this deed.
 The Counsel soon *VWallace* gart call them to :
 Lords, he said, ye wot not what is ado.
 Of their coming my self hath no pleasance,
 And therefore must we work with ordinance,
 Women may be come tempting into wear,
 Amongst fools that cannot them forbear :
 I say not this by these, or by the *Queen*,
 I trow it be not good that she should mean :

Example take of long time passed by,
 At *Runsevail* the treasoun was plainly,
 By women made that Canzeton with him brought,
 And *Turkie* wins forbear then could they nought,
 Long use in war gart them desire their will,
 Which brought King *Charles* to fellon los and ill,
 The flowr of *France* without redemption,
 Through that toul dead was brought to confusion.
 Command your men therefore in private wise,
 On pain of life they work not on such guise.
 None speak with them but wise men of great vail,
 That *Lords* are, and sworn to this Countel,
 His charge they did as goodly as they mought,
 This ordinance through all the Host was wrought.
 He and the *Earl* both to the *Queen* they went,
 Received her fair, and brought her to the tent.
 To dinner beyned as goodly as they can,
 And served was with many likely man.
 Good purveyance the *Queen* had with her brought,
 An assay she took of all that good her thought.
Wallace perceived, and said, We have no dread,
 I cannot trow that Ladies will do that deed,
 To poyson men; all *England* for to win.
 The *Queen* answered, if poyson be therein.
 Of any thing that is brought here with me,
 Upon my self first sorrow ye shall see.
 Soon after meat a *Marshel* gart all absent,
 But *Lords*, and they to the Counsel that went :
 Ladies appeared in presence with the *Queen*.
Wallace asked, what her coming might mean ?
 For peace, she said, that we have to you sought :
 This burning war in bail hath many brought.
 Ye grant us grace, for him that died on tree.
Wallace answered, Madam, that may not be,
England hath done great harms unto us,
 We may not pass, and lightly leave it thus.
 Yea, said the *Queen* for Christen folk we are :
 For Gods sake, since we do desire no mair,
 We ought have peace, He said, that we deny,
 The perfect cause then shall I shew for why :
 You seek no peace, but for your own avail,
 When that your King, *Scotland* had gripped hail,

For no kin thing that he before him fand,
 He would not thole the right blood in the land,
 But rest their rent, then put themselves to dead :
 Ransom of gold might make us no remead :
 His fell false war shall on himself be seen.
 Then soberly to him answeren the Queen,
 Of these wrongs amends were most fair.
 Madam, he said, of him we ask no mair.
 But that he would bide us into battel,
 And God be judge, he knows the matter hail,
 Such thing, she said, it were not good, think me :
 Peace now were best, if it might purchast be,
 Would ye grant peace, and trews with us to take,
 Through all *England* we shall gar prayers make,
 For you and them, that in the war were lost :
 Then *Wallace* said, where such cometh throug boast,
 Prayer of force where so that it be wrought,
 To us helps either little, or else nought.
 Warely she said, thus wise men hath us kend,
 Ay after wars, peace is the final end.
 Wherefore ye should of your great malice cease :
 The end of wars, is charity and peace.
 Peace is in heaven with blifs and stedfastness.
 We shall beseech the Lord of his hie grace,
 To command peace, then may we do no mair :
 Madam, he said, ere your prayers come there,
 Mends of *England* we think then for to have.
 What set ye thus on wars for to save,
 From violent wars that ye think not to dwell ?
 Madam, he said, the truth I shall you tell :
 After the death of *Alexanders* reign.
 Our land three years stood desolate, but King
 Keeped full well at concord in good state,
 Throug two that claimed, there hapned great debate,
 So earnestly accord them not they can,
 Your King they asked to be their over-man,
 Slily he staid in strengths of *Scotland*,
 The *Kingrike* then he took at his own hand :
 He made a King against the righteous law,
 For he of him should hold the Region aw :
 Contrare his band were all the whole barnage,
 For *Scotland* yet was never in thirlage.

Great *Julius* that tribute took of all,
 His winning was of *Scotland* but right small,
 Then your false King under colour but mair,
 Through band he made to *Bruce* that is our heir :
 Undid that King which he before had made,
 Through all *Scotland* with great power they rade,
 To *Bruce* since-syn he kept no cunnand.
 He said, He would not go to conquish land
 To other Men, and thus the case besel :
 Then *Scotland* through he demanded him sell :
 Slew our Elders, great pity is to see :
 In prison then long time they kepted me :
 While I at last was casten out for dead.
 Thanked be God, he sent me some remead.
 Venged to be I proved all my might.
 Feil of that Kin to death since I have dight.
 The rage of youth gart me desire a Wife,
 That rewed I fore, and will do all my life,
 A traitor Knight but mercy gart her die,
 One *Heslrig*, but for despite of me :
 Then rang I forth in trvail, wars and pain,
 While we redeemed part of our land again.
 Then your counsel desired of us a trew,
 Which made *Scotland* full graithly for to rew.
 Into that peace they set a subtil *Aire*,
 Then eighteen score to death they hanged there,
 That Nobles were, and worthy of renown,
 Of coat armour eldest in that region.
 The Woman als that dolefully was dight,
 That death me think to venge in all our might :
 Out of my mind that death will never slide,
 Will God me take from this false world so wide.
 On *Sutheron* then I can no pity have,
 Your Men in wars I never think to save.
 The bright tears, was pity to behold,
 Burst from his eyes, when he his tale had told.
 The Queen weeped for pity of *Wallace*.
 Alace, she said, wo worth the wicked case :
 In cursed time that *Heslrig* was born,
 Many worthy through his deed are forlorn.
 He should have pain that causless such one sleugh,
England since then hath bought it dear enough,

Though she had been a Queen, or a Princess.
Madam, he said, as God give me good grace,
Princess or Queen, of what state so they be,
Into her time she was as dear to me.

Wallace, she said, of this talk we will cease,
The mends thereof is good prayer and peace.

I grant, he said, of me as now no mair,

This is right nought, but eeking of my care.

The Queen found well, language her nothing bate,

She trowed with gold that he might be overset.

Three thousand pound of finest gold so red,

She gart be brought to *Wallace* in that stead.

Madam, he said, no such tribute we crave,

An other mends we would of *England* have,

Ere we return from this Region again,

Of your fierce blood that hath our elders slain.

For all the gold and riches of your Reign,

Ye get no peace, but desire of your King.

When she saw well gold might her not relieve.

Some part in sport she thought him for to prieve :

Wallace, she said, ye are cleeped my love :

More abundantly I made me for to prove,

Trusting therefore your rancour for to slake,

Me think ye should do something for my sake.

Right wisely he made answer to the Queen.

Madam, he said, if verity were seen,

That ye me loved, I ought love you again :

These words are all for nothing but in vain :

In speech of love, subtil ye *Suiberon* are :

Ye can us mock, suppose we get no mair :

To take a liking, and then get no pleasance,

Such love as that, is nothing to advance.

In *London*, she said, for you I suffered blame,

Our counsel als will laugh when I come hame :

So may they say, Women are fierce of thought,

To seek friendship, and then can get right nought.

Madam, ye wot, how ye were hither send,

Ye trow we have but little for to spend,

Firft with your gold, for ye are rich, I wish,

Ye would us blind, since *Scots* are so nice.

Then pleasant words of you and Ladies faire,

As who would drive the bird into a snare,

With

With a whiffel-pipe, for it will freshest call :
 Madam, as yet, ye may not tempt us all.
 Great part of good is left amongst our kin.
 In *England* als we find enough to win.
 Abased she was to make answer him till :
 Dear Sir, she said, since that it is your will,
 Wars or peace, what that you liketh best,
 Let your hie wit and good counsel digest.
 Madam, he said, now shall ye understand
 The reason why, that I will make no band :
 With your Ladies I cannot trews bind,
 For your false King will soon hereafter find,
 When he saw time, to break it at his will,
 And plainly say, he granted not theretil.
 Then had we none but Ladies to reprove.
 That shall not be by God that sits above.
 Upon woman I will no wares begin.
 Or you in field no worship is to win.
 All the whole peace on himself he shall take,
 Of peace, or wars, what we happen to make.
 The Queen granted this answer sufficient,
 So did the rest in plain that were present.
 His deliverance they held of great avail,
 And strong enough to show to their Counsel.
 Wo was the Queen her travel helped nought,
 The gold she took that they had with her brought,
 Unto the Host right freely she it gave,
 To every man that liked for to have.
 Mentrels and Heraulds she gave abundantly,
 Beseeching them, her friends that they would be.
 When *Wallace* saw the freedom of the Queen,
 Sadly he said, The sooth well hath been seen,
 Woman may tempt the wisest hath been wrought,
 Your great gentrice it shall not be for nought :
 We you assure, our Host shall do nothing,
 While time ye may send messlage from the King :
 If it be so that he accord, and we
 Then for your sake, it shall the better be.
 Your Heraulds als shall safely come and go,
 For your freedom we shall trouble no mo,
 She thanked him of his grant many syse,
 And all her Ladies on a goodly wise.

Gladly they drank, the Queen and good *Wallace*,
 Her Ladies als, and good Lords in that place.
 Her leave she took for-out longer abade,
 Five miles that night south to a Nunry rade.
 Upon the morn to *London* passed they,
 In *Westminster* where that the counsel lay.
 It needs not here now more rehearse this thing.
Wallace answer she gart show to the King.
 The great commend she then to *Wallace* gave
 Before the King in presence of the lave,
 The true *Scots* it should greatly appease,
 Though *Englishmen* thereof had little ease.
 Of worship, wit, manhood and governance,
 Of freedom, truth key of remembrance.
 She called him there into their presence,
 Though contrare them he stood at his defence:
 So chittain-like, she says, as he is seen,
 Into *England*, I trow, hath never been.
 Would ye of gold give him this Realms rent,
 Fra honour he will not turn his intent.
 Assured ye are, while ye may message make,
 Of wise Lords some part I reed you take,
 To purchase peace withoutten words more,
 For all *England* may rew this raid full sore.
 Your Heraulds als to pass to him hath leave,
 In all the Host there shall no man them grieve.
 Then thanked they the Queen for her travel,
 The King and Lords that were of his counsel.
 Of her answer the King appeased was.
 Then three great Lords they ordained to pass.
 Their counsel whole hath found it for the best,
 Trews to take, or else they got no rest.
 An Herauld went in all the halte he may,
 To *Avane* well where that the *Scots* lay,
 Conduct to have, till they had said their will.
 The counsel soon a Conduct sent them till,
 Again he past with soverance to the King.
 Then choosed they three Lords for this same thing,
 The keen *Clifford*, that then was Warden hail,
Bewmont and *Woodstock* all Men of meikle vail.
 What these three wrought the rest should stand there-
 The King self hath given them at their will,

(till,
 soon

Soon they were brought to speaking with *Wallace*,
Woodstock then shewed forth many subtle tale.
Wallace hath heard their sophisms every deal :
 As yet, he said, me think we mean but well.
 In wrong ye hold, and doth us great outrage,
 Of houses part which are our heritage.
 Out of this peace in plain I make them known,
 Them for to win, since that they are our own,
Roxburgh, *Berwick* that ours long time hath been.
 Into the hands of King *Edward* I ween.
 We ask her als by vertue of this band,
 Our own young King by wrong led from *Scotland*
 We shall have them withoutten words mair.
 To his desire the Lords they granted there,
 Right at his will they have consented hail :
 For no kin thing the peace they would not fail,
 The young *Randal* that then in *London* was.
 The Lord of *Lorn* in this band he can ask.
 The Earl of *Buchan*, but then in tender age,
 After he grew a Man of great vassalage.
Cumming and *Soules* he gart deliver als,
 Which aiter was to King *Robert* full false.
Vallange fled over, and durst not bide that mute,
 In *Picardie* to ask him was no bute.
 But he would rather have had that false Knight,
 Then a thousand of finest gold so bright.
 The *Bruce* he asked, but he was had away,
 Before that time, to *Calice* many a day.
 King *Edward* proved that they might not him get,
 Of *Glocester* his Uncle had him set,
 That *Calice* had whole into his keeping.
Wallace that time got not his righteous King.
 The Earl *Patrick* als from *London* they send,
 With *Wallace* to go, as well before is kend.
 Of this matter, and final governance,
 To King *Edward* he gave up his ledgeance,
 And took to hold of *Scotland* evermair :
 With full glad heart *Wallace* received him there.
 They honoured him right reverently as Lord,
 The *Scots* were all rejoiced at that concord.
 An hundred horse with young Lords of renown,
 To *Wallace* came, all freed of that prison.

Under his seal King *Edward* then gart send;
 For to give over, and make a final end,
Roxburgh, Berwick, which were of meikle vail,
 To *Scottishmen*, and all the bounds hail.
 For five years trews they promised by their band.
 Then *Wallace* said, we will pass near *Scotland*,
 Ere ought be sealed, and therefore make us bown,
 Again we will beside *Northballartoun*
 Where King *Edward* first battel heght to me :
 As we began, there shall it ended be.
 Greet well the Queen, he charged the Message.
 It is for her that we left our voyage.
 A day he set when he should meet him there,
 And seal the peace, withoutten process mair.
 Upon the morn the Host but more advise,
 Tranointed North upon a goodly wise,
 To set the tryst that *Wallace* had them made.
 The english message came but more abade,
 They sealed the peace, without longer delay :
 The message then upon the second day
 To *London* went in all the haste they can.
 The worthy *Scots* with many likely Man,
 To *Bamburgh* came, with all their power hail,
 Sixty thousand, all *Scots* of great avail.
 Ten days before *All-ballow* even they fure,
 On *Lambmas*' day they lighted on *Carbam* mure.
 There lodged they with pleasure as they mought.
 While on the morn their Priests to them then brought
 In *Carbam* Kirk, and seized in his hand
Roxburgh keyes, as they had made cunnand,
 And *Berwick* als, which *Englishmen* had lang,
 The fred the Folk in *England* for to gang :
 For their lives isbed of either place,
 They durst not well bide reckoning with *Wallace*.
 Captain he made in *Berwick* of renown,
 That worthy was, good *Christel* of *Setoun*.
 Keeper he made to *Roxburgh* cattle wight,
 Sir *John Ramsay*, a wise and worthy Knight.
 Then *Wallace* self with *Earl Patrick* in plain,
 To *Dumbar* rode, and restored him again
 In his castile, and als his heritage,
 With the consent of all the whole barnage.

When

When *Wallace* was agreed with this Lord,
To rule the Realm, he made him goodly ford.
Scotland out over from *Ross* to *Sulway* land,
He rode it thrise, and statute all the land.
In the *Lennox* a while he made repair.
Sir *John Menteith* a while was Captain there.
Als twice before he had his gossip been,
But no friendship betwixt them then was seen.
Two moneth still he dwelt in *Dumbartane*,
An house he founded upon a rock of stane;
Men left he there to build it to the hight,
Then to the *March* again he rode right,
Into *Roxburgh* they choosed him a place,
A good tower there he gart build in short space.
The Kingdom stood in good worship and ease.
Was none so great durst his neighbour displease.
The able ground gart labour thriftily,
Victual and fruit their grew abundantly.
Was never before since this was called *Scotland*,
Such wealth and peace both at once in the land.
He sent *Jop* twise to *Bruce* of *Huntingtown*,
Beseeching him to come and take the crown :
Counsel he took at false *Saxons*, a lace,
He had never hap in life to get *Wallace*,
Three years as thus the Realm stood in good peace.
Of this saying me worth is for to cease,
And further forth of *Wallace* will I tell,
Into his life what adventure yet betel.
Here endeth the first conquest of Scotland.

The Ninth BOOK.

CHAP. I.

How Wallace past into France.

A Royal King then reigned into *France*,
Great brute he heard of *Wallace* governance
The prowess, pryces, and of his worthy deed,
Als forward fair commended of manhood.
Both humble, true, and proved well of prise,
Of honour, truth, and void of covetice.

That

That noble King reigned in royalty,
 Had great delite this *Wallace* for to see :
 And knew right well shortly to understand,
 The great surprise and overset of *England*.
 He marvelled als of *Wallace* small power,
 That but a King took such a realm to stier,
 Against *England*, and gart their malice cease,
 Till they desired with good to take peace.
 And right anon an Herauld he gart call,
 In short terms he hath rehearsed all,
 Of his intent compleated to an end,
 Then in *Scotland* he bade him he should wend :
 And he wrote right with very great honour,
 To *William Wallace* as a Conqueror.

O loved Leed, with worship wise and wight,
 Through very help in holding of thy right :
 Through right rescuing of thy native land,
 With God's Grace against thy Foes to stand
 In defence, helper of thy righteous blood.
 O worthy birth, and blessed be thy food,
 As it is red in prophesie beforne :
 An happy time for *Scotland* thou wast born :
 I thee beseech with all humilirie,
 My close letter thou would conceive and see,
 As your Brother, a christen King of *France*,
 To the bearer ye hear and give credence.
 The Herauld him bowned, and to the ship is gone,
 In *Scotland* soon he comes unto one.
 But Herauld-like he seeks his presence,
 On land he went, and made no residence :
 In every stead where he presumed there,
 So on a day he found him into *Aire*,
 In good effear, and manlike company.
 The Herauld then with honour reverently,
 Hath salust him upon a goodly manner :
 And he again with humble homely chear,
 Received him into right goodly wise.
 The Herauld then with worship to devise,
 Betook to him the Kings writing of *France*.
Wallace on knee with lowly obeysance,
 Right reverently for the worship of *Scotland*,
 When he it read, and had it understand,

At this Herauld he asked his credence,
 With asper speech and manly countenance :
 And he him told, as I have said before,
 The Kings desire, what needs words more,
 The hie honour, and the great nobleness,
 Of your manhood, well known to many place.
 He likes als well your worship to advance,
 As ye were born a liedge Man of *France*.
 Since his Region is flowr of of realms seen,
 Als the great band of kindnes you between :
 And since the realm stands in such safety,
 It were worship his presence for no see.
Wallace conceived withoutten tarrying,
 The great desire of this most noble King :
 Then to him said, So God of heaven me save,
 Hereafter soon an answer ye shall have,
 Of your desire that you have shown me till :
 Welcome ye are with a free hearty will.
 The Herauld bode unto the twenty day,
 With *Wallace* still, in good welfare and play,
 Consumed the time with worship and pleasance,
 By good advise made his deliverance.
 With his own hand he wrote unto the King,
 All his intent as touching to this thing.
 Right rich reward he gave the Herauld to,
 And him convoyed when he had leave to go,
 Out of the town with goodly company,
 His leave he took, and went unto the sea :
 His purpose was to see the king of *France*,
 Good *Wallace* then hath made his purveyance,
 Nearest but wear to *Saint Johnstoun* could fare,
 A counsel then he had gart ordain there :
 Into his stead choosed a Governour,
 To keep the land. a man of great honour,
James good Lord the Steward of *Scotland*,
 Which father was, as stories bears on hand,
 To good *Walter*, which was of hie parage,
Marjory Bruce then got in marriage.
 Thereof as now to speak I have no space.
 It is well known, thanked be God's Grace,
 And to the Herauld withoutten residence,
 How he appeared unto the Kings presence :

From the *Rochel* the land soon hath he tane,
 Out over the land he graithed him to gaine.
 Seeking the King as goodly as he may :
 So to the Court he passed on a day,
 To *Paris* went, as peerless of renown,
 This King that time held *Wallace* in that town,
 When he him saw, hath graithly understand,
 He spiered tidings, the welfare of *Scotland*.
 The Herauld said into these terms short,
 That all was good, he had the more comfort,
 Saw thou *Wallace*, the Chistain of that land ?
 And he said, Yea that dare I take on hand,
 A worthier wight this day is living none,
 In way of war als far as I have gone.
 The hie worship, and the great nobleness,
 The good welfare, pleasance and worthiness :
 The rich reward was worthy for to see,
 That for your sake he kythed upon me.
 And his answer in writ he hath you sent.
 The King received it with a good intent.
 O royal Roy, and righteous crowned King,
 Renowned of nobleness and vertuous most conding,
 Ye know this well by other mo than me,
 How that our realm stands in perplexitie.
 The fierce Nation that we are neighbours to,
 When it pleaseth them, they make us ay ado :
 No band may be made of such sufficiency,
 But ay in it they find a variance.
 To wait a time will God that I may be,
 Within a year I will your presence see.
 Of this answer well pleased was the King,
 Leave I them thus in royalty to reign,
 And glad comfort, right as I have you told,
 Of *Wallace* forth I will my purpose hold.

C H A P. II.

*How Wallace past into France, and fought
 with the Red-river, and vanquished him.*

INto *April* the one and twenty day,
 The Kalends changed, as we use to say,

The lusty time of *Mays* fresh coming,
 Celestial great blythness in to bring.
 Principal moneth-forsooth it may be seen,
 The heavenly hews upo the tender green :
 When old *Saturn* his cloudy course hath gone,
 The which hath been both bird and beasts bone,
Zephirus also with his sweet vapour.
 He comfort hath by working of dame Nature.]
 All fructuous thing into the earth aboun,
 That ruled is under the hie Region.
 Sober *Luna* in following of the sea.
 When bright *Phœbus* into his chemes hie,
 The *Bulls* course so taken hath his place,
 And *Jupiter* was into *Crabes* face :
 When *Aries* the hot sign cholerik,
 Into the *Ram* which hath his rowms rike :
Thetis had his place and his mansion,
 In *Capricornus* the sign of the Lion,
 Gentle *Jupiter* with his mild ordinance,
 Both herb and tree converts into pleasance :
 And fresh *Flora* her flowry mantle spread
 In every vale, both houp hill and meid :
 In this same time, for this mine Author says.
Wallace to pass of *Scotland* took his ways.
 By short advise he shop him to the sea.
 And fifty Men took in his company.
 He let no word then walk of his passage,
 Or *Englishmen* had stopped his voyage,
 Nor took no leave at Lords of Parliament,
 He wist full well they would not all consent,
 To suffer him out of the land to go,
 For they anone without witting of mo,
 He gart forsee, and ordain well the ship,
 And these were they past in his fellowship,
 Two *Wallaces* was his Kinsmen full near,
Crawfurd, *Cleland*, to him were holden dear.
 At *Kirkcubright* he ordained his passage,
 Seamen he set, and gave them goodly wage :
 A good new barge right worthily wrought for wear :
 They wanted not of wine, victual, no gear.
 Wor ye they were a goodly company
 Of wailed Men had wrought full hardily :

Bon-allies drank right gladly on the morrow,
 Then leave they took, and with great God to borrow:
 Boats were shot forth, and from the land they sent,
 With glad hearts at once in they went,
 Unto the ship they rowed hastily,
 The Sea-men then working full earnestly.
 Ankers wand in wisely on either side,
 Their leads cast out, and waited well the tide:
 Let sails fall, and took their course anone,
 A goodly wind out of the right airth came:
 Preiks on forresten ruled well their-gear:
 Leads on leiburd, with a lordly fear.
 Lines laid out, to look their passage sound,
 With full sail from *Scotland* forth they found,
 Sailed whole over the day and als the night:
 Upon the morn when that the sun shined bright,
 Their ship-Master unto the top he went,
 South-east he saw that troubled his intent,
 Sixteen sails all arrayed on a row,
 In colour red, that toward them could draw.
 The glittering sun upon them shewed bright.
 The sea about illuminate with the light.
 The mans Sprit was in an extasie,
 Down he went soon, and said right sorrowfullie:
 Alace, alace, that ever I was born,
 Without remead our lives are all forlorn.
 In cursed time I took this cure on hand,
 The best Chiftain, and rescue of *Scotland*,
 Over recklessly I have tane upon me,
 With weak power to bring him through the sea:
 It forced nought, would God I were torment,
 So *Wallace* might with worship scape unhent.
 When *Wallace* saw, and heard this mans moan,
 To comfort him with good will is he gone.
 Master, he said, what hath annoyed thee?
 Not for my self, this Man said piteoullie:
 But of one thing I dare well undertain,
 Though all were here the ships of broad *Britain*,
 Part shoud we loss, except fortune had sworn,
 The best war-man in sea is us befor,
 Living this day, and King is of the sea.
Wallace soon spiered, wots thou what he may be?

The *Red-reaver* they call him in his stile :
 That I him saw, O cursed be the while :
 For mine own life I would no mourning make :
 Is no man born that yon Tyrant will take.
 He saveth none for gold, nor other good,
 But slays and drowns all derfly in the flood.
 He gets no grace though he were King or Knight.
 This sixteen years he hath done great unright.
 The power is so strong he hath to tier,
 May none escape that comes in his danger.
 Would ye him bood, no boot is to begin,
 The lowest ship that is his flot within :
 My self is done unto the doleful dead.
 Then *Wallace* said, since thou cannot remead :
 Tell me his feir, and how I shall him know,
 What is his use, and then go lodge thee low.
 The ship-man said, full well ye may him ken.
 By graith tokens, full clearly by his men.
 His coat armour is seen in many stead,
 All battel bown, in raiment all of red.
 This foremost ship that persues us so fast,
 Himself is in, and will not be agalt :
 He will you hail, when that they come you near,
 Without tarry then make you strike and tier :
 Himself will enter first full hardily.
 These are the signs that you shall ken him by,
 A bar of blew into his shining shield,
 A bend of white, desiring ay the field :
 The red betokens blood and hardiment,
 The white courage, increaseth his intent :
 The blew he bears, for he is a chrysten Man,
 Sadly him answered *William Wallace* then :
 Though he be chrysten, this is no chrysten deed :
 Go under lost, the Lord God met us speed.
 Both ship-Master, and the stiers-Man also,
 Into the how but bade he gart them go :
 His fifty Men withoutten longer rest,
Wallace gart ray into their armour prest,
 Eight and fourty on lost boord laid they low :
William Crawford then to him can he caw,
 And said, thou canst some part of ship-Man fare,
 Thou hast been used in the town of *Aire* :

I pray thee take this doctrine well of me,
 Look that thou stand straitly by the tree :
 When they bide streik, to service be thou baist :
 When I thee warn, draw up the sail again.
Cleland cousin, come take the steir in hand,
 Here on the waill near by thee shall I stand,
 God guide our ship, as now I say no mair :
 The barge began with a full warlike fare,
 Himself on loft was with a drawn sword;
 And bade the steirs-Man lay endlong the boord.
 On loud he cryed, streik dogs or ye shall die.
Crawfurd let down the sail a little wие.
 The Captain soon lap in, and would not stint.
Wallace hath him then by the gorget hint,
 On the over-loft kest him, where that he stood,
 While nose and mouth all rushed out of blood.
 A forged knife braithly he braided out,
 The war ships were lapped them about :
 The barge clipped, but they not fastned fast.
Crawfurd drew sail, shot by, and off them past.
 The *Reaver* cryed, with piteous voice so clear,
 Grace of his life, for him that bought us dear.
 Mercy, he cryed, for him that died on rood,
 Leasure to mend, I have spilt meikle blood,
 For my trespass I would make some remead.
 Many fakeless I have gart put to dead.
Wallace wist well though he to death was brought,
 From them to scape no ways might he nought,
 And of his life some rescue might he make :
 A better purpose right soon then can he take,
 And als he rewed, for his life had been ill.
 In latine tongue right thus he said him till :
 I never took man that enemy was to me,
 For God's sake, my life yet grant to me.
 Both knife and sword he took from him anane,
 Up by the hand as prisoner hath him tane,
 Upon his sword sharply he gart him swear,
 From that day forth he should him never dear.
 Command thy Men, said *Wallace* to our peace :
 Their shot of guns that was not eith to ceas.
 Their casting were awful in either side,
 The *Red-reaver* commanded them to bide :

Held up a glove in token of the trew,
His Men beheld, and well the senzie knew,
Left off their shot the sign when that they saw :
His greatest brag toward him can he caw :
Let be your war, these are friends at one :
I trew to God our worst hours are gone.
He asked *Wallace*, to do what was his will.
With short adwise, right thus he said him till :
To the *Rochel* I would ye gart them sail,
For *Englishmen* we wot not what may ail.
He them commanded withoutten words mair,
Turn sail and wind, toward the *Rochel* fare :
For there, will God, our purpose is to be :
Look well about for scurriours in the sea
His charge they wrought in all the haste they can,
And *Wallace* desired to talk more with this Man :
Wisely he spiered : in what land art thou born ?
In *France*, she said, and mine elders beforne :
And there we had some part of heritage,
Through fierce fortune hath brought me in a rage.
Wallace yet spiered : How came thou in this life ?
Forsooth, he said, but through a sudden strife.
So hapned I into the Kings presence,
Over restlessly to do a great offence :
A worthy man of good kin and renown,
That through my deed was put to confusion,
Dead of on straik, what needs words more :
All mends it nought, though I repent it sore.
Through friends of court I scaped off that place,
And never since could get the Kings grace.
Feil of our Kin they gart for my sake die.
From time I saw it might no better be,
But leave the land, that me behoved on need :
Upon a way to *Burdeous* I yeed,
An *English* ship so got me on a night,
For sea labour full earnestly us dight.
To me assembled misdoers other mo,
Within short time we multiplied so,
were few that might against our power gang.
In tyranny thus have we reigned lang.
These sixteen years I have been on the sea,
And done great harm, therefore full wo is me :

I saved none for gold nor great ransom,
 But slew and drowned in the sea all down,
 Favour I did to Folk of sundry land,
 But *Frenchmen* no favour of me fand :
 They got no grace, so far as I might reign,
 Als on the sea I cleiped was a King.
 Now see I well that my fortune is went,
 Vanquisht with one that gart me fore repent.
 Who would have said this samine day at morn,
 I should with one thus lightly down be born :
 In great haithing my Men would it have tane,
 My self heght als to have match'd any twane ;
 But I have found the very plain contrare,
 Here I give over robbery forevermair :
 In such misrule I shall never arms bear,
 But if it be in honest use of wear.
 Now I have told part of my blis and pain,
 For God's sake now some kindness shew again.
 Mine heart will break but I wot what ye be,
 Outragiously that hath rebuted me :
 For well I trow'd that living had been nane,
 By strength of force might me as Prisoner tane :
 Except *Wallace*, that hath redeemed *Scotland*,
 The best is called this day living of hand :
 Into his wars were worship for to wake,
 Into this World I trow he hath no make.
Wallace smiled, and said, Friend it may be,
Scotland had need of many such as thee.
 What is thy name ? tell me so have thou seill.
 Forsooth, he said, *Thomas of Longoveil*,
 Well brook thou it, so endeth all our strife ;
 Shape to please God, in mending of thy life :
 Thy faithful Friend my self thinks for to be,
 And als my name I shall soon tell to thee :
 For chance of war thou shouldst no mourning make,
 As weired will work thy fortune must thou take :
 I am that Man that thou advancest hie,
 And but short time since I came to the sea,
 Of *Scotland* born, my right name is *Wallace*.
 On knee he fell, and thanked God of Grace :
 I dare avow that yelden is mine hand,
 To the best man this day that is livand,

Forsooth, he said, this pleaseth me meikle more,
Then of florins ye gave me sixty score.
Then *Wallace* said, Thou art now here through chance,
My purpose is to pass now into *France*,
Unto the King, since I am boun to pass:
To my reward thy peace I think to ask.
Peace I would have fain of my native King,
And no longer then in this Realm to reign,
Then thou take leave to come from it again,
Into thy service I think for to remain.
Service, he said, *Thomas* it may not be,
But good friendship, as I shall keep to thee.
Gart draw the wine, and each one merry made,
The ships by then were in the *Rochel* rade.

The red blasons, as they had born in wear,
The town was soon into a sudden fear:
The *Red-reaver* they said was at their hand,
Contrare whose strength might none against him stand;
Some ships fled, and some the Land hath tane,
Clarions blew, and Trumpets many ane.
When *Wallace* saw the people was on steir,
He gave command no ships should nearer pier,
But his own barge in their haven gart he draw,
The folk was glad when they the banner saw:
Full well they knew in gold the red Lion,
Let up the port, received them in the town.
They sivered him for all they had there brought,
The red Navie unto the haven sought,
On land then went where that them liked to pass,
Right few wist there what *Scottish* man *Wallace* was:
But well they thought he was a goodly man,
And honoured him with all the craft they can.
Those four days *Wallace* remained there.
These men he called when he was boun to fare,
He them commanded upon that coast to bide,
While he them fred, for chance that might betide.
Bear you evenly, what good that ever ye spend,
Live on your own while I you rydings send.
Gar sell your ships, and make you men of peace,
It were good time of wickedness to cease.
Your Captain shall pass to the King with me,
Through help of God, I shall his warrand be,

He gart graith him in sute with his own men,
 Was no man there that might well *Thomas* ken :
 Likely he was, manly of governance,
 Like to the *Scots*, by manly countenance,
 Save of his tongue, that *Scots* had he none.
 In *Latine* well, it might have sufficed one.
 Thus past they on in all the haste they may,
 To *Paris* town they went upon a day :
 Tydings was brought of *Wallace* to the King,
 So great desire he had of no kin thing,
 As in that time while he had seen *Wallace*,
 To meat himself he waited upon ease :
 In a garden where he gart them be brought
 To his presence, with manlike feir they sought.
 Two and fifty at once all kneeling down,
 And salust him as Roy of most renown,
 With ruled speech in so goodly advise,
 All *France* could no more nurture them devise.
 The Queen had leave, and came in her effeir,
 For meikle she heard of *Wallace* deed in wear.
 What needs more of courtesie to tell ?
 They kepted well that to the *Scots* besel.
 Of Kings fare I dare make no rehearse,
 My feeble mind, my troubled sprite transverse,
 Of the rich service what needs words mair ?
 Might none be found, but it was present there.
 Soon after meat the King to parlour went,
 With goodly Lords, there *Wallace* was present.
 Then communed they of many sundry thing,
 To speak with him great desire had the King.
 At him he spiered of wars the governance.
 He answered him with manly countenance,
 To every point, so far as he had feel,
 In *Latine* tongue, right naturally and well.
 The King conceived soon by his hie courage.
 What war-men used by reis in their passage :
 Into what mind the *Red-reaver* then was,
 Marvel he had how he let *Wallace* pass.
 To him he said, Ye are something to blame,
 Ye might have sent with your Herauld from hame,
 After power to bring you through the sea.
 God thank you, Sir, enough thereof had we :

Few men pass where they find no peril :
 Right when may keep where none is to assail.
Wallace, he said, therefore marvel have I.
 A Tyrant reigns in yre full cruelly,
 Upon the sea that great sorrow hath wrought :
 Might we him get, it should not be for nought ;
 Born of this land, a native man to me,
 Therefore on us the greatest harm doth he.
 Then *Thomas* quoth, and changed countenance ;
 He heard the King his ill deeds disadvantage.
Wallace beheld, and fenziet in a part.
 Forsooth, he said, we found none in that air,
 That profered us any such unkindness,
 By your leave, Sir, I speak in homeliness :
 Trow ye by fight ye could the Squyer know.
 Full long it is since time that I him saw,
 But these words of him are but in vain,
 Ere he come here eight good men will be slain.
 Then *Wallace* said, here have I brought with me,
 Of likely men that dwelt in our Countrie :
 Which all of these would ye call him most like ?
 Amongst them blent this royal Roy most rike,
 Vizied them well both stature and courage,
 Manner, mackdome, their fashion and visage :
 Sadly he said, advised soberly,
 That largest man which stands next you by,
 Would I call him by mackdome to devise.
 These are nothing but words of office.
 Before the King on knees fell good *Wallace* :
 O Royal Roy, of hie honour and grace,
 With waste words I will you not trouble,
 Now I will speak something for mine avail :
 Our barran land hath been overset with war,
 By *Saxons* seed that doth us meikle dear.
 Slain our elders, destroyed our righteous blood,
 Wasted our land of gold and other good,
 And ye are here with might and Royalty,
 Ere ye should have to our adversity,
 And us support for kindness of the band
 Which is confirmed betwixt you and *Scotland* :
 Als I am here for your charge and pleasure,
 My life-lait is but honest chevisance ;

Flour of Realms, forsooth is this Region,
To my reward I would have great guerdon,
Wallace, he said, ask what to ye would have,
Good gold or land shall not be long to crave.
Wallace answered, So ye grant it to me,
What I would have, it shall soon chosen be.
What ever ye ask that is in this Region,
Ye shall it have, except my Wife and Crown,
He thanked him of his great kindliness,
All my reward shall be asked of grace,
Peace to this man I brought with me through chance,
Here I quite claim all other gifts in *France*.
This same is he, if that ye know him well,
That ye of spake *Thomas* of *Longoveil*:
By rigour ye desired he should be slain,
I him restore unto your peace again:
Receive him fair as liedge-man of your land,
The King marvelled, and could in study stand,
Perfectly he knew that it was *Longoveil*:
He him forgave his trespasss every deal.
But for his sake that had him hither brought,
For gold nor good, nor else he did it nought.
Wallace, he said, I had lever of good land,
Ten thousand pound had ceased in thine hand:
That I have said, shall holden be in plain,
Here I receive *Thomas* to peace again,
Dearest to me than ever he was before.
All for your sake, though it were meikle more,
But I would wit how this matter besel.
Wallace answered, the truth I shall you tell,
Then he rehearsed what hapned on that day,
As ye before mine Author hath heard say.
When the good King hath heard the sudden case,
Upon the sea, before sight of *Wallace*:
The King him held right worthy to advance,
He saw in him manhood and governance,
So did the Queen, and all the other Lords.
Each wight of him great honour then records,
He purchast peace for all the power hail,
Fourteen hundred was left at the *Rochel*,
Gart cry them free true servants to the King,
And never again for fault into such thing.

When *Thomas* was restored to his right,
 Of his own hand the King had made him Knight.
 After he gave state to his nearest heir,
 And made himself with *Wallace* for to fare.
 Thus he hath brought these men from reis through case
 By sudden chance of him and wight *Wallace*.
 Thus leave we them in worship and pleasance,
 At liking still with the good King of *France*.

C H A P. III.

How Wallace past into Guyen.

THese twenty days he lodged into rest,
 So to remain, he thought it not the best,
 Still into peace he could not long endure;
 For why? contrareous it was to his nature.
 Right well he wist *Englishmen* occupied
Guyen that time, therefore hath he espyed
 Some jeopardie upon them for to make:
 A goodly leave he at the King can take.
 Of *Frenchmen* he none would with him call,
 At that first time, for aventure might fall,
 But Sir *Thomas* that service could pursue,
 He wist not well if all the lave was true.
 Of *Scottishmen* then sembled hastily,
 Nine hundred soon of worthy Chevalry,
 In *Guyen* land full hastily can ride:
 Raised fell fire, and waisted winnings wide.
 Forts they brake, and stalwart biggings wan:
 Derfly to death brought many a *Sutheron* man.
 A warlike town so fand they in that land,
 Which *Schemen* heght the *Englishmen* had in hand,
 Toward that stead full sadly *Wallace* sought,
 By any way assail it if he mought,
 Bargan to have, if he mought get them out.
 Great strength of wood there was that town about,
 The town stood als upon a water-side,
 Into a park that was both long and wide,
 They busked them well while passed was the night:
 When the Sun rose four hundred men he dight:
 The lave he gart *Crawfurd* in bushment take,
 If they mistred a rescue for to make.

Then *Longoven* that ay was full of savage,
 With *Wallace* past as one to that skirmage.
 These four hundred that was full well arrayed,
 Before the Town in plain battel displayed.
 It was not well then known in that Countrie,
 The Lion in gold that awful was to see :
 A forrey cast, and ceased meikle good :
 War-men within that wisely understood,
 Soon ished out the prey for to rescue,
 The worthy *Scots* feil *Englishmen* they slew :
 The lave for dread fled to the town again :
 The forrey took the prey, and passed in plain,
 Toward the Park, but power of the town
 Is hed out again in awful battel down :
 A thousand whole of men in arms strang,
 Few bode within that might to arms gang.
 Then *Wallace* gart the forrayers leave the prey,
 Assembled soon into a good array,
 A cruel counter was at that meeting seen,
 Of the wight war-men into their armour sheen;
 Feil lest their life upon the *Sutberon* side,
 But not for thy full boldly they abide.
 Of the *Scots* part then worthy men they slew :
William Crawford that well the peril knew,
 Out of the perk he gart the bushment pals,
 Into the field where feil men fighting was.
 At their entry they gart full many die,
 The *Englishmen* was wonder loath to flee.
 Full worthily they wrought into that place,
 Bode never so few so long against *Wallace*.
 With such power that day as he was there,
 On either side assailed wonder sair,
 Into the flour so fellonly he wrought,
 That worthy men derfly to death was brought :
 With points pierced through plaits birnisht bright,
Wallace himself and Sir *Thomas* the Knight,
 Whom so they hit made never more debate.
 The *Sutberon* part was handled there so hate,
 Into that place they might no longer bide,
 Out of the field with sore hearts they ride,
 Unto the town they fled full hastily,
Wallace followed, and his good Chevalry.

Fighting so fast into the thickest throng,
While in the town they entred them among.
With him *Crawfurd* and *Longoveil* the Knight,
And *Richard* als, *Wallace* his Cousin right :
Fifteen they were of *Scots* company,
Thus hapned they amongst that great party.
A cruel porter got upon the wall,
Pulled out the pin, let the port-cuilzies fall,
The *Englishmen* saw entred was no mo,
Upon the *Scots* full hardily they go.
But to a wall they have their backs set,
Sad straiks and sore boldly about them let.
Richard Wallace the turngreece well hath seen,
He followed fast upon the porter keen,
Upon the wall dead in a dyke him drave,
Got up the port, and let in all the lave.
When *Wallace* men had thus the entry won,
Full great slaughter again they have begun :
They saved none upon the *Sutheron* side,
That weapons bare, and harnels in that tyde.
Women and bairns, the good they took them fro,
Then gave them leave in the rowm land to go :
The Priests als that was not in the field,
Of aged men that might not weapons weild,
They slew none such, for *Wallace* charge it was,
But made them free in largess for to pass.
Riches of gold they got in great plenty,
Harnels and horse that might them well supply :
With *French* Folk plenisht the town again,
On the tenth day the field they took in plain,
The river down into the land they sought,
On *Sutheron* men full great mastery they wrought,
Then when true men to the King told this tale,
Of *French* men he sembled a battel,
Twenty thousand of true liedges of *France*,
His brother them led was Duke of *Orleans* :
Through *Guyen* land in rayed battel rode,
To follow *Wallace*, who made but little bode.
For *French* supply to help them in their right,
Near *Burdeous* ere they overtake him might.
Good *Wallace* was there, and chosen hath a plain,
For some men told that *Burdeous* with great main

Within short time thought battel for to give :
 But from they wist that *French* folk would relieve
 With great power for helping of *Wallace*,
 Other purpose they took into short space :
 In *Picardie* some messlage could they send,
 Of *Wallace* coming they have told to an end.
 Of *Glocester* Captain of *Calais* was,
 The hardy Earl he made him for to pass
 In *England* soon, and then to *London* went,
 Of *Wallace* deeds he told in Parliament.
 Some plainly said, That *VWallace* brake the peace.
 Wise men said nay, and prayed them for to cease.
 Lord *Bewmount* said, He took but for *Scotland*,
 And not for *France*, that shall ye understand :
 If your Indentures speak of any mair,
 He hath done wrong, in sooth ye may declare.
VWoodstock answered, said, Ye have spoken well,
 But contrare right that tale is every deal.
 If you be he that band for him and his,
 May no man say, but he hath done amiss ;
 For principally he band with us the trew,
 And now again begins he malice new.
 Sir King, he said, if ever ye think to make
 On *Scotland* war on hand, now shall you take.
 While he is out, or else it helps nought.
 As *VWoodstock* said, the whole counsel hath wrought,
 Power they raised in *Scotland* for to ride,
 By land and sea, they would no longer bide.
 Their land Host they rayed soon indeed,
 Their vanguard took the hardy Earl to lade,
 Of *Glocester*, that of war had great feil :
 Of *Longcastle* the Earl governed well
 The middle-ward, and to the sea they send
 Sir *John Pjewart*, that well the *North* land kend.
 The Knight *Vallange* before the Host in rade.
 And such a way with evil *Scottishmen* made,
 Many Castles he gart soon yeelden be
 To *Englishmen* withoutten more mellie.
 Ere the best wist that it was war in plain,
 Entred he was into *Botbwel* again.
 Sir *John Pjewart* that came in by the sea,
Saint Johnstoun soon got through a jeopardie.

Dundie they took, and put Scots-men to dead,
In Fyfe from them was not kept a stead,
And all the South from Cheviot to the sea,
Into the West there might no succour be,
The worthy Lord that should have governed this,
God hath him tane to everlasting blis.
True men him took, and could to Arran pass,
His son VValter that but a child yet was.
Adam Wallace that wist of no supplie,
To Rouchly went, and Lindsay of Craigie,
Good Robert Boyd in Bute made residence,
For hasty deceit, they took them to defence.
Sir John the Graham in Dundaff might not byde.
Succour he sought to the forrest of Clyde.
The Knight Psewart a Sheriff made in Fyfe,
Sir Aymars brother, and gave for terme of life.
These lands all that Vallange had before,
Richard Lundie had great dread through their shore,
He liked not for to come to their peace,
Therefore in Fyfe they would not let him cease.
To pass over Tay as then it might not be,
For Englishmen sore ruled that Countrie.
Out of the land he stole away by night,
Eighteen with him that worthy were and wight:
And als his son that was of tender eild,
But after soon he could well weapons weild.
At Striviling bridge ere that the watch was set,
There passed he the way withoutten let.
To Dundaff-mure Sir John the Graham he sought,
A woman him told as then before was wrought,
Unto a strength he went upon the morn,
Lanerke was tane with young Thomas of Thorne:
Hay and Lundie they might no longer remain,
By South Tima to lodge they made in plain.
Sir John the Graham got wit that they were there,
To them he past withoutten process mair.
Vallange gart bring from Carlyle carriage,
To stuff Bothwel, both wine and good vernage.
Lundie and Graham got wit of that vittail.
Right suddenly they made them to assail;
Fifty they were of noble Chevalry,
Against fourscore of English Company,

A Squyer then keepest the carriage,
 All *Brankistnabait* whole then was his heritage,
Lundie and *Graham* met with a Squyer wight,
 Feil *Englishmen* derfly to death he dight :
 Sixty were slain upon the *Sutheron* side,
 And five *Scots* so boldly they abide :
 Great good they wan, both gold and other gear,
 Victual and horse, thus hapned in this wear.
 Since they have seen well long they might not lest
 Into the land, therefore they thought it best
 To seek some place in strength that they might bide.
 The *Sutheron* folk had plenish on each side :
Lundie's lodge they lest upon a night,
 Into the *Lennox* they past the way full right.
 To Earl *Malcome* that keepest that Countrey
 From *Englishmen*, through help of their supply.
Seton and *Lyle* into the *Bass* abade,
 For *Englishmen* so great mastery had made,
 That all the South they had into their hand :
 And *Hew* the *Hay* they sent into *England*,
 And other heirs to prison at their will.
 The *Northland* Lords saw none help come them till,
 A Squyer *Guthrie* amongst them ordained they,
 To warn *Wallace* in all the haste he may :
 Out of *Aberbrothock* he passed to the sea,
 And at the *Sluce* landed full soon hath he.
 In *Flanders* land no residence he made,
 In *France* he past : but *Wallace* well abade
 On his purpose at *Guyen* at the wear,
 On *Englishmen* he had done meikle dear.
 While good *Guthrie* had gotten his presence,
 He hastied him fast, and made no residence.
 He hath told him with *Scotland* how it stood.
 Then *Wallace* said, These Tydings are not good :
 I had example of times that is by worn.
 Trews to bind with them that are man-sworn :
 But I as then could not think on such thing,
 Because that we took peace with their fallie King.
 By their Chanceler the other peace was bounden,
 And that sull fore our fore elders hath founden.
 Under that trew they gart eighteen score die,
 That noble were, the best in our Countrie.

To the great God my vow now here I make,
 Peace with that King I think never to take.
 Ye shall repent that he this wear began.
 That moved he with many noble man.
 Unto the King, and told him his intent.
 To let him pass, the King would not consent;
 While *VWallace* there made promise by his hand,
 If ever again he thought to leave *Scotland*,
 To come to him, his great Seal to him gave,
 Of what Lordship that he liked to have.
 Thus at the King an hasty leave took he,
 No man with him he brought from that Countrie.
 But his own men, and Sir *Thomas* the Knight,
 In *Flanders* land they past with all their might.
Guthries barge at the *Sluce* could ly still:
 To sea they went with a full eger will.
 Both *Forth* and *Tay* they left, and passed by,
 On the North coast good *Guthrie* was their guy,
 In *Montross* haven they brought him to the land,
 To true *Scots* it was a blyth tydand.
 Sir *John Ramsay* that worthy was and wight,
 From *Ouchter-bouse* the way he choosed right
 To met *VWallace* with men of arms strong:
 For his coming they had thought wonder long.
 The true *Ruthwen* came als withoutten bade,
 In *Birnane* wood he had his lodging made.
Barkly, *Bisset*, to *VWallace* sembled fast,
 With three hundred to *Ouchter-bouse* he past.
The end of the ninth Book

The Tenth BOOK.

C H A P. I.

How Wallace wan Saint Johnstoun.

THe latter day of *August* fell this case,
 For the rescue thus ordained good *Wallace*:
 Of *Saint Johnstoun* the *Sutherland* occupied
 Fast toward *Tay* they passed and espyed
 Ere it was day under *Kinnowle* them laid
 Out of the town, as *Scot fishermen* to him said,

Their

Their Servants ilhed with carts, hay to lead :
 So it was sooth, and happened in that stead.
 Then six there came, and brought but carts three.
 When they of hay were leading busilie,
Guthrie with ten in hands then hath them tane,
 Put all to death, of them he saved nane.
Wallace in hast gart take their upmost weed,,
 And such like Men they wailed with good speed.
 Four were right good, *Wallace* himself took ane,
 A russet cloak, and with him good *Ruthwen*,
Guthrie, *Bisset*, and als good yeomen two,
 In that each sute he graithed them to go.
 Fifteen they took of Men of arms wight,
 In each cart five they ordained out of sight.
 Full subtilly they covered them with hay,
 Then to the town they went the gainest way,
 These carters had short swords of fine steel
 Under their weed, then drove the carts forth well.
Sir John Ramsay bode in the bushment still,
 When misther were, to help them with good will.
 These true Carters past out withoutten let,
 Out over the bridge, and entered at the gate.
 When they were in, their cloaks they cast them fra,
 Good *Wallace* then, the chief porter could ta
 Upon the head, while dead he hath him left,
 Then other two the life from them he rest.
Guthrie and *Bisset* did right well in the town,
 And *Ruthwen* als dang of their fey Men down,
 The armed Men that in the carts were brought,
 Rose up, and well their devour duely wrought:
 Upon the gate they gart Feil *Sutherland* die.
 Then *Ramsay*'s spy hath seen them get entrie,
 The bushment broke, both bridge & port hath wun,
 Into the town great strife there was begun.
 Twenty and one ere *Ramsay* came in plain,
 Within the town had fourty *Sutherland* slain.
 The *Englishmen* to array them were not gone,
 The *Scots* as then leisure let them have none :
 Fra good *Ramsay* with his Men entred in,
 They saved none were known of *Sutherland* Kin.
 And *Longoveil* the worthy Knight *Sir Thomas*,
 Proved well there, and many other place :

Against his dint few *Englishmen* might stand,
Wallace in him great faith and kindness fand.
 The *Sutherland* part saw well the town was tint.
 Fiercely they fled as fire doth from the flint.
 Some fled, some fell into draw-dykes full deep,
 Some to the Kirk, their lives if they might keep.
 Some fled to *Tay*, and in small vessels yeed:
 Some drestly died, and drowned in that stead.
 Sir *John Psewart* at the west-gate out past,
 To *Methuen* wood he sped him wonder fast.
 An hundred Men the Kirk took for succour:
 But *Wallace* would no grace grant them that hour.
 He bade slay ail of cruel *Sutherland* kin,
 Them for to slay he thought it was no sin.
 Four hundred Men without the town were dead,
 Seven score on life scaped out of that stead.
 Wives and Bairns they made them for to go,
 With *Wallace* will, he would slay none of tho:
 Riches they found that *Englishmen* brought new,
 Plenisht the town with worthy *Scots* and true.
 Sir *John Psewart* left *Methuen* forrest strong,
 Went to the *Gask* full feil *Sutherland* among.
 And then in *Fyfe* where *Vallange* Sheriff was,
 Made scurriours soon our through the land to pass,
 And gathered men a stalwart company.
 To *Achterardor* he drew them privily:
 Ordained them in ready bargain boun.
 Again he thought to assail *Saint Johnstoun*,
 Where *Wallace* lay, and would no longer rest:
 Ruled the town as then him liked best.
 Sir *John Ramsay* great Captain ordained he,
Ruthuen Sheriff at one accord to be.
 This charge he gave if Men them warning made,
 To come to him withoutten more abade:
 And so they did when tydings was them brought,
 With an hundred *Wallace* forth from them fought.

C H A P. II.

The Battel of Black-Irn-side.

I N *Fyfe* he past to visly that countrey,
 Put wrong warned of *Englishmen* was he.

Sir *John Psewart* when they were passed by,
 From the *Ochel* he sped him hastily,
 Upon *Wallace* followed with all his might :
 In *Abernethy* took lodging the first night :
 Upon the morn with fifteen hundred Men,
 To *Black Irn-side*, as his Guides could him ken :
 There *Wallace* was, and might no message send
 To *Saint Johnstoun*, to make his journey kend :
 For *Englishmen* that full subtle hath been,
 Great watches warn'd that none should pass between,
 Then *Wallace* said, this matter likes not me.
 He called to him the Squyer good *Guthrie*,
 And *Bisset* als, that knew full well the land,
 And asked of them, what deed was best on hand,
 Message to make, our power for to get,
 With feil *Sutherland* we will be unbeset :
 And wicked *Scots* that knows the forrest best :
 They are the cause that we may get no rest.
 I dread far more *Vallange* that is the Guide,
 Then all the rest that comes upon that side.
 Then *Guthrie* said, might we get once over *Tay*,
 To *Saint Johnstoun* it were the gainest way.
 To warn *Ramsay*, we would get succour soon :
 Over sooth it is, that cannot well be done,
 Right well I wot, vessel is leaved nane,
 From the *Wood-haven* to the ferry called *Arran*.
 Then *Wallace* said, the water awful is,
 My self can swim, I trow, and I'll not miss :
 But curier use accordeth not for me,
 And leave you here, yet I had rather die.
 Through God's Grace we shall better eschew,
 The strength is strong, and we were men anew,
 In *Elchok* park but fourty men were we,
 For seven hundred, and gart feil *Sutherland* die.
 Escaped well in many unlikely place,
 So shall we here through the help of God's Grace.
 While we may last, we may this wood hold still :
 Therefore each man be true of hardy will,
 And that we do so nobly into deed,
 Of us be found after no lack to need.
 The right is ours, we should more ardent be,
 I think to free this land, or else to die,

His vailed speech, with wit and hardiment,
 Made all the rest so cruel of intent :
 Some bade take field, and give battel in plain.
Wallace said, No these words are all in vain :
 We will not leave that may be our vantage,
 This wood to us is worth a whole years wage.
 Of hewn timber in halte he gart them take,
 Syles of oak, and a great barreris make,
 At a fore-front into the forrest side,
 Made a great strength where they purposed to bide :
 Stelled them fast to trees that growing was,
 That they might well in from the barreris pass,
 And see their avail on either side about,
 Their come again, when they saw their was doubt.
 By that this strength arrayed was at right.
 The *English* Holt approached to their sight.
 Then *Pfewart* came, that way for to have wend,
 That they were wont ; his guides so him kend.
 At their entry they thought to have passage,
 But soon they found that made them great stoppage.
 A thousand he led of men of armour strang,
 With five hundred he gart *John Vallange* gang.
 Without the wood that none should scape them fro,
Wallace with him had fourty Archers thro,
 The rest were spears, full noble in a deed,
 On their Enemies they bickert with good speed.
 A cruel counter was at the barreris seen.
 The *Scots* defence so sicker was and keen,
Sutheron stood aw to enter them among,
 Feil to the ground they overthrew in that throng.
 A rowm was left where part in front might fare,
 Who entred in, again yeed never mair.
 Fourty they slew that gonward would have past,
 All disarrayed, the Holt was all agast.
 One part of horse through shot to death was brought,
 Brake to a plain, the *Sutheron* to them fought,
 Then *Pfewart* said, Alace, how may this be ?
 And do no harm, over great rebute have we.
 He called *Wallange*, and asked his counsel :
 Sherist thou art, what may us best avail ?
 But few they are that makes this great debate.
John Wallange said, This is the best, I ware :

To cease thereof, and remain here beside,
 For they may not long in the forrest bide,
 For fault of food they must in the countrey,
 Then were more time to make on them melly :
 Ere they be won on force into this strife,
 Feil that ye lead shall ever lose their life.
 Then *Pfewart* said, this reed I will not take,
 And *Scots* be warned, rescue soon will they make :
 Of this despite, amends I think to have,
 Or die therefore in number with the lave.
 Into a range my self on foot will fare :
 Eight hundred he took, the likeliest that was there,
 Then bade the rest at the barrers bide still,
 With *John Vallange*, to rule them at his will :
Vallange, he said, be forward in this case,
 In such a snare we could not get *Wallace*.
 Take or slay him, I promise by my life,
 That King *Edward* shall make thee Earl of *Fife*.
 At yon east part we think to enter in,
 I bade no more, might ye this barreris win :
 From they be closed graithly amongst us so,
 But marvel be, they shall no further go.
 Assailly sore when ye wot we come near,
 On either side we shall hold them on stear.
 Thus *Pfewart* charged upon an awful wise,
Wallace hath seen what hath been their devise.
 Good Men he said, ye understand this deed :
 Forsooth, he said, they are meikle to dread.
 Yon *Pfewart* is a worthy noble Knight,
 Forward in wars, right hardy, wise and wight :
 His assailly he ordains wonder sore,
 Us for to harm, mans wit can do no more.
 Pleasant it is a wise Chistain to ga :
 So chistain-like it should great comfort mae,
 To his own men, and they of worship be,
 Then for to see ten thousand Cowards flee.
 Since we are set with Enemies on each side.
 And here on force must in this forrest bide :
 That all the rest of us abased be,
 Assay the first, for God's sake, cruellie.
Craufurd he left, and *Longoveil* the Knight,
 Fourty with them, to keep the barrers wight.

With him sixty all worthy Men in weed,
 To meet *Pfewart* with hardy will they yeed :
 A manner of dyke into the wood was made,
 Of thorture trees, boldly he there abade,
 A down with wall the *Sutheron* to them had,
 Soon sembled they with straiks fore and sad,
 Sharp spears then dushed on either side,
 Through birnisht bright made wounds deep and wide.
 The vantage was, the *Scots* them danted so,
 That no *English* durst from his fellow go,
 To break array, or foremost enter in,
 Of christen blood to see it was great sin,
 For wrongous cause, and hath been many a day.
 Feil *Englishmen* in the dyke dead they lay :
 Spears full soon all into spenders sprong,
 With sharp swords they hewed on in the throng.
 Blood bursted out through fine harnels of mail.
John Vallange als full sharply can assail
 Upon *Crawfurd*, and the Knight *Longoveil*,
 With their power kepted the barreris well :
 Made good defence, by wir, manhood and might :
 At the entry feil Men to death they dight,
 Thus all at once they sailed either place :
 None that was there durst turn to the barres :
 To help *Wallace*, no man of his durst pass,
 To rescue them, so fell the fighting was.
 At either hand they handled were so hot,
 But do or die, no succour else they wot.
Wallace was sad into that stalwart stour,
Gutbrie, *Bisset*, with men of great valour,
Richard Wallace that worthy was of hand,
Pfewart marvelled the contrair them might stand,
 That ever so few might bide in battel place,
 Against them, and matched face for face.
 He thought himself to end that matter well,
 Fast preassed in with a good sword of steel :
 Into the dyke a *Scottishman* he gart die.
Wallace therefore in heart had great pitie,
 Amends to have he followed on him fast,
 But *Englishmen* so thick betwixt them past,
 That upon him a straik get could he nought
 Other worthy derfly to death he brought.

Slops he made through all the Chevalry,
 The hardy *Scots* that wrought so worthily.
 When *Sutheron* saw these good Men were so drest,
 Longer to bide they thought it not the best,
 Fourscore were slain ere they would leave that flead,
 And fifty als was in the barreris dead.

A trumpet blew, and from the wood can draw.
Vallange left off that sight when that he saw.

To sailie more they thought it was no speed,
 Without the wood to counsel fast they yeed.

The worthy *Scots* to rest them was right sain,
 Feil horts they had, but few of them were slain

Wallace bade all of good comfort to be,

Thanked be God, the fairer part have we.

Yon Knight *Pfewart* hath at great journeyes been,
 So fore assay I have but seldom seen.

I had lever on *Vallange* wroken be.

Then any man that is in yon menzie.

The *Scots* all into the barreris yeed,

Stanced wounds that could full braithly bleed.

Some *Scotsmen* had bled full meikle of blood,

For fault of drink, and als wanting of food.

Some sembled fast that had feil hurts there :

Wallace therefore sighed with heart full fair :

An hat he hint, to get water is gone,

Other refuge as then he wist of none.

A little strand as then he found him by,

Of clear water he brought them bundantly,

And drank himself: then said with sober mood,

The wine in *France* me thought not half so good.

Then of the day three quarters was over went,

Sir *John Pfewart* hath casten in his intent,

To sailie more as then he could not priue.

While on the morn that new men could relieve,

And keep them in, while they for hunger sore,

Come in his will, or else to die therefore.

Vallange he said, I charge thee for to bide,

And keep them in, while I to *Cowper* ride :

Remain thou with five hundred at thy will,

And I the morn with power shall come thee till.

John Vallange said, this charge I here forsake,

After this day all night I may not wake,

But trust ye well they will ish to the plain,
Though ye bide als, or else die in the pain,
Pfewart bade bide, or underly the blame,
I thee command in good King *Edwards* name,
Or here to God a vow I make beforne,
And they break out, to hang thee on the morn.
Of this command *John Vallange* had great dread,
Pfewart from them with nine icore into deed,
Next hand the wood, and his good men of *Fife*,
The *Scots* were blyth when that they heard such strife.
Wallace drew near, his time when that he saw,
To the wood side, and could on *Vallange* caw.
The Knight hath heght the morn to hang thee hie,
Come in to us, I shall thy warrand be,
In contrair him, and all King *Edwards* might :
Take we him quick, we shall him hang on hight :
A good lordship I shall thee give here east,
In this each land that thy Brother hath lefr.
Vallange was wise, full soon could understand,
By likeliness *Wallace* should win the land :
And better him were upon the right to bide,
Then be in war upon the other side :
With short advisement to *Wallace* soon they sought,
Then *Pfewart* cryed, and said, that bees for nought,
And als of kind thou art of heritage :
Coward, on thee is evil wared great wage :
Here I shall bide, my purpose to fulfil,
Either to die, or have thee at my will.
For all his speech to pass they would not spare,
With full glad heart *Wallace* received him there.
By that *Ruthwen* and *Ramsay* of renown.
By a true *Scot* that past to *Saint Johnstoun*,
Them warning made that *Pfewart* followed fast
Upon *Wallace*, then were they sore agast :
Out of the town ished in all their might,
With three hundred that worthy were and wight,
To *Black Inn-side* assembled in that place,
As *Vallange* was gone in to good *Wallace*.
The Knight *Pfewart* hath well their coming seen,
A fair plain field he choosed them between :
Eleven hundred and fourscore then had he,
The *Scottishmen* were five hundred and sixtie :

These were but few a plain field for to take :
Out of the wood good *Wallace* can him make :
He got no wit of them that coming was,
More hardiment was from the strength to pass.
But when he heard *Ruthwen* and *Ramsay* cry,
O *Ochter-house* blyth was his Chevalry :
Might they of gold have bought a Kings rent,
The good *Wallace* might not so well content.
Then to array they yeed on either side,
In cruel yre in bartel bown to bide :
Worthier Men then *Pfewart* fembled there,
In all his time *Edward* had never mair :
But *Pfewart* saw his number was far ma,
His power soon he gart divide in twa :
To fight in that cause knightly he them kend,
In that journey either to win or end.
The worthy *Scots* that first among them bade.
Full great slaughter on *Englishmen* they made :
Into the wood before had proved so well,
That on the plain they sonziet not a deal,
In courage grew as they were new begun,
Short rest they had from rising of the sun.
By that *Ramsay* and good worthy *Ruthwen*,
Throughout the thickest of the preals is gone,
Slops they made amongst the *Englishmen*,
Dislevered theem by twenty and by ten.
When spears were gone, with swords of mettall clear
To *Englishmen* their coming sold full dear.
Wallace and his by worthiness of hand,
Feil *Sutheron* blood gart light upon the land.
The two fields together reild then,
Sir *John Pfewart* with many noble Men,
To help their Lord, three hundred in a place,
About him stood, and did their business,
Defending him with many awful dint,
While all the outward of the field was tint.
Of Commons, port into the forrest fled,
Succour to seek, there Men so had them led.
Then *Scots* hath seen so many in a rout
With *Pfewart* stand, that guarded him about,
Upon the sides assailed wonder sair,
The polisht plates with points pierced bair.

The *Sutheron* made defence full cruelly,
All occupied was this noble Chevalry.
Sir *John Ramsay* would they had yelden been.
Wallace said, Nay, it is a wrong ye mean,
Ranlome to take, we cannot now begin,
On such a wise this land we may not win :
Yon Knight of old our Enemy hath been.
So fell to us of them I have not seen ;
Now he shall die through help of God's grace,
He came to pay his ranlome in this place.
The *Sutheron* saw and wist plainly to die,
Rescue was none, suppose that they would flee,
Freshly they fought as they had entred new.
Upon our side part worthy Men they flew.
Then *Pfewart* said, Alace, in wrong doing,
Our lives we lose for pleasure of our King.
That fellon Knight doubted his life right nought;
Amongst the *Scots* full hardily he wrought.
Bisset he strake to death withoutten mair :
Wallace pleased, with his sword birnisht bare,
At *Pfewart's* hals he etled with great yre,
Through pesane stuff in sunder strake the swyre.
Dead to the ground he rushed for all his might.
By *Wallace* hand thus ended that good Knight,
The remnant withoutten mercy they slay :
For good *Bisset* the *Scots* was wonder wae.
In hands some they sticked but remead,
No *Sutheron* past with life out of that head,
Then to the wood for them that left the field,
A range they set, thus might they have no bield.
Yeed none away was contrare our opinion.
Good *Ruthwen* past again to *Saint Johnstoun*.
Sir *John Ramsay* to *Cowper* castle rade,
That house he took, for defence none was made.
Wallace, *Crawfurd*, and with them good *Guthrie*,
Richard Wallace had long been in mellie.
And *Longoveil* unto *Lundores* bode still,
Fasted they had too long against their will.
Vallange they made their steward for to be,
Of meat and drink they found abundantly.
The power fled, and durst no longer bide,
That was before upon the *Sutheron* side,

Upon the morn to *Saint Andrews* they past,
 Out of the town that Bishop bownd talt,
 The King of *England* had him thither send.
 That rent at will he gave him in commend.
 His Kings charge as then he durst not hald,
 A wrongous Pope that tyrant might be call'd,
 Few fled with him, and got away by sea,
 For all *Scotland*, *Wallace* he would not see.
 Of him as then he made but light record,
 Gart restore him that was their righteous Lord.
 The worthy Knight that into *Cowper* lay,
 Gart spoilzie them upon the second day.
 Then ordained Men, at command of *Wallace*.
 But more process, for to cast down the place.
 Mynders they gart soon pierce out through the wall,
 Soon punsions fired, unto the ground cast all.
 Sir *John Ramsay* then to *Carrail* can fare,
Sutheron were fled, and left but walls bare :
 After *Pjewart* they durst not tarry lang.
 The *Scots* at large out through all *Fyfe* rang.
 No *Englishmen* were left in that countrey,
 But in *Lochlevin* there bode one company :
 Upon that *Inch* in small houses they light,
 Castle was none, but walled with water wight.
 Beside *Carrail* sembled *Wallace* befor,
 His purpose was for to assay *Kinghorn* :
 A Knight *Musgrave* then Captain in it was,
 By short advise he purpos'd for to pass :
 Rather he would bide challenge of the King.
 Then with *Wallace* to reckon for such thing.
 That house he took, and little tarry made.
 Upon the morn withoutten more abade,
 Out over the mure where they the tryst had set,
 Near *Scotland* well their lodging took but let.
 After supper *Wallace* bade them go rest,
 My self will wake, me think it may be best.

C H A P. III.

The winning of Lochlevin.

As he commanded, but graithing they have done
 Unto their sleep, *Wallace* then graithed him soon
 Past

Past to *Lochevin*, as it was near mid-night,
 Eighteen with him that he had warn'd right :
 These Men weined well he came to visie it.
 Fellows, he said, I do you well to wit,
 Consider well this place, and understand,
 That it may do full great skaith to *Scotland* :
 Out of the South, and power come them till,
 They may take in, to keep at their own will :
 Upon yon *Inch* right many Men may be,
 And ished out their time when that they see.
 To bide long here, we may not well for chance,
 Yon Folk hath food, trust well at suffisance :
 Water from them forsooth cannot be set,
 Some other wile behoved us to get.
 Ye shall remain here at this part all still,
 And I my self shall bring the boat you till.
 Therewith his weed in haste off casteth he,
 Upon yon side no watch-men can he see :
 Held up his shirt, and took his sword so good,
 Bound on his neck, then lap into the flood,
 And over he swam, for letting had he nought.
 The boat he took, and to his Men it brought,
 Arrayed them well, and would no longer byde,
 But pass'd in, and row'd to the other side :
 The *Inch* they took, with drawn swords in hand,
 They spared none that they before them fand,
 Strake doors up, and ticked Men where they lay,
 Upon the *Sutheron* thus sadly sembled they,
 Thirty they slew that were into that place.
 To make defence the *English* had no space.
 Their Women five were sent out of that stead,
 Women nor Bairns he never put to dead.
 The goods they took, as it had been their own.
 Then *Wallace* said, Fellows, I make you known,
 The purveyance that was within these wanes,
 We will not tine, gar semble us all at anes,
 Let warn *Ramsay*, and our good Men each one,
 I will remain till all the stuff be gone.
 Sent-forth a Man their horses for to keep,
 Drew up the boat, and then took beds to sleep.
Wallace power near *Scotland* well which lay,
 Before the sun they miss'd him away :

Some mourning made, and marvelled at that case,
Ramsay bade cease, and mourn not for *Wallace*,
 It is for good that he is from us went,
 That ye shall see, and trust for veriment:
 Mine head to wed, *Lochlevin* he past to see,
 Except that place, no *Englishmen* found he,
 Into this land betwixt these waters left,
 Tydings of him full soon ye shall hear oft.
 As they about were talking on this wise,
 Message soon came and charged them to rise.
 My Lord, he said, to dinner hath you call'd
 Into *Lochlevin*, which is a likely hald.
 Ye shall fare well, therefore put of all sorrow.
 They graithed them right early on the morrow,
 And thither past of *Wallace* well to wit:
 Then sembled in a full blyth fellowship.
 They lodged there till eight days were at end,
 Of meat and drink they had enough to spend.
 Turfed forth gear that *Sutherland* had brought there:
 Gart burn the boat, to *Saint Johnstoun* they fare.
 Bishop *Sinkler* that worthy was and wise,
 To *Wallace* came and told him his advise:
 Thus he desired *Wallace* with him to ride,
 And in *Dunkeld* sojourn'd that winter tide.
 But he said, No, that hold I not the best,
 And *Scotland* thus, in peace I cannot rest.
 The Bishop said plainly, We may not wend,
 Into the North for Men I rede you send.
 I grant, quoth he, and choosed a Messenger,
 The worthy *Jap* was with the Bishop there,
 And Master *Blair*, while *Wallace* came they bade
 With the good Lord, that noble chear them made.
Wallace sent *Blair* into his Priests weed,
 To warn the west where friends had great dread,
 How they should pass, or to good *Wallace* win.
 The *Englishmen* that held them long in twin.
Adam Wallace and *Lindsay* that was wight,
 Rauchly they left, and went away by nighr,
 Throughout the land, to the *Lennox* they fare,
 To Earl *Malcom*, that welcomed them full yair.
 Master *John Blair* was glad of that semble,
 Good *Graham* was there, and *Richard of Lundie*:

Als Robert Boyd out of Bute to them sought
 Got they Wallace, of nothing then they rought.
 But Englishmen betwixt them was so strang,
 That they in plain might not well to him gang.
 Jop passed on, for nothing could he set,
 Great power then as there he might not get.
 The Lord Cumine that Earl of Buchan was,
 For old envy, he would let no man pass:
 That he might let, in good Wallace supplie,
 The Earl Patrick at plain field keeped he:
 Yet poor men came, and proved all their might,
 To help Wallace, in fence of Scotlands right.
 The good Randal in tender age was kend,
 Part of good Men out of Murray he send.
 Jop past again, and came in prelonce soon,
 Before Wallace, and told how he had done:
 But Master Blair so good tydings him brought,
 That of Cumine, Wallace but little rought:
 Als Englishmen they had full meikle dread,
 Fra Fife was tint, the worse they thought to speed.
 The Duke and Earl that time in Scotland led,
 Captains they made, in England then they sped:
 Wallace him bowned, when he thought time should be
 From Saint Johnstoun, and took with him fiftie:
 Steven of Ireland, and Keirly that was wight,
 From Englishmen they had holden the right.
 In watch-mens weed, and fended them right well,
 To good Wallace they were as true as steel:
 To follow him, those two thought never lang,
 Through the Ochel they made them for to gang,
 Upon more power he tarried not that tide,
 To keep the land the rest he gart abide:
 To Strivling bridge as then he would not pass,
 For strong power of Englishmen there was.

C H A P. IV.

The winning of Airth.

THe Airth ferry they passed privately,
 And busked them in a dern stead thereby:
 A cruel Captain in Aire dwelt that year,
 In England born, that heght Thomlin Weer:

An hundred men were at his lodging still,
 To brook that land they did both power and will.
 A *Scottish* fisher which they had tane beforne,
 Contrare his will gart him be to them sworn :
 In their service they held him day and night ;
 Before the Sun *VWallace* gart *Jop* him dight,
 And sent him forth the passage to espy,
 On the fisher they hapned suddenly,
 All him alone, but one boy that was there.
Jop hint him soon, and for no fear would spare,
 By the collar, and a knife out pulled he :
 For Gods sake, this man asked mercie,
Jop spiered soon, of what nation art thou ?
 A *Scot*; he said, but *Sutheron* gart me vow,
 In their service, against my will full fair,
 But for my life that I remained there :
 To seek fishing, I came in this North-side :
 Be ye a *Scot*, I would fain with you bide :
 Then he him brought in presence of *VWallace* :
 The *Scots* were blyth, when they had seen this case.
 For with his boat they might well passed have,
 For ferry craft he thought not for to crave.
 Upon that side long space they tarried nought,
 To the South land with full glad hearts they sought.
 Then brake the boat when they were landed there,
 Service of it *Sutheron* might have no mair :
 Then through the moss they passed with good speed,
 To the *Torwood*, that man with them they led.
 The widow there brought tydings to *VWallace*,
 Of his true Eme that dwelt at *Dunipace*,
Thomlin of *VVeer* in prison had him set,
 For more treasure then he before might get.
VWallace said, Dame he shall well loosed be,
 The morn by noon, or mo therefore shall die.
 She got them meat, and in quyet they bade,
 While it was night, then ready soon they made :
 Toward *Airth-bill* right suddenly they drew,
 A strength there was that well the fisher knew,
 Of draw dykes, and full of water wan,
 Wisely thereof he watched them, this man
 On the back-side he led them privatelie,
 From the water, as wont to come was he :

Over a small bridge good *Wallace* entred in,
 Into the hall himself thought to begin.
 From the supper as they were boun to rise,
 He salust them upon an awful wise.
 His men followed suddenly at anes,
 Hasty sorrow was raised in those wanes.
 With shearing swords sharply about them dang,
 Feil on the floor were felled them amang.
 With *Thomlin* of *Weer*, *Wallace* himself hath met,
 A fellow straik sadly upon him set.
 Through head & swyre, all through the coast him clave
 The worthy *Scots* fast sticked all the lave:
 Keeped well the doors, and to the death them dight,
 To scape away the *Sutheron* had no might.
 Some windows sought for to have broken out,
 But all for nought full fey was all the rout:
 About the fire gushed the blood so red,
 An hundred men was slain into that stead.
 Then *Wallace* sought where his Uncle might be;
 In a deep cave he was set dolefully,
 Where water stood, and he in yrons strang:
Wallace full soon the braisses up he dang,
 Out of the dark brought him with strength at list,
 But noise he heard, of nothing else he wist:
 So blyth before in world he had not been:
 And therewith sighed when he had *Wallace* seen.
 In ditches the dead bodies out they cast,
 Graithed the place as then them liked best.
 Made full good chear, and wise watches they set,
 While near the day they slepted without let.
 When they had sight, spoiled the place in hy,
 Found gaining gear, both gold and jewelry.
 On all that day in quiet held them still:
 When *Sutheron* came, received them with good will:
 In that labour the *Scots* were all full bane.
Sutheron came in, but none went out again.
 Women and bairns put in prison and cave,
 So they might make no warning to the lave.
Steven of *Ireland*. and *Keirly* that was wight,
 Keeped the port upon the second night.
 Before the day the worthy *Scots* rose,
 Turfed good gear, and to the *Torwood* goes,

Remained there while night was come on hand,
 Then bowed them in quyet through the land.
 The widow soon, fra' they were passed doubt,
 A servant sent, and let the women out,
 To pass from *Airth*, where that they liked best.
 Now speak of them that went into the West.

C H A P V.

How Wallace burnt the Englishmen in Dumbarton.

W *Allace* himself was sicker guide that night,
 To *Dumbarton* the way he choosed right :
 Ere it was day, for then the night was lang.
 Unto the town full privately they gang :
 Meikle of it *Englishmen* occupyed :
 Good *Wallace* loon through a dark gate him hyed
 Unto the house which he was wont to ken,
 A Widow dwelt, which friend was to our Men.
 About the bed, and on the back-side was made
 A dern window, was neither long nor braid :
 There *Wallace* called, and soon fra' she him knew,
 In haste she rose, and privately him drew
 In a close barn, where they might keep'd be :
 Both meat and drink she brought them in plentie :
 A goodly gift to *Wallace* als she gave,
 An hundred pounds and more out over the lave.
 Nine Sons she had, werē likely men and wight,
 An oath to him she gart them swear full right.
 In peace they dwelt, in trouble they had been :
 And tribute payed to *English* Captains keen.
 Sir *John Menteith* the cattle had in hand :
 But some men said, there was a private band :
 To *Sutheron* made, by means of that Knight,
 O' their supply to be at all his might.
 Whereof as now I will no process make.
Wallace that day a short purpose can take.
 When it was night he bade the widow pass.
 And mark the doors where *Sutheron* dwelling was :
 Then after this, he and his Chevalry,
 Grauthed them well, and weapons took on hie,

Went to the gate where *Sutheron* were on sleep,
A great Ostellary our *Scots* took to keep
An *English* Captain was sitting up so late,
While he and his with drinking were made heat :
Nine Men was there with him of hie courage.
Some would have had good *Wallace* into that rage :
Some would have bound Sir *J.* the G. through strength
Some would have had good *Boyd* at swords length :
Some wished *Lundie* that scaped was in *Fife* :
Some wighter was nor *Setoun* then in strife,
When *Wallace* heard the *Sutheron* make such din,
He gart all bide, and him alone went in :
The lave remained to hear of their tyd'ance.
He salust them with sturdy countenance :
Fellows, he said, since I came last from hame:
In travel I was, in land of uncouth fame:
From south *Ireland* I came in this countrie,
The new conquest of *Scotland* for to see.
Part of your drink and some good would I have:
The Captain then a shrewd answer him gave :
Thou seemest a *Scot*, likely to be a spy,
Thou mayest be one of *Wallace* company,
Contrare our King he is risen again,
The land of *Fife* he hath ridden in plain :
Thou shalt bide here, while we wor how it be :
Art thou of his, thou shalt be hanged hie,
Wallace thought then it was no time to stand,
His noble sword he gripped soon in hand,
Overthort the face drove the Captain in teen,
Strake all away that grew about the een :
Another braithly on the breast he bore,
Both brain and bone the burly blade through shore.
The rest rusht up, then *Wallace* in great yre,
The third he felled derfly into the fire.
Steven of *Ireland*, and *Keirly* in that throng,
Keeped no charge, but entred them among,
And other mo that to the door can preass :
While they him saw, there could nothing them ceass.
The *Sutheron* men full soon were brought to dead :
The Hostler bade them all good ale and bread.
Wallace said, No, while we have leisure mair,
To be our guide, thou shalt before us fare,

And begin fire where that the *Sutheron* lyes,
 The Hostler soon upon an hasty wise,
 Hitt fire in hand, and to a great house yeed,
 Where *Englishmen* were into meikle dread :
 For they wist not, while that the red flame rose,
 As wood as beasts amongst the fire then goes,
 With pains felt rushed full sorrowfully ;
 The lave without of our good chevalry,
 At each house where the Hostler began,
 Keeped the doors, from them scaped no man.
 For all their might, though King *Edward* had sworn
 Got none away that was of *England* born,
 But either burnt, or but rescue was slain,
 And some through force driven to the fire again :
 Some *Scots* folk in service them amang,
 From any pain freely they let them gang.
 Three hundred men was to *Dumbartan* lend,
 To keep the land, as their Lord had them kend,
 Skaithless of them for ay was this Region.
Wallace ere day made him out of the town:
 Unto the cave of *Dumbartan* they yeed,
 And all that day sojourned but dread :
 Both meat and drink the Hostler gart be brought.
 When night was come, in all the haste they mought
 Toward *Rosneth* full earnestly they gang,
 For *Englishmen* was in that castle strang :
 On the *Garloch*, they purpose them to byde,
 Betwixt the kirk that near was there beside,
 And to the castle full privately they draw,
 Under a bray, and lodged them full law,
 Beside the water where common use had they,
 From Castle to the Kirk they pass each day :
 A marriage als was that day to begin,
 All ished out, and left no man within,
 That fence might make, but servants in that place,
 Thus to that tryft they passed upon case.
Wallace and his drew them full privily,
 Near hand the place when they were passed by :
 Within the hall, and thought to keep that stead,
 From *Sutheron* men, or else theretore be dead.
 Compleat was made the marriage into plain,
 Unto *Rosneth* they passed home again :

Fourscore and mo was in that company,
 But not arrayed as was our Chevalry :
 To the castle they went to pass but late,
 The worthy *Scots* so hard upon them set,
 Fourty at once derfly to death they bare,
 The remanent afrayed was so fair,
 Longer in field they had no might to byde,
 But fiercely fled from them on either side.
 The *Scots* there well hath the entry won,-
 And slew all such as the house found was in :
 Then on the flyers followed wonder fast,
 No *Englishmen* with their life from them past,
 The women soon they ceased upon hand,
 Keeped them close, for warning of the land :
 And dead bodies all out of sight they cast,
 Then at good ease they made them for to rest.
 On their purveyance seven days lodged there,
 At rude coast, to spend they would not spare.
 When *Sutherland* came, they took them gladly in,
 But out again, they let none of that kin,
 Who tydings sent the Captain of that stead,
 Their Servitours the *Scots* put to dead.
 Spoyled the place, and left no goods there :
 Brake walls down, and made the biggings bare,
 When they had split all stone work that they mought,
 Then kindled fire, and from *Rosneth* they sought :
 When they had burnt all tree work in that place,
Wallace gart free the women of his grace :
 To do them harm his purpose never was :
 Then to *Falkland* the worthy *Scots* can pass,
 Where Earl *Malcom* was byding at defence,
 Right blyth he was of *Wallace* good presence :
 Then he found there a noble company,
 Sir *John* the *Graham*, and *Richard* of *Lundie*,
Adam Wallace that worthy was and wise,
Barklay and *Boyd*, with men of meikel prife :
 At Christmas there, *Wallace* sojourned still.
 Of his mother tydings was brought him till ;
 In time before she had left *Ellerslie*,
 For *Englishmen* she durst not in it be :
 From thence disguised she past in Pilgrims weed.
 Some girth to seek in *Dumferling* she yeed,

Sickness she had, forsooth into that stead.
 Diseased she was, God took her sprite to lead.
 When *Wallace* heard that these tidings were true,
 Then sadness sore on each side did pursue:
 In thanks he took, because it is natural,
 He loved God with sicker heart and heal.
 Better him thought that it was happned so,
 Then *Sutherland* should her put to other wo.
 He ordained *Jop*, and also Master *Blair*,
 Thither they past, and for no cost to spare,
 But honourably put corps to sepulture:
 At his command they served all their cure,
 Doing thereto as death desired to have.
 With rich intire the corps they put in grave.
 Again they turned, and shewed of her end:
 He thanked God, what grace that ever he send.
 He saw the world was full of fantasie,
 Comfort he took, let all mourning go by:
 His most delight was for to free *Scotland*.
 Now will I tell what case them came on hand.

C H A P. VI.

*How Sir William Douglas wan the Castle of
 Sanquhair by a jeopardie, and how William
 Wallace rescued him from the Englishmen,
 and put them out of that part.*

Sir *William* long of *Douglas* dail was Lord,
 By his first Wife, as right is to record:
 Deceased then out of this worldly care,
 Two Sons he had with her that lived there,
 Which likely was, and able in courage,
 To school was sent into their tender age:
James and *Hew* so heght these Brethren twa,
 And after soon their Uncle could them ra:
 Good *Robert Keith* had them from *Glasgow* town,
 And over the sea, to *France* hath made him boun:
 At study then he set them in *Paris*,
 With a Master that worthy was and wise.
 The King *Edward* took their Father the Knight,
 And held him still, though he was never so wight,
 While

While time he had assented to his will.
A marriage als they had ordained him till.
The Lady *Ferres* of power and hie blood ;
But thereof came to his life little good :
Two Sons he got on this Lady but mair,
With *Edwards* will he took his leave to fare.
In *Scotland* came, and brought his Wife in peace,
In *Douglas* dwelt, forsooth this is no leese :
King *Edward* trowed that he had stedfast been,
Fast their fast faith, but contrare soon was seen.
Ay the *Scots* blood remained in *Douglas*,
Against *England*, which proved in many place.
The *Sanquhair* was a castlè fair and strong,
An *English* Captain had done feil *Scots* wrong,
Into it dwelt, and *Bedfurd* he was call'd,
That held all west, from then to *Douglas* hald.
Right near of kin was *Douglas* Wife and he,
Therefore he trowed in peace of him to be.
Sir *William* saw that *Wallace* rose in plain,
And right likely to free *Scotland* again,
To help him part into his mind he cast,
For in that life right long he could not last :
He thought no charge to break upon *England*,
It was through force that ever he made them band :
A young Man then that hardy was and bald.
Born with himself, and *Thomas Dickson* call'd,
Dear friend, he said, I would prove at my might,
And make a fray to ralse *Bedfurd* the Knight,
In *Sanquhair* dwels, and doth full great outrage.
Then *Dickson* said, my self into that voyage
Shall for you pass, with *Anderson* to speak,
Friendship to me my Cousin will not break :
He is the man that fire leads them till,
Through his help we our purpose will fulfil.
Sir *William* then in all the haste he might,
Thirty true men in that voyage he dight.
And told his Wife to *Dumfreis* he would fare.
A tryst, he said, of *England* he had there.
Thus passed he where that no *Sutherland* wist,
With these thirty through wast land at their list,
While night came, then couched they full law,
Into a cleugh near at the water craw.

To the *Sanguhair Dickson* alone he send,
 And he soon made with *Anderson* this end :
Dickson should take both his horse and his weed.
 By it was day, a draught of wood to lead :
 Again he past, and told the good *Dowglas*,
 Which drew him soon into a private place,
Anderson told what stuff there was therein,
 To *Thomas Dickson* that was right near of kin,
 Fourty they are all men of meikle vail,
 Be they on foot, they will you sore assail :
 If you happen the entry for to get,
 On the right hand a stalwart axe is set,
 Therewith you may defend thee in a throng :
 Be *Dowglas* wise, he byde not from thee long.
Anderson yeed to the bushment in hie,
 Near the Castle he drew them privily,
 Into a shaw, *Sutheron* mistrusted nought,
 To the next wood with *Dickson* soon he sought :
 Graithed a draught on a broad slipping law :
 Charged an horse, and to the town can draw.
 Arrayed he was in *Andersons* weed,
 And bade have in, the Porter came good speed.
 This hour, he said, thou might have been away ?
 Untymous thou art, for it is scantly day.
 The gate yeed up, *Dickson* yeed in but mair,
 A thortour band that all the draught up bare,
 He cutted it, the slip to ground could ga,
 Cummered the gate, steiking they might not ma :
 The porter soon he hint into that strife,
 Twise through the head, and rest him of his life.
 The axe he got that *Anderson* of spake,
 And beckning made, therewith the bushment brake,
Dowglas himself was foremost in the preass,
 In over the wood entred ere he would ceass :
 Three watchmen was from the walls coming new,
 Within the close the *Scotsmen* them slew,
 Ere any sery was raised in that stour.
Dowglas had tane the gate of the great tower.
 Ran up the stair where that the Captain lay,
 On foot he got, and would have been away.
 Over late he was, *Dowglas* sirake up the door,
Bewfurd he found in midst of the floor,

With

With a stiff sword to death he hath him dight,
 His men followed fast, that worthy were and wight,
 The men they slew that were within these wanes,
 Then in the close they fembled all at anes :
 The house they took, and *Sutheron* put to dead,
 Got none but one with life out of that stead.
 For that the gate so long unsteiked was,
 This spy he fled, and to *Dursdeir* can pass,
 Told that Captain that they had hapned so.
 Another he gart into the *Ennoch* go :
 And *Tybers* mure was warned of this case,
 And *Lochmabane* all fembled to this place.
 The Country als, when they heard of such thing,
 Would siede *Dowglas*, and heght they should him hing.
 When *Dowglas* wist that none aid from them scape,
 To saily him he trowed that they would shape :
Dickson he sent upon a courser wight,
 To warn *Wallace* in all the haste he might.
 In the *Lennox* *Wallace* had tane the plain,
 With four hundred that were of meikle main :
Kilfyt Castle he thought to visit it,
 That *Ravindail* held, but true men let him wist,
 That he was out that time in *Cumbernald*,
 Lord *Cumine* dwelt on tribute in that hald.
 When *Wallace* wist, he gart Earl *Malcom* hy.
 With two hundred the bushment near thereby,
 To keep the house, that none should to it fare,
 He took the rest in the wood side near there :
 A scurriour set, to warn if he saw ought,
 Soon *Ravindail* came, of them he had no thought,
 When he was coming the two bushments between,
 The scurriour warned these cruel men and keen.
 When Earl *Malcom* had barred them from the place,
 No *Sutheron* yeed with life, they did that grace.
 Part *Lennox* men they left the house to ta :
 On spoiling then they would not tarry ma.
 To siede Houses then *Wallace* would not byde,
 Throughout the land *Wallace* would not byde,
 Then *Linlithgow* they burnt into their gate,
 Where *Sutheron* dwelt, they made their biggings heat.
 The Peil they took, slew them that were therein
 Of *Sutheron* blood the Scots thought no sin,

Then

Then on the morn burnt *Dalkeith* in a gleid,
 Soon to a strength to *Newbottle* they yeed :
 By that *Lawder* and *Christel* of *Setoun*,
 Came from the *Bass*, and burnt *North-berwick* town,
 That *Englishmen* they should no succour get :
 Whom they overtook, they slew withouten let,
 To meet *Wallace*, they past in all their might,
 An hundred men with them of arms bright :
 A blyth meeting that time was them beween.
 When Earl *Malcom* and *VWallace* hath him seen,
Thomas Dickson als met with good *VWallace*,
 Which granted soon for to rescue *Douglas*.
Dickson, he said, wots thou of their multiplie ?
 Three thousand men their power may not be.
 Earl *Malcom* said, though they were thousand five,
 For this action, methink that we should strive.
 Then *Hew* the *Hay* that dwelt under trewage,
 Of *Englishmen* soon he gave over that wage :
 More for to pay as then he liked nought :
 With fifty men to *VWallace* forth he sought,
 To *Peebles* fast, but no *Sutheron* them bade,
 There at the cross a plain cry they made :
VWallace commanded, who would come to his peace,
 And bide thereat, reward should have but leese.
 Good *Rutherford* that ever true hath been,
 In *Etrick* wood against the *Sutheron* keen,
 Bidden he had, and done them meikle dear,
 Sixty he had of noble men of wear.
VWallace him welcomed that came in his supplie,
 With lordly fare, and chiftain-like was he.
 Then to array they went about the town,
 Their number was six hundred of renown,
 In birnes bright, all men of meikle vail,
 With glad hearts they passed through *Cliddisdale*
 The siege began, and to the *Sanguhair* let :
 But tydings came, and made therein a let.
 The *Sutheron* heard that *VWallace* was so near,
 Through hasty tray the Host was all on stier :
 No man was there would for another bide,
 Purpose they took in *England* for to ride,
 Their Chiftain said, Since their King had before,
 From *VWallace* fled, their causes was the more,

From South they fought, to bide it was great wrath.
Dowglas as then was thus quite of their skaith.
 In *Crawford mure* by then was good *Wallace*,
 When men him told, that *Sutheron* upon cale,
 Were fled away, and durst not him abyde.
 Three hundred then he chose with him to ryde,
 In light harness, and horse that they would wail,
 The Earl *Malcom* he bade bide with the stail,
 To follow them, a back-guard for to be.
 To stuff the chase in all the haste bowned he:
 Through *Durisdair* he took the gainest gate,
 Right rain he would with *Sutheron* make debate.
 The plainest way above *Morton* they hold,
 Ryching the heght, if that the *Sutheron* would
 Them to persue, or turn to *Lochmabane*,
 But heed thereto the *Englishmen* took nane.
 Down right they held, graith guides could them lear
 About *Closhurn Wallace* approached near,
 In yre he grew when they were in his sight:
 To them he sped, with will and all their might:
 On an out part the *Scots* set that tide,
 Seven score at ground they had soon at a side.
 The *Sutheron* saw that it had hapned so,
 Turn'd in again, some rescue for to sho:
 When they trow'd best with good *Wallace* to stand,
 Earle *Malcom* came then right near at their hand.
 The whole power took plain purpose to flee:
 Who were at ground, *Wallace* gart let them be.
 Upon the foremost followed with all his might,
 The Earl and his amongst the rest they light,
 Did all to death that unhorsed was that tide.
 After the horse full freshly can they ride.
 Five hundred whole ere they past *Dalswyntown*,
 On *Sutheron* side to ground there was brought down.
 Of *Scots* horse many began to tyre,
 Suppose their selves was fierce as any fire.
 The flyers left both wood, waters and hill,
 To take the plain, speedul they thought them till:
 In great battel away iull fast they rode,
 Into the strength they thought to make no bode.
 Near *Lochmabane* and *Ouchter-house* they went,
 Beside *Crochmad*, where feil *Sutheron* they went.

Right many horse that ridden had so lang,
 And travelled fore, they might no further gang,
 Sir *John the Graham* upon his feet was set,
 Then *Wallace* als lighted withoutren let:
 These two on foot amongst their Enemies yeed,
 Was none but horse might from them pass for speed,
 On *Englishmen* so cruelly they sought,
 Whom they overtook, again harmed us nought,
 To *Wallace* came a part of power new,
 On rested horse, that partly can pursue:
Adam Currie, with good Men of great vail,
 And *Johnstoun* als that dwelt in *Eskdail*,
 And *Kirkpatrick* was in that company,
 And *Haliday* who sembled sturdily:
 Where they entred the sailie was so fair,
 Dead to the ground feil flyers down they bare,
 Seven score were whole of new come Men indeed,
 The south Party of them had meikle dread.
Wallace was horsed upon a courser wight,
 That good *Currie* had brought into his sight:
 To stuff the chase with the new Chevalry,
 Commanded *Graham* and his good Men for thy
 Together byde, and follow as they might.
 Three Captains there full soon to death he dight:
 The rested horse so wonder well them bare,
 Whom he overtook again rose never mair.
 Raithly he rode, and wrought full many wound,
 These three Captains he sticket in one stound,
 Of *Durisdair*, *Ennoch* and *Tybers* mure.
 Lord *Cliffords* Eme away to *Carlile* fure,
 The which before had kepted *Lochmabane*:
 No landed Man scaped with him but ane:
 For *Maxwel* als out of *Carlaverock* drew,
 On the *Sutherland* the gainett way can sue:
 Into the chase so wilfully they ride,
 Few got away that came upon that side.
 Beside *Cock-pool* full feil fighting they fand,
 Some drowned were, some slain upon the land:
 Who scaped was, in *England* fled away.
Wallace returned, no Prisoner took they.
 In *Carlaverock* that night resting they made;
 Upon the morn to *Dumfries* blythly rade:

There

There *Wallace* cryed, who would come to his peate,
 Against *Sutheron*, their malice for to cease:
 To true *Scots* he ordained warifon,
 Who faulted had, he granted remission.
 In *Dumfreis* then he would no longer bide,
 The *Sutheron* fled off *Scotland* on each side,
 By sea and land, without longer abade.
 Of castles and towns *Wallace* Chiftains made.
 Ruled the land, and put it in good rest,
 With true Keepers the which he trusted best.
 The good *Douglas* of which I told you air,
 Keeper he was from *Drumlanrick* to *Aire*:
 Because he had on *Sutheron* such thing wrought,
 His Wife was wroth, but that she shewed nought,
 Under covert her malice held perfyte:
 A serpent waits her time when she may bite:
 To *Douglas* oft she wrought full meikle care,
 Of that as now I leave while further mair.
 But *Sutheron* Men durst then no castles hold,
 They left *Scotland* before, as I your told,
 Save one *Morton*, a Captain fierce and fell,
 That held *Dundie*: but *Wallace* would not dwell,
 But thither past, and laid it round about.
 When *Morton* saw that he was in that doubt,
 He asked leave with their lives for to go.
Wallace denied, and said, It bees not so,
 The last Captain of *England* that here was,
 I gave him leave whole with his Men to pass.
 Thou shalt forethink such mastery for to make,
 All *England* shall of thee example take:
 Such Men I weind from thine for to have worn,
 Thou shalt be hanged, suppose the King had sworn.
 He gart command, no *Scots* should to him speak:
 Confirmed the siege, and said, we shall us wreek
 On *Englishmen*, as skill will of *Dundie*.
Scrimgeor he made their Constable for to be.
 One *Ballinger* of *England* that was there,
 Past out of *Tay*, and came to *Qubirbie* fair,
 To *London* sent, and told of all this case,
 To hang *Morton* so vowed had *Wallace*:
 Before this time *Edward* with power yeed
 To war on *France*, for then he had no dread.

Before he trowed *Scotland* to be his own.
 When they him warn'd his men were overthrowen,
 Again he took to *England* hastily,
 And left his turn all fickle in folly.
Gasgoign he claimed all into heritage,
 He left it thus with all his hie barnage :
 And *Flanders* als he thought to take in hand,
 All these he left, and came to reave *Scotland*.
 When that this King to *England* was come hame,
 Summonds they made, and charged *Bruce* by name,
 And other mo that lived under his crown,
 Bishop and Barron to come at his summon,
 When *Wallace* twise through force had fred *Scotland*,
 This Tyrant King took plainly upon hand :
 For great desire he might no way take rest :
 He thought to him to make it plain conquest.
 In covetise he had reigned so long :
 Chiftrains he made that they should not go wrong-
 Guids they chose for strengths them to guy,
 They thought no more to byde at jeopardy,
 In plain battel that they might *Wallace* win,
 He trow'd for war they would no more begin.
 Leave I this King making his ordinance,
 My purpose is to speak something of *France*.
 The *Englishmen* then *Guyen* held in wear,
 To *French* folk they did full meikle dear.
 King and Counsel soon in their wits cast,
 To get *Wallace* them thought it was the best :
 For *Guyen* land the *Englishmen* had they,
 Then shup they thus in all the haste they may :
 For they traisted, if *Scotland* were hard stade,
Wallace would come as he them promise made,
 The samine Herauld that in *Scotland* was,
 They him commanded, and ordained him to pass
 Into *Scotland* without longer delay,
 Out of the *Sluce* as goodly as he may :
 Ready he was, in ship he past on caise,
 In *Tays* mouth, but bode the haven tais,
 Where *Wallace* then was at the saylie still,
 And he received the Herauld with good will :
 Their writ he red, and said to them this wise :
 An answer soon he could them not devise,

To honest *Junes* the Herauld soon he send,
On *Wallace* cost, right boldly for to spend,
While time he saw how other matters stood,
Then answer he should have withoutten dread.
The wit of *France* thought *Wallace* to commend,
Into *Scotland* with this Herauld they send,
Praise of his deed, and als the description,
Of him tane there, by men of description,
Clerks, Knights and Heraulds that him saw :
But I hereof cannot rehearse it aw.
Wallace stature, of greatness and of hight,
Was judg'd thus be discretion of sight.
That saw him both on chevil and on weed :
Nine quarters large of hight he was indeed,
Third part that length in shoulders broad was he,
Right seemly strong, and lusty for to see :
In limbs great, with stalwart pass and sound :
His brains hard, with arms long and round :
His hands made right like to a palmear,
Of manlike make, with nails long and clear :
Proportioned fair, and long was his visage :
Right sad of speech, and able of courage :
Both breast high, with sturdy craig and great :
His lips round, his nose square and neat :
Burning brown hair on browes and bries light :
Blear asper eyes, like diamonds full bright.
Under his chin, on his left side was seen,
By hurt, a wan, his colour was sanguine,
Wounds he had in many diverse place ;
But fair and whole well keep'd was his face :
Of riches als he keep'd no proper thing,
Gave that he wan, like *Alexander* the King.
In time of peace, meek as a mind should be,
When war approach'd, the right *Hector* was he.
To *Scotsmen* right good credence he gave,
But known enemies they could not him deceive.
These properties were judg'd into *France*,
Of him to be a goodly remembrance.
Master *John Blair* this pattern could receive,
In *Wallace* book he brieded with the lave :
But he thereof as then took little heed,
His laborous mind was all of other deed.

At *Dundie* sledge thus earnest as he lay,
 Tidings to him *Jep* brought upon a day,
 How King *Edward* with likely Men of vail,
 An hundred thousand came for to assail,
 And *Scots* ground they had tane upon case,
 Into some part it grieved good *Wallace* :
 He made *Scrimgeor* at his house for to ly,
 With eight thousand, and charged them for thy,
 That none should scape with life out of that stead,
 That *Sutheron* were, but put them all to dead.
Scrimgeor granted right faithfully to bide,
 With two thousand *VWallace* could from him ride,
 To *Saint Johnstoun* three days graithed he there,
 With sad advise towards the south can fare :
 For King *Edward* that time ordained had,
 Ten thousand whole to pass that was full glad.
 With young *VWoodstock*, a Lord of meikle might
 At *Strivling* bridge he ordained them full right :
 And there to bide, the entry for to weir ;
 Of *VWallace* then he trowed to have no deir,
 Right royally upon a good array,
 Then leave they took, and past out but delay,
 To *Strivling* came, and there would not abide :
 To see the North, beyond *Forth* can they ride.
 Such new courage fell into his intent,
 Which made the *Sutheron* full sore for to repent.
The end of the tenth Book.

The Eleventh BOOK.

CHAP. I.

The Battel of Faw Kirk.

THIS *VWoodstock* rode into the North good speed,
 Of *Scots* as then they had but little dread ;
 For well they trowed for to rescue *Dundie*.
 Their ships came to *Tay* in by the sea.
 His Guides said, that they should lead him by,
Saint Johnstoun where passage lay plainly.
 The high they took, and looked them about,
 So were they ware of *VWallace* and his rout :

Then

Then in some part he remorded his thought,
The Kings command because he kept nought.
But when he saw they were fewer nor he,
He would them bide, and either do or die.
Sir *John Ramsay* foremost his power saw :
Said, yon are they that ye see hither draw,
Either *Sutheron* that come so cruelly,
Or Earl *Malcom* to seek you for supply.
Then *VWallace* smiled, and said, *Sutheron* they are,
Ye may them know right well where that they fare.
On *Sheriff-mure VWallace* the field hath tane,
With eight thousand of worthy Men in wane.
The *Sutheron* were right doughty into deed,
Together strake well stuffed in steel weed :
Then spears soon all into splenders sprent,
The hardy *Scots* out through the *Sutheron* went ;
In rayed battel seven thousand down they bare,
Dead on the bent, recovered never mair.
Right feil fighting with weapons grounden keen,
Blood then from birnes was blushed on the green.
The stalwart stout right fellow was and strang,
The worthy *Scots* so derfly on them dang,
That all was dead within a little stound :
None from that place had power for to found,
Young *VWoodstock* hath both life and Host forlorn.
The *Scots* spoiled all good gear them befor.
What them thought best of fine harness they wail,
Both gold and good, and horse that might avail.
To *Strivling* bridge without resting they rade,,
Ere mo should come, *VWallace* this ordinance made ;
Past over the bridge, *VWallace* gart Wrights call,
And with Crafts-men undid the passage all :
Then these same Folk he sent to the *Dridfurd*,
Gart set the ground with strong stakes and burd,
With nine or ten fyles he cast the gate before,
Endlong the shald made it as deep as shore.
Then *VWallace* said, We shall on one side be,
Yon King and I, but if he southward flee,
He sent *Lawder* which had in hand the *Bass*,
Endlong the coast, where any vessel was,
And Men with him that busily could look,
On each boat a board or two they took :

Ships they burnt of strangers that were there.
 Setoun and he to *Wallace* thus can fare,
 In *Strivling* lay upon his purpose still,
 For *Englishmen* to see what way they will.
 The Earl *Malcom Strivling* in keeping had.
 To him came with men of arms sad,
 Three hundred whole that sicker was and true.
 Of *Lennox* folk, their power to renew.
 Sir *John the Graham* from *Dundaff* sickerly,
 To *Wallace* came with a good Chevalry,
 Tydings him brought that *Sutheron* came at hand,
 In *Torpechin* King *Edward* was lodgeand,
 Destroying the place of purveyance was there :
 Saint *Johns* good as then they would not spare.
Stewart of *Bute* came unto *Wallace* there,
 With him he had twelve hundred men and mair :
 The *Cumine* then was past in *Cumbernald*.
 Upon the morn bowned the *Stewart* bald,
 Soon to array with men of arms bright :
 Twenty thousand then ssembled in their sight.
 The Lord *Stewart* and *Cumine* forth they ride
 To the *Fawkirk*, and thought there to abide.
Wallace and his then to array they yeed,
 With ten thousand of worthy men indeed :
 Who could behold his awful Lordly vult,
 So well beseen, so forward, stern and stout,
 So good Chiftain as with so few they been,
 Without a King was never in *Scotland* seen.
Wallace himself and Earl *Malcom* the Lord,
 Sir *John the Graham*, and *Ramsay* at record,
Setoun, *Lawder*, and *Boyd* that was full wight,
Adam Wallace was to that journey dight ;
 And many other that proved well in preals,
 Their names all I may not here rehearse.
Sutheron or then out of *Torpichine* fure,
 Their passage made into *Slamanane* mure :
 Into a plain set tents and pavilions,
 South the *Fawkirk* a little above the town,
 Good *Jop* himself thus judged by his sight,
 In whole number an hundred thousand right.
 Of *Wallace* coming the *Scots* such comfort took,
 When they him saw, all dreadour they forsook :

For of envy was few there that it wist,
 Treasonable folk their matter works at list :
 Poyson since then at the *Fawkirke* is call'd,
 Through great treason, and corruption of ald.
 For *Cumines* had envy of good *Wallace*,
 For Earl *Patrick*, as hapned upon case :
 Countess of *March* was *Cumines* sister dear,
 Under colour he wrought on this manner.
 Into the Host had ordained *Wallace* dead.
 And made *Stewart* to fall with him at plead,
 That Lord, he said, That *Wallace* had no right
 Power to lead, and be present in sight :
 He bade him take the vanguard for the gy,
 So wist he well that he should strive for thy.
 Lord *Stewart* asked of *Wallace* his counsel,
 Said, Sir, ye know what may us best avail :
 Yon awful King is felon for to byde,
 Right unabased *Wallace* answered that tyde :
 And I have seen twise mo into *Scotland*,
 With yon same King, when *Scotsmen* took on hand,
 With fewer men then now hither is sought,
 This Realm against, and to good purpose brought.
 Sir, we will fight, for we have men anew,
 As for a day, so that we all be true.
 The *Stewart* said, The vanguard we should have.
Wallace answered, and said, So God me save,
 That shall ye not, so long as I may reign,
 Nor no man else, except my righteous King :
 If he will come and take on him the Crown,
 At his command I shall be ready bown.
 Through Gods grace I rescued *Scotland* twise,
 I were over-mad to tine it in such wise,
 To tine for boalt that I have governed lang,
 Thus half in wrath from ward him can he gang.
Stewart therewith all bowned into bail.
Wallace he said, by thee I tell a tale.
 Say forth, quoth he, of the fairest ye can,
 Unhappily his tale thus he began.
Wallace, he said, Thou takes this meikle cure,
 So fared it by working of nature,
 How an *Howlat* complained of his fethreme,
 When *Damocles* took of such bird but blame.

A fair feather, and to the *Howlat* gave,
 Then he thought pride rebuted all the lave :
 Wherefore should thou thy senyie show so hie,
 Thou thinks none here that should thy fellow be :
 This makes it, thou art glad with our Men :
 Had we our own, then were but few to ken.
 At these words good *VWallace* burnt as fire,
 Over hastily he answered him in yre :
 Thou lied, he said, the sooth full oft hath been,
 There have I bidden, where thou durst not be seen,
 Contrare thine enemies, no more for *Scotlands* right :
 Nor dare the *Howlat* when that the day is night :
 That tale full near thou hast told by thy sell :
 To thy desire thou shalt not me compel :
Cumine it is hath given thee this counsel,
 Will God ye shall of your first purpose fail :
 That false Traitor that I from danger brought,
 Is wonder like to bring this Realm to nought :
 For thine oggart either to do or die,
 To prison fled, or cowardly to flee :
 Rescue of me thou shalt get none this day,
 There with he turned, and from them rode his way,
 Ten thousand men away with *VWallace* rode,
 None better was in all the world so broad,
 As such men was living upon life.
 Alace, great harm fell *Scotland* for that strife :
 Past to the wood from the *Fawkirke* by east :
 He would not bide for command nor request,
 For charge of none, but it had been the King,
 That might that time bring him from his erling.
 The other *Scots* saw their destruction,
 For discomfort to leave the field was bown :
 But these men was native to *Stewart*,
 Principal in *Bute*, took hardiment in heart,
 Lord *Stewart* was at *Cumine* grieved there,
 Heght and he lived he should repent it fair.
 The great trespass that he through misknowledge
 Had gart him make to *VWallace* in that place,
 Of their debate it was a great pitie,
 For *Englishmen* then might no blyther be,
 Hasted so fast in batel to the field,
 Thirty thousand that well could weapons wield,,

The Earl *Hartfurd* was chosen their Chiftain,
 The good *Stewart* to that array is gane,
 The field he took as true and worthy Knight;
 The *Englishmen* came on with all their might.
 Their feil meeting was awful for to see,
 At that counter they gart feil *Sutheron* die.
 When spears were split, hint out with swords soon
 On either side full doughty deeds were done,
 Feil on the ground was felled in that place,
Stewart and his can on their enemies race.
 Blood brusted out through mailzie birnisht bright,
 Twenty thousand with dreadful weapons dight,
 On *Sutheron* Men derfly to death they ding,
 The remanant again fled to the King.
 Ten thousand then after the dead eschewed,
 With that Chiftain unto the Host-relieved.
 Again to ray the hardy *Stewart* yeed.
 When *VWallace* saw that worthy noble deed,
 Held up his hands with humble prayer preit :
 O God, he said, give yon Lord grace to last,
 And power have his worship to attend,
 To win these Folk, and take the whole command.
 Great harm it were that he should be overfet,
 With new power they then to him rebet,
 By that the *Bruce* an awful battel rayed,
 The Bishop *Beik* that oft hath been assayed,
 Fourty thousand upon the *Scots* to fare,
 With full effear they raised up right there,
 The *Bruces* banner with gold and goules clear.
 When *VWallace* saw the battels approached near,
 The right lion against his own Kinrike :
 Alace, he said, the world is contrare like.
 This land should be yon Tyrants heritage,
 That cometh thus to stroy his own barnage :
 So I were free of it that I said air,,
 I would forswear *Scotland* for evermair :
 Contrare *Bruce* I should rescue them now,
 Or die therefore, to God I make a vow.
 The great debate in *VWallace* wit can waid,
 Betwixt kindness and wilful vow was made.
 Kindness bade him rescue them from their Fo
 Then Will said, Nay, why fool, wilt thou do so?

Thou hast no wit with right thy self to lead :
 Should thou help him that would put thee to dead ?
 Kindness said, yet they are good *Scotsmen*.
 The will said, wit the verity thou may ken,
 Had they been good, all in one we had been,
 By reason here the contrare well is seen,
 For they us hate more than the *Sutheron* leid,
 Kindness said, nay, that show they not indeed :
 Though one of them be false into their law,
 Because of him thou shouldest not lose them aw :
 They have done well into yon fellon flour,
 Rescue them now, and take thee high honour.
 Will said, they would have rest from me my life,
 I bade for them in many a fellon strife.
 Kindness said, help, their power is but nought,
 Then wreak on him that all the malice wrought.
 Will said, this day they shall not holpen be :
 That I have said, shall ay be said for me :
 They are but dead, God grant them of his blis :
 Envy long since hath done great harm and mis.
Wallace therewith turned in yre and teen,
 Tears for bail burst out from both his een.
 Sir *John* the *Graham* and many other wight.
 Weeped for wo for sorrow of that Knight,
 When *Bruces* battel upon the *Scots* strake,
 Their cruel coming made cowards for to quake.
 Lord *Cumine* fled in *Cumbernald* away,
 About the *Scots* the *Sutheron* lapped they.
 The men of *Bute* before their Lord they stood,
 Defending him, when that feil streams of blood
 Were them about in floats where they yeed.
 Bathed in blood was *Bruces* sword and weed.
 Through feil slaughter of feil men of his own,
 Soon to the death the *Scots* were overthrown,
 Then slew the Lord, for he would not be tane.
 When *Wallace* saw that their good men were gane,
 Lords, he said, what now is your counsel?
 Two choyses there are, I rede the best ye wail,
 Yonder the King his Host abandonand,
 With *Bruce* and *Beik* in yon battel to stand,
 Yon King in war right wise and fell hath been,
 Their Captains als full cruel are and keen,

Better of hand is not living, I wiss,
 In tyranny, ye trow me well of this,
 Nor *Bruce* and *Beik*, to what side they be set.
 We have a choice which is full hard but let.
 And we turn East for strength in *Lowthian* land,
 They stuff a chase right hard I understand :
 Take we the mure, yon King is us before,
 There is but this withoutten words more,
 To the *Torwood*, for our succour is there :
 Through *Bruces* Host, forlooth first must we fare.
 Amongst us now there needeth no debate,
 Yon men are dead, we need not strive for state.
 They all consented to work right as he will :
 What him thought best, they granted to fulfil.
 Good *Wallace* then that stoutly could them steer,
 Before them rode into his armour clear,
 Ruled their spears all in one number round,
 And we grace have for to pass through them sound,
 And few be lost, to our strength will we ryde,
 Want we many, in faith we shall abyde,
 With their armed horse salt on the Host they rade,
 The tierd then rose when spears in sunder glade,
 Dushed in dross dunted with spears dint,
 From forged steel the fire flew forth but stint :
 The fellon throng when horse and men renewed.
 Up drove the dult where they their piths proved :
 The other Host might not their deeds see,
 The stout that rose, while they dislevered be.
 The worthy *Scots* eighth thousand down they bare,
 Few fell on ground that good *Wallace* brought there,
 The King cryed, Horse upon them for to ryde :
 But this wise Lord gave him counsel to byde.
 The Earl of *York* said, Sir ye work amiss,
 To break array, yon men quite through them is :
 They kend the land, and will to strengths draw,
 Take we the plain, we are in peril aw.
 The King conceived that his counsel was right,
 Ruled the Host, and bade still in their sight,
 Ere *Bruce* and *Beik* might return their bartel,
 The *Scots* were through, and had a great avail.
Wallace commanded the Host should pass away,
 To the *Torwood* in all the haste they may :

Himself and *Graham*, and *Lawder* turned in,
 Betwixt battels, pryse and proves to win,
 And with them bode in that place hundred three
 Of *Westland* men used in jeopardie,
 Upon wight horse, that right warly could ride,
 A stop they made where they set on a side:
 No spears they had, but swords of tempered steel,
 Therewith in stour they let their enemies feel,
 How they full oft had proved been in preass,
 Of *Englishmen* they made feil to deceass.
 Ere *Bruce* thereof might well perceiving have,
 Three hundred there were graithed to their grave,
 The hardy *Bruce* an Host abandone it,
 Thirty thousand he ruled by force and wit,
 Upon the *Scots*, his men for to rescue,
 Served they were with good spears anew,
 And Bishop *Beik* a stuff to him to be.
 When good *Wallace* their ordinance can see:
 Alace, he said, yon man hath meikle might,
 And over good will to undo his own right.
 He bade his men toward the Host to ryde,
 Them for to save, he would behind them hyde:
 Meikle he trowed in God, and his own deed,
 To save his men into his doughty weed:
 Upon himself meikle travel he taes,
 The great battel compleat upon him gaes:
 In the fore-front turned he full oft,
 Whom ever he hit, their saughning was unsoft:
 That day in world known was not his mark,
 A *Sutherland* man he slew ay at one straik.
 But his own strength might not against them be,
 Toward his Host behoved him to flee,
 The *Bruce* him hurt at his returning there,
 Under the hanch, a deep wound and fair,
 Blood bursted out braithly a spears length,
 From the great Host he fled towards his strength:
 Such a Flyer before was never seen,
 Nought as *Gaderis* of *Gaudifer* the teen,
 When *Alexander* rescued the fourreours,
 Might not to him be compared in those hours.
 The feil turning of fourreours he made,
 Now boldly as before the Host he bade.

Nor how good *Graham* with cruel hardiment,
 Nor how *Lawder* amongst his enemies went :
 How they alone into the stour then stood,
 While *Wallace* was in stanching of his blood.
 By then he had steemed full well his wound,
 With three hundred into the field can found,
 To rescue *Graham* and *Lawder* that were wight,
 But Bishop *Beik* came on with strength and slight,
 The worthy *Scots* retired far aback,
 Seven aiker broad, unto their own great wrake,
 Yet were these two delivered there full well,
 By his own hand, and a good sword of steel.
 The awful *Bruce* amongst them with great main,
 At the rescue three *Scotsmen* hath he slain :
 Whom he hit right ay at one straik was dead :
Wallace preassed in therefore to set remead,
 With a good spear *Bruce* was served but bade,
 With great envy to *Wallace* falt he rade,
 And he to him assonzeit not for thy,
 The *Bruce* him mist, as *Wallace* passed by,
 Ackwart he strake with his sharp grounden glave,
 Spear and horse neck he all in sunder drave.
Bruce was at ground ere *Wallace* turned about.
 The great battel of *Sutheron* stern and stout,
 They horsed *Bruce* with men of great valour :
Wallace alone was in that stalwart stour.
Graham preassed in, and strake an *English* Knight,
 Before the *Bruce* upon the basnet right,
 That frivole stuff, and all his other weed,
 Both bone and brain the noble sword through yeed.
 The Knight was dead, good *Graham* returned right,
 A subtil Knight thereat had great despight,
 Followed at wait, and hath perceived well,
Grahams birny to narrow was some deal
 Beneath the walte, that close it might not be,
 On the fillet full sternly then strake he,
 Pierced the back, in the bowels him bare
 With a sharp spear that he might live no mair.
Graham turned there, and smote the Knight in teen,
 Through the visart, a little beneath the cen :
 Dead of that dint, to ground he rushed down,
 Sir *John* the *Graham* swowned on his arfoun,

Ere he overcame to pass to his party,
 Feil *Sutheron* men that were on foot him by,
 Sticked his horse that he no further yeed,
Graham yields to God his good sprite and his dead.
 When *Wallace* saw this good Knight to death brought,
 The piteous pain so thirled his thought,
 All out of kind altered his courage,
 His wit in war was then but a wood rage.
 The horse him bare in field where so him list,
 For of himself as then he little wist.
 Like a wood beast that was from reason rent,
 As witless wight into the Host he went,
 Dinging on hard, what *Sutheron* right he hit,
 Straight upon horse again might never sit.
 Into that rage full feil folk he dung down,
 All him about was red a full great rowm.
 When *Bruce* saw with *Wallace* it was sa.
 He then charged men long spears for to ta,
 And slay his horse, so he could not escape.
 Feil *Sutheron* then to *Wallace* can them shape,
 Pierced his horse with spears on either side,
 Wounds they made that were both deep and wide:
 Of shafts part *Wallace* in sander share,
 But feil heads into his horse left there.
 Some wit again to *Wallace* can redown,
 In his own mind, so ruled him reason:
 So for to die, he thought no vassalage,
 Then for to flee he took into a rage,
 Spurred the horse, and ran in a randoun
 To his own folk where byding on *Carroun*.
 The sea was in, they stopped and still stood:
 On loud he cryed, and bade them take the flood:
 Together byde, ye may not loose a man.
 At his command they took the water than.
 He returned the entry for to keep,
 While all the Host were passed over the deep:
 Then followed fast, and dread his horse should fail.
 Himself was clade in a heavy plate of mail.
 Though he could swim, ye trowed he might not well,
 The clear water cooled the horse some deal.
 Out over the flood he bare him to the land,
 Then fell down dead, and might no longer stand.

Keirly full soon a courser to him brought,
 Then up he lap, amongst the Host he fought :
 Graham was away, and other fifteen wight,
 On Magdalen day these folk to death were dight.
 Thirty thousand of Englishmen for true,
 The worthy Scots upon that day they flew :
 What by Stewart, and then by wight Wallace,
 For all his price King Edward rewed that case.
 To the Tormood he bade the Host to ride,
 Keirly and he passed on Carroun side,
 Beholding ower upon the south party.
 Bruce foremost came, and could on Wallace cry :
 What, art thou there? a man, Wallace can say.
 The Bruce answered, that hast thou proved this day.
 Abide, he said, thou needest not now to flee.
 Wallace answered, I eschewed not for thee :
 But that thy power hath near thine own undone,
 Amends hereof, will God, we shall have soon.
 Language of thee, the Bruce saith, I desire.
 Say forth, quoth he, thou mayst for little hyre :
 Ryde from thine Host, and gar them byde with Baik :
 I would fain hear what thou likest to speak.
 The Host bode still, the Bruce passed them fra,
 No man with him, but one Scot that heght Rae.
 When that the Bruce out of their hearing were,
 He turned in hy, and this question can spear?
 Why workest thou thus, and might in good peace be?
 Then Wallace said, but in default of thee :
 Through thy falshood thine own wit is miskend :
 I claim no right, but would this land defend,
 That thou undoeest through thy false cruel deed :
 Thou hast tint two that were worth far more meed
 Upon this day, with a good King to found.
 Nor five millions of finest gold so round,
 That ever were wrought in work or coyn so bright :
 I trow in world be not a better Knight,
 Then was good Graham of truth and hardiment,
 Tears therewith from Wallace eyes down went.
 Bruce said, far more on this day we have lost.
 Wallace answered, alace, they were ill cost,
 Through thy treason shouldst be our righteous King,
 That wilfully destroyt thine own off-spring.

The *Bruce* answered, wilt thou do my devise :
Wallace said, No, thou livest in such wise,
Thou wouldst me make at King *Edwards* will be,
Yet I had rather to morn be hanged hie,
But wilt thou do as I shall counsel give,
Then as a Lord thou might at liking live,
At thine own will in *Scotland* for to reign,
To be in peace, and hold of *Edward* King.
Of that false King I think never to take,
But contrare him with all my power to make :
I claim nothing as by title of right,
Though I might reave, since God hath lent me might
From thee thy crown of this Region to wear ;
But I shall not such charge upon me bear.
Great God knows best what wars I took on hand,
For to keep free that which thou dost gain-stand,
It might be said of thee long time beforen,
In cursed time thou wast for *Scotland* born,
Seemest thou not, that never yet didst good :
Then *Runnagate*, devourer of thy blood.
I vow to God, may I thy Master be
In any field, thou shalt far rather die,
Then shall a *Turk*, for thy false cruel wear :
Pagans to us do not so meikle dear.
Then leugh the *Bruce* at *Wallace* earnestness,
And said, thou seest that thus stands the case :
This day thou art with power overset,
Against yon King overhand ye may not get.
Then *Wallace* said, we are by meikle thing,
Stronger this day in contrary yon King.
Then at *Bigger*, where he left many of his,
And als the field, so shall he do with this :
Into the field we have lost many a Knight,
Or die therefore, for all his meikle might.
And *Scotland* now into such peril stad,
To leave it thus, I might be called mad.
Wallace, he said, it approacheth near night,
Would thou to morn, when that the day is light,
Ere nine of clock, meet me at the Chappel,
By *Dunipace*, I would hear thy counsel.
Wallace said, Nay, ere that each time be spent,
Were all the men hence in the Orient,

Into one will with *Edward* who had sworn,
We shall bargain ere nine hours of the morn :
Of this wrong reaf, either he shall think shame,
Or die therefore, or flee in *England* hame.
But and thou wilt, soon by the hour of three,
At that each tryft, will God I shall thee see.
While I may last, this Realm shall not forfare.
Bruce promis'd him with twelve *Scots* to be there.
Then *Wallace* said, Stood thou righteous to me,
A contrare part I should not be to thee.
I shall bring ten, and for thy power mo,
I give no force, though thou be friend or fo.
Thus they departed, *Bruce* passed thus away,
To *Litbgow* rode where that King *Edward* lay :
The field had left, and lodged by South the town,
At supper set as *Bruce* at the pavilion,
He entred in, and saw vacand his seat,
No water took, but made him to the meat,
Fasting he was, and been in meikle dread.
Bloody was all his weapons and his weed.
The *Sutheren* Lords scorned on terms rude,
And said, behold yon *Scot* eats his own blood,
The King thought evil they made such derision,
Bade have water to *Bruce* of *Huntingtown*.
They bade him wash he said, that he would nought.
This blood is mine that hurts most my thought.
Sadly the *Bruce* then in his mind remorded,
The words sooth *Wallace* had him recorded :
Then rewed he sore, fra reason he had known,
That blood and land should both have been his own.
With them he was long ere he got away,
But contrare *Scots* he fought not from that day.
Leave I the *Bruce* sore mourning in his intent :
Good *Wallace* soon again to his Host went,
In the *Torwood* which had their lodging made,
Fires they beir that was both bright and brade.
Of noit and sheep they took at sustinance,
Thereof full soon to get them sustinance.
Wallace slept but short while, and soon rose,
To rule the Host on a good pace he goes.
The Earl *Malcom*, *Ramsay*, and *Lundie* wight,
And five thousand in batrel then he dight.

Wallace, Lawder, and Christel of Setoun,
 Five thousand led, and *Wallace of Richbartown,*
 Full well arrayed into their armour clean,
 Past to the field where that the chase had been,
 Seeking dead men among the worthiest,
 The corps of *Graham*, for whom they mourned most,
 When they him fand, and good *Wallace* him saw,
 He lighted down, hint him before them aw
 In arms up, beholding his pale face,
 He kissed him, and cryed full oft, Alace.
 My best brother in world that ever I had :
 Mine esold friend when I was hardest fad :
 Mine hope, mine health, thou wast of most honour :
 My faith, mine help, my strengthner into stour.
 In thee was wit, freedom, and hardiness :
 In thee was truth, manhood, and nobleness :
 In thee was rule, in thee was governance :
 In thee vertue without variance :
 In thee lawty, in thee was great largeness :
 In thee gentries, in thee was stedfastness :
 Thou wast great cause of winning of *Scotland*,
 Though I began, and took the war on hand,
 I vow to God that hath the world to wald,
 Thy death shall be to *Sutherland* full dear sold.
 Martyr thou art for *Scotland*s right and me :
 I shall be venged, or else therefore shall die.
 Was no man there from weeping might refrain,
 For loss of him, when they heard *Wallace* plain.
 They carried him with worship and honour,
 In the *Fawkirk* made him a sepulchre.
Wallace commanded his men therefore to byde,
 His ten he took, for to meet *Bruce* they ryde.
 South-west ne past where that the tryst was set.
 The *Bruce* full soon and good *Wallace* have met :
 For loss of *Graham*, and als for proper teen,
 He grew in yre when he the *Bruce* hath seen.
 Their saluting was but busteous and thrown :
 Rews thou, he said, thou art contrare thine own.
Bruce said, *Wallace*, rebute me now no more,
 Mine own deeds have bet me wonder fore.
 When *Wallace* heard with *Bruce* that it stood fa.
 On knees he fell, fair countenance can him ma.

In arms soon the Bruce hath *VWallace* tane,
 Out from their men in counsel are they gane:
 I cannot tell perfectly their language,
 But this was it their men had of knowledge:
VWallace him prayed, come from the *Sutheron* King
 The Bruce said, nay, there lets me yet one thing:
 I am so bound with witness to be leal,
 For all *England*, I would not false my seal.
 But one thing here I heght to God and thee,
 That contrare *Scots* again I shall not be:
 Into a field with weapons that I bear,
 In my purpose, I shall thee never dear:
 If God thee grants over-hand of us to have,
 I will not flee mine own self for to save.
 And *Edward* scape, I pass with him again,
 But I through force be either tane or slain:
 Break he on me when that my tearm is out,
 I come to thee, may I scape from that doubt.
 Of their counsel I cannot tell you mair,
 The Bruce took leave, and can to *Edward* fare.
VWallace in haste provided soon his Host,
 Right sad in mind for *Scotsmen* that he lost.
 He made *Crawfurd* the Earl *Malcom* to guide,
 In the low way to *Inveravin* to ride,
 That their watches then should not them espy:
 The other Host himself led hastily,
 By South *Manwel*, while that they were between:
 Of the out-watches thus scaped they unseen.
 The Earl *Malcom* on *Lithgow* entred in,
 There hastily a great streir can begin.
VWallace was nought all to the battel bown,
 When they heard the cry rise into that town.
 On *Edwards* Host they set full suddenly:
Wallace and his made little noise and cry,
 But occupied with weapons in that stour,
 Feil felled to death that was without armour.
 All disarrayed the *English* Host was than,
 Amongst the pavilions, where *Scots* full many man
 Cutted down cords, gart many tents fall:
 None sonzeit then, at once were fighting all:
 But *VWallace* Host and Earl *Malcom* with might
 King *Edward* then with awful fear on heght,

Cryed to array on *Bruce* so stern and stout,
 Twenty thousand in arms him about.
 Into harness had bidden all that night,
 But frayed folk so dolefully been dight,
 On each side fled, for fearedness of their dead :
Wallace and his so roughly through them yeed,
 Toward the King, and felled feil to ground,
 Who bode them there right fell fighting they found.
 The cruel King right awfully abade,
 To all his folk a great comfort he made :
 The worthy *Scots* amongst them in that stour,
 Feil *Sutherland* slew into their fine armour,
 Before the King made stops them among,
 So forwardly they preassed in that throng,
English commons they fled on either side,
 But noble men, there durst none other byde.
 The *Bruce* as then to *Scots* made no grievance,
 But Judge he was with fenziel countenance :
 So did he never into no battel air,
 Nor yet after such deed as he showed there.
 The Earl *Hartford* to flee he made him bown,
 The Earl *Malcom* by that came in the town :
 The *Lennox* men set their lodges on fire,
 Then fearedly fled many *Sutherland* Syre.
 The King *Edward* that yet was fighting still,
 Hath seen them flee, and liked them full ill.
 The worthy *Scots* fast toward him they preass,
 His bridle near assayed ere they would ceass :
 His banner-man in that place *Wallace* slew,
 And then to ground the banner soon it flew.
 The Earl of *Tork* counselled the King to flee,
 And so returned, since no succour they see.
 The *Englishmen* hath seen the banner fall,
 Without comfort to flee they purpose all.
 Ten thousand men in field and town was dead,
 Of *Edwards* folk, ere himself left that stead,
 Twenty thousand away together rade,
 King and Chistains no longer rarry made :
 The *Scots* in haste then to their horse they yeed,
 To stuff the chase with worthy men indeed,
 The *Lennox* folk that warned horse and gear,
 Took them at will to help them in their wear,

At *Stragil* rode, what *Scots* might foremost pass,
 On *Sutheron* men full great slaughter there was,
Wallace hath seen the *Scots* unorderly,
 Follow the chase he made matters in hy,
 Them for to rule, and altogether ryde,
 Commanding them, each one should other byde.
 Into flying the *Sutheron* subtil are,
 See they a time, they will set on full fair.
 Feil scailed folk to them will soon renew,
 For ye see well that they are men anew.
 The Followers was ruled well with skill,
 In good array they rode all at his will.
 And slew down fast what *Sutheron* they overtake,
 Contrare the *Scots* came not mairtry to make.
 Into that chase they hasted all so near,
 No *Englishmen* durst from the Holt out fear.
 The trayed folk at *Stragil* were fleeand,
 Drew to the King well mo than ten thousand,
 Thirty thousand in number than were they,
 Into array together they past away.
 Feil *Scots* horse so driven was in travel,
 Fore-run that day, and irked began to fail:
 The *Sutheron* was with horse served so well,
 Of *Wallace* chase the *Sutheron* had some feel.
 Of horse they were purveyed in great wain,
 The King changed on sundry horse of *Spain*.
 Then *Wallace* said, Lords, ye may well see,
 Yon folk are now all that yon King may be,
 For fault of stuff we los over meikle thing:
 Had we good horse to pass before yon King,
 We should make end of all this long debate,
 Yet some of them shall be handled so heat:
 Part of our horse are holden fresh and wight,
 Set on them fast while that we are in might:
 With that the *Scots* so hard amongst them drew,
 Of the outmost three thousand men they slew.
 In *Crawfurd* mure many a man was slain.
Edward gart call the *Bruce* of meikle main:
 Then said he thus, good Earl of *Huntingtown*,
 Ye see the *Scots* put many to confusion,
 Would ye with men again on them relieve,
 And mar them once, I shall that while I live,

Love you far more than any other Knight,
 And for all this, shall put you in your right.
 Then said the *Bruce*, Sir, loose me of my band :
 And I shall turn, I heght you by my hand.
 The King soon considered in his mind,
 When he heard *Bruce* answer him in this kind,
 From *Englishmen* the *Bruce* heart set it is :
 Then cast he this, how he should mend this miss :
 And so he did in *England* at his will,
 No *Scotsman* he let with *Bruce* bide still,
 But where he past, held him in subjection,
 Of *Englishmen* under a great bandon.
 He turned not, nor no more language made,
 In rayed battel the King to *Sulway* rade,
 With meikle pain past upon *Englands* coast.
 Fifty thousand in that travel they lost.
 When *Wallace* saw he escaped was away,
 Upon command again returned they,
 To *Edinburgh*, withoutten words more,
 Put in *Crawfurd* that Captain was before,
 Of heritage he had in *Manwel* land.
Wallace commanded each man should hold in hand
 Their own office, as they before time had.
 Put in good peace, *Scotland* in right he stad.
 On the tenth day to *Saint Johnstoun* he went,
 Assembled Lords, then showed them his intent,
Scrimageour came that then had won *Dundie*,
Wallace command that time well kepted he.
 He failed so, while strong hunger them drave,
 Feebled them so, the house to him they gave.
 These wageours soon they put to confusion,
 Then brought *Morton* to make a conclusion,
 Before *Wallace*, and soon from he him saw,
 He gart hang him for all King *Edwards* aw.
 Malons and minds with *Scrimageour* forth he send,
 Cast down *Dundie*, and thereof made an end.
Wallace sadly when these deeds were done,
 The Lords he called, and his will show'd them soon :
 Good men, he said, I was your governour,
 My mind was set to do you ay honour,
 And for to bring this Realm to righteousness :
 For it I past in many painful place.

To win our own, my self I never spar'd,
At the *Faw Kirk* then ordained me reward :
Of their reward ye hear no more through me,
Unto such gifts, God will full well have eye.
Now ye are free, through the Maker of might,
He grant you grace for to defend your right.
Als I presume if harm be ordain'd me,
There are *Scotsmen* which should the workers be.
I have enough of our old Enemies strife :
Me thinks our own should not envy my life :
Mine office here over plainly I resign :
I think no more to take on me such thing.
In *France* I will, and win my living there,
As now advised, and home to come no mair.
Lords gainstood, but all that helped nought,
For any there, he did as himself thought.
Bishop Sinkler was visited with sickness
Into *Dunkeld*, and then through Gods grace,
He recovered when *Wallace* past away :
After the *Bruce* he lived many a day.
Good *Wallace* thus took leave in *Saint Johnstoun*,
Eighteen with him to *Dundie* made them boun.
Longoveil past that doughty was indeed,
The Barrons Son of *Brechin* with him yeed.
Two Brethren old with their Uncle them dight,
Symon Wallace and *Richard* that were wight.
Sir Thomas Gray, this Priest can with him fare,
Edward Little, and *Jop*, and Master *Blair*.
Good *Keirly* past had been with *Wallace* long,
And done full well in many fellon throng.
This *Keirly* then that could with *Wallace* fare,
Will Ker he heght, mine Author will declare :
Keirly in *Irish*, is but *Ker Little* call'd,
In *Carrick* he had heritage of ald :
His forbear which worthy was of hand,
Saint David King him brought out of *Ireland* :
Then at *Dummoir* where first *Norways* came in,
This *Ker* made great discomfice of their kin.
With seven hundred vanquisht nine thousand,
Some drowned in *Down*, some slain-upon the land :
Those whole lands the good King gave him till.
How *Wallace* past now further speak I will.

C H A P. II.

How Wallace met with John of Lyn upon the Sea.

Amongst Merchants thus *Wallace* took the sea,
 Pray we to God that he their helper be :
 They sailed forth by part of *England* shore,
 To *Humber-mouth* when that they came before,
 Out of the South a great red sail they see,
 Into the top three Leopards standing hie :
 The Merchants then the sign when that they saw,
 Coming so near, they were discomfort aw :
 For well they wist that it was *John* of *Lyn*,
 Scots to slay, he said it was no sin.
 These frayed folk they yeed to confession.
 Then *Wallace* said, Such a devorion
 Yet saw I never, in no place where I past,
 That for one ship ye should be all agast :
 Yon wood cats shall do but little dear,
 We saw them sail twise mo when they were,
 On a fair field, so shall they on the sea.
 Despite it is to see them stand so hie.
 The stiers-man said, Sir, will ye understand,
 He saveth none that is born of *Scotland* :
 We may not flee from yon barge, wot I well,
 Well stuffed they are with gun and gainzie of steel,
 Upon the sea yon Reaver long hath been,
 To righteous men he doth full meikle teen :
 Might we be saved, we rek not for our good.
 This use he hath shortly for to conclude,
 A flood he bears upon his coat armour,
 Ay drowning folk, so painted in his figure,
 Suppose we mourn, ye should have no marvel,
 Then *Wallace* said, Here is men of more vail
 To sail the ship, therefore in how thou ga,
 And thy fires, no more cummer us ma.
Wallace and his then soon to harness yeed :
 When they were graithed into their worthy weed,
 Himself and *Blair*, and the Knight *Longoveil*,
 These three hath tane to keep the mid-ship well,

Before

Before were eight, and six be eft he kend :
Then two he chose the top for to defend.
And *Gray* he made their stiers-man for to be.
The Merchants then saw them so manfullie
Defend themselves because they had no weed,
Out of the how they took then Skins good speed
Ay betwixt two stuffed wool as they might best,
Against the stroak, that they might some part lest.
Then *Wallace* leugh, and commended them aw,
Of such harness before he never saw.
By that the barge came on them wonder fast,
Seven score in her that were nothing agast,
When *John* of *Lyn* saw them in armour bright,
He leugh, and said these naughty words on hight :
Yon glaiked *Scots* can us not understand :
They are but Fools, and new come from the land.
He cried Striek, but none answer them made.
Blair with a bow shot fast withoutten bade :
Ere they clipped he shot but arrows three,
And at each shot he gart a Reaver die.
The briggans then they bickered wonder fast,
Amongst the *Scots* with shot of guns cast,
And they again with spears headed well,
Feil wounds they made through heads of finest steel,
Either other fastned with clippes so keen,
A cruel counter was at that ship-boord seen :
The derf shot drave as thick as hail shour,
Lasted and well near the space of an hour.
When shot was gone, the *Scots* great comfort had,
At hand stroaks they were sicker and sad.
The Merchants als with such things as they might,
Proved full well in defence of their right.
Wallace and his at near straits when they see,
With sharp swords they gart feil briggans die.
They in the top so wightly wrought on hand,
In the south top there might no Reaver stand.
All the mid-ship of Reavers was made wast,
That to give over at point they were almost :
Then *John* of *Lyn* was right grairly agast,
He saw his Folk about him failie fast,
With eager will he would have been away.
Bade wind the sail in all the haste they may :

But from the *Scots* then might they not eskey,
 The ships so sore on either side they wey,
 They saw nothing that might be to them ease.
Crawfurd on lost their sail burnt in a bliese.
 Ere *John* of *Lyn* ship for to leave that stead,
 Of his best men sixty were brought to dead.
 Their ship by ours a board was more in hight.
Wallace lap in amongst the Reavers wight,
 A man he strake over shipboord in the sea :
 On the over last he slew soon other three.
Longoveil entred, and als good Master *Blair*,
 They gave no grace to frieks that they found there.
Wallace himself with *John* of *Lyn* hath met,
 At his collar a fellow straik him set,
 Both helm and head from the shoulder he drave :
Blair over the boord in the sea cast the lave
 Of his body, then all the remanand
 Entred and slew the Briggans that they fand :
 The ship they took, both gold and other gear,
 That these Reavers had gathered long in wear.
 But Master *Blair* spake nothing of himsel,
 In deed of arms what eventure that betel.
Sir Thomas Gray was Prielt then to *Wallace*,
 Put in this book how them hapned this case
 That *Blair* was in, and many worthy deed,
 Of which himself had no pleasance to read.
Wallace gart rule the ship with his own men,
 And sailed forth the right course for to ken :
 Into the *Sluce* haven while they entred be,
 The Merchants well he helped in safety :
 Of gold and gear they took part that they fand,
 Gave them the ship, then passed to the land,
 Through *Flanders* rode upon a goodly wise,
 Entred *France*, and then past to *Paris* :
 The glad tidings that to the King was brought
 Of *Wallace* coming, it comfort all their thought :
 They trowed by him to get redress of wrong,
 The *Sutherland* had in *Guyen* wrought so long.
 The Peirs of *France* were at their Parliament :
 The King commanded with true and whole intent,
 They should forsee a Lordship for *Wallace*,
 The Lords then all deemed of this case,

For *Guyen* was all whole out of their hand,
They thought it best for to give him that land,
For well they trowed he had wrought so before,
He should it win, or else to die therefore :
Als of it they might no profit have,
That was the cause that *Wallace* should it have.
This decreit soon they shewed unto the King,
Displeased he was they made him such a thing,
Of *Guyen* thus, when *Wallace* had a feel,
No land, he said, liked him half so well :
My chance is thus for to be ay in wear,
And *Englishmen* have done our Realm most dear.
It is well known my defence righteous there :
Right have I here, my comfort is the mair.
I thank you Lords, made such reward to me,
Your purpose is I should not idle be,
The King bade him be Duke of *Guyen* land.
To that command *Wallace* was gain standand,
Because that land was hastily to conquest :
His thought was ay to win it through Gods grace.
But nevertheless the King had made him Knight,
And gave him gold for to maintain his right :
And then gave charge to all war-men in *France*,
They should be whole at *Wallace* ordinance.
And also of him he bade him of arms to take :
Wallace forsook such changing for to make.
Since I began, I bore the red lion,
And thinks to be ay true man to the crown.
I thank you, Sir, of this mighty reward,
Yon men herefore shall not right long be spar'd :
I think to quite some part ye kythed on me,
In your service, or else therefore to die.
Good *Wallace* thought his time he would not waste,
Unto the wars he graithed him in haste :
All *Scottishmen* that were into that land,
To him they sought with their fewry and band.
Longoveil als a great power, can raise,
In *Wallace* help this good Knight gladly gaes :
Ten thousand whole of noble men they were,
The broad banner display'd of *Scotland* there.
These war-men soon upon the *Guyen* they sure,
Broke buildings down which had been stark and sure.

Suiberon

Sutheron they flew against them made debate,
 Brightly on broad they raised fires full hate.
Shemon they took that *Wallace* first had wonnen,
 And slew all men of *Sutheron* there was founden.
 Into that town *Wallace* his dwelling made,
 All thereabout he wan the countrey brade.
 The worthy Duke of *Orleans* was Lord,
 Sembled his Folk into a good accord,
 Twelke thousand then he had in armour bright,
 And thought to help good *Wallace* in his right.
 Leave I them thus, the Duke and *Wallace* baith,
 And speak some part how *Scotland* took great skaith.

C H A P. III.

How Edward King of England came into Scotland, and made whole conquest thereof.

THE false envy, and the wicked treason
 Amongst themselves, brought feil to confusion,
 The Knight *Vallange* in *Scotland* made repare,
 The false *Menteith* Sir *John* withoutten mair:
 Betwixt them two was made a private band,
 So on a day they met into *Annamd*.
 Of the *Lennox* Sir *John* had great desire,
 Sir *Aymer* heght he should have it in hire,
 To hold in fee, and other lands mo,
 Of King *Edward*, so he would pass him to.
 Thus corded they, and then to *London* went:
Edward was glad to hold that appointment.
Menteith anone was bound to that fierce King,
 To further him in *Scotland* in all thing.
 Then passed home, and *Vallange* with him fure,
 While he was brought again over *Carlile* mure.
 King *Edward* then in yre and fierce outrage,
 By thirty days he raised his barnage,
 In *Scotland* past, and there no stopping fand:
 No Chistain was that durst against him stand:
 For *Menteith* told they thought to make *Bruce* King.
 All true *Scots* would be pleased of that thing:
 Yet many fled, and durst not bide *Edward*,
 Some into *Ros*, and in the *Isles* past part.

Bishop *Sinkler* again fled into *Bute*,
With that fierce King he had no will to mute.
Thus without straik the castles of *Scotland*,
King *Edward* hath tane into his own hand :
Divided then to Men that he would like,
Strengths and towns to *Ross*, through the Kingrick :
Both heght and vail obeyed whole his will :
That he commanded they purpos'd to fulfil.
The Bishop all inclined to his crown.
Both temporal, and the religion.
The *Roman* books that then were in *Scotland*,
He gart them bear to *Scoon*, where they them fand,
And but redeem they burnt them all each ane.
Salisbury use our Clerks then hath tane :
The Lords he took that would not of him hold,
In *England* sent the noble blood of old.
Sir *William* long *Douglas* to *London* send
In strong prison, and there he made an end.
Earl *Thomas* als that Lord was of *Murray*.
And Lord *Frazer*. with him to pass away :
Als *Hew* the *Hay*, and other heirs mo,
He gart *Valence* with him in *England* go.
No man was left all this main land within,
From *Edwards* peace, known of any kin.
Setoun and *Lawder* dwelt still into the *Bass*,
With them *Lundie*, and men that worthy was.
The Earl *Malcom* and *Campbel* past but let
In *Bute*, succour with *Sinkler* for to get.
Sir *John Ramsay* and *Ruthwen* they fled north
To their Cousin that Lord was of *Fillorth* :
He past with them through *Murrays* lands right,
So found they there a gentle worthy Knight.
That *Clement* heght, full cruel ay had been,
And fended well amongst their Enemies keen,
He thought never at *Edwards* will to be,
Into his time he gart feil *Sutheron* die.
He led these Lords in *Ross* withoutten mair,
At the *Stockfurd* a strong strength bigged there :
Keeped it long right worthily by wear,
To their Enemies they did full meikle dear.
Adam VVallace, and *Lindsay* of *Craigie*,
Away they fled by night unto the sea,

And Robert Boyd that was both wise and wight,
 Arran they took to fend them at their might:
 And Corspatrick into Dumbar dwelt still,
 Fewty full soon he made King Edward till.
 Abernethy, Lord Soules, and Cumine als,
 And John of Lorn that long time had been false:
 Lord of Brechin, and many other ma,
 At Edwards peace, for gifts that he them ga.
 Justing of peace for twenty days set he,
 Of Englishmen in Lorn that men might see,
 Plain to declare: but of this cause, I wis,
 That all Scotland by conquest then was his.
 The Lords then, and good Bishop Sinkler,
 Out of Bute then they made a Ballingair,
 To good Wallace told him the torment hail:
 Then wrote they thus to get help of their bail.

O Ur hope, our health, and our whole Governour.
 Our goodly Guide, our best Chiftain in flour,
 Our Lord, our Love, our Strength in righteous place,
 For God's sake relieve us of this case,
 And take the crown to us it were kinder,
 To brook for ay, ere fierce Edward it bear.
 The writ he got, but yet suffer he would,
 For great falsehood that part him did of old.
 Meikle dolour it did him in his mind,
 Of their misfare, for true he was and kind:
 He thought to take amends of their great wrang,
 He answered not, but into war forth rang.
 Of King Edward yet more forth will I tell,
 In what wise that he could Scotland deal:
 In Saint Johnstoun the Earl of York he made
 Captain to be of all these lands brade,
 From Tay to Dee, and under him Buttellar:
 His good shire had at Kinclevin ended there,
 His Father als, Wallace had them both slain,
 Edward therefore made him a man of main.
 The Lord Bewmont into the North he send,
 These Lordships whole he gave them in commend.
 To Striviling then from Saint Johnstoun he went,
 There to fulfil the lave of his intent.
 The Lord Clifford he had then Douglas dail,
 Ruler to be of the south marches hail:

All *Galloway* he gave *Cumine* in hand ;
 Wist none but God how long that state should stand.
 With the gentle Lord Bishop *Lambertoun*,
 Of *Saint Andrews* was *Douglas* of renown :
 Before that time young *James* wight and wise,
 To him was come from the schools of *Paris*,
 A private favour the Bishop to him bare ;
 But *Englishmen* were so great Matters there,
 He durit not well in plain shew him kindness,
 While on a day he took some hardiness.
Douglas he called, and can to *Strivling* fare,
 Where King *Edward* was dealing lands there,
 He profered him unto the Kings service,
 To brook his own, fra he wist in this wise
Douglas he was then he forsook plainlie,
 Swears by *Saint George*, he brooks no land of me :
 His Father was in contrare of my crown,
 Therefore as now he bides in our prision.
 To the Bishop none other answer he made,
 But as he pleased dealt on their lands brade.
 To the Lord *Soules* all whole the *Mers* gave he,
 And Captain als of *Berwick* for to be.
Olivant then that he in *Strivling* fand,
 When he him had, he would not keep his band,
 The which he made ere he him *Strivling* gave :
 Deceitfully the King could him deceive,
 Into *England* sent him in prision strong,
 In great distress he lived there full long.
 When King *Edward* had dealt this Region,
 His leave he took, to *England* made him boun,
 Out of *Strivling* southward as they can ride,
Cumine hapned near hand the *Bruce* to bide.
 Thus said he, Sir, and ye can keep counsel,
 I can you learn which may you best avail.
 The *Bruce* answered, what ever ye shew to me,
 As for my part, shall well concealed be.
 Lord *Cumine* said, Sir, ye know not this thing,
 Of all this Realm ye should be righteous King.
 Then said the *Bruce*, suppose I righteous be,
 I see no time to take such thing on me.
 I am holden into mine Enemies hand,
 Under great oath when I came in *Scotland*,

To part from him, for profit nor request,
 Nor for no strength, but if death me arrest :
 He heght again to give this land to me :
 Now find I well, it is but subtilty :
 For this thou sees he deals mine heritage
 To *Sutberon* part, and some to traitors wage.
 Then *Cumine* said, will ye therefore concord,
 Of my lands and ye like to be lord,
 Ye shall them have for your right and the crown,
 Or, and ye like, Sir, for my varison,
 I shall you help with power at my might.
 The *Bruce* answered, I will not sell my right,
 But on this wise, what lordship thou wouldst crave
 For thy supply, I heght thou shalt it have.
 Come from yon King, Sir, with some jeopardie.
 Now *Edward* hath all *Galloway* given to me,
 My Nevoy *Soules* that keeps *Berwick* town,
 At your command his power shall be bown :
 My Nevoy als a man of meikle might,
 The Lord of *Lorn* hath great rowm in the hight :
 My third Nevoy a Knight of great renown,
 Will rise with us, of *Brechin* the Barron.
 Then said the *Bruce*, fell there so fore a chance,
 That we might get again *Wallace* from *France*,
 By wit and force he could this kinrike win,
 Alace, we have been over lang in twin.
 To that language *Cumine* made no record,
 For old done deeds did in his mind remord.
 The *Bruce* and he compleated forth their band,
 Then that same night sealed it with his hand :
 This Regiment left the *Bruce* with *Cumine* there,
 With King *Edward* in *England* home could fare,
 And there remained while his Regiment was known
 Three years and more ere *Bruce* claimed his own,
 Some men deems *Cumine* the Regiment send,
 Some men again the contrare doth defend.
 None may say well that *Cumine* was sakeless,
 Because his Wife was *Edwards* couseness :
 He served death by right law of the King,
 He recklessly miskeped such a thing.
 Had *Bruce* past by but bode to *Saint Johnstoun*,
 By whole assent, and had received the crown,

On Cumine then he might have done the law?
 He could not thole from time that he him saw.
 Thus Scotland left in hard perplexitie,
 Of Wallace more in some part speak will we.
The end of the eleventh Book.

The Twelfth B O O K.

C H A P. I.

*How Wallace conquest the Land of Guyen,
 and how he was made Lord thereof.*

THe sore travel, the earnest business,
 The fell labour he had in many place:
 To win the land that the good King him gave,
 Into his reign he would no Sutheron save.
 In Guyen Land Wallace was still at wear,
 Of Scotlands loss it did his heart great dear:
 Of true Scots in mind he had great pitie,
 He thought to help, his time when he might see,
 Of set battels five he discomfist hail,
 With jeopardie and many strong assail:
 Then they forsook, and durst not him abide,
 The Sutheron fled, from thence on either side.
 To Burdeous into great multiplie:
 The town they stuff with vittails by the sea.
 All Guyen land Wallace took to his peace,
 To Burdeous he past ere he would cease,
 On out-biggings full great maffery he made,
 Still twenty days at strong assailling bade:
 Forts and works that were without the town,
 They brake and burnt, and put to confusion.
 Hedges and allies by labour that was there,
 Foiled and spoiled, they would no fruits spare,
 The Englishmen made great defence again,
 With shot and cast that meikle were of main:
 Of guns they were, and ganzeis stuffed well,
 All artailzie and weapons of fine steel.
 With men and meat within was busked been:
 The great Captain was wise, cruel and keen,

of

Of *Glocester* the hudge Lord and Heir :
 The Earl had been ay used into weir,
 Keeped his men by wit and hardiment,
 Without the town there durst none from him went.
 The land without was near wasted away,
 War-men so long into the countrey lay :
 In *VWallace* Host such scant was of victual,
 They might not bide no longer to assail.
 Then this wise Lord, the Duke of *Orleans*,
 To *Wallace* said, Sir, ye should know this chance.
 It stands over well with this false *Sutheron* blood,
 For on no wise can we now stop their food :
 The haven they have, and ships at their will,
 From *England* comes victual enough them till :
 The land is poor of victual should us bield,
 And ye see well that they forsake the field.
 Ye may with peace plenish these lands wide,
 They will not fight though ye all year should bide.
 My counsel is in plain anent this thing,
 That ye would pass with worship to the King,
 By his assent ye may at leisure wail,
 With provision against them to assail.
VWallace inclined, and thanked this wise Lord,
 Then they returned all with one accord,
 Past up in *France* with honour to the King,
 And shewed him whole the verity of this thing,
 And he thereof in heart was wonder glad.
Frenchmen before a hundred years not had
 Of *Guyen* half so meikle in their hand.
 Wrying by then was new coming of *Scotland*,
 From part of Lords, and good Bishop *Sinkler*,
 Besought this King into these terms fair,
 Of his gentrice, and of his goodly grace,
 For their supply, to counsel good *VWallace*
 To come again, and bring them from bandon,
 And take to wear the crown of that Region,
 This writ as then he would not to him shaw,
 Right loath he was for friendship, feed, or aw.
VWallace should pass so soon from his presence :
 A dwelling place he took for his residence,
 In *Shemon* still *VWallace* his dwelling made,
 And held about right liking land and brade.

A keen Captain then claimed in heritage
Office of it, and great lands into wage;
Therefore he sought good *Wallace* for to sla,
Under colour such mastery for to ma:
Long time he thought to get a day and place,
Said, he desired then service of *Wallace*.

A tryst they set with fifteen on the side,
Fourty thereby he gart in bushment byde,
Of men in arms. When he with *Wallace* met,
Right awfully he bade them on him set.
No armour had *Wallace* men in that place,
But sword and knife they bore on them through case.
Part of his men left near a forrest side:
Right haustefully the Captain said that tide,
That *Wallace* held of his lands with unright,
Right soberly he said to that French Knight,
I have no lands but what the King gave me,
My self theretore have been in jeopardie,
The Knight then said, thy life shall be forlorn,
Or else that land, the contrare who had sworn,
Aback he lap, and out a sword he drew,
The bushment broke when he that token shew:
Good *Wallace* thought that matters stood not well.
He gripped soon a shearing sword of steel,
And at one straik the Knight to death he drave,
About sixteen then lapped all the lave.
Wallace and his lo worthily have wrought,
Full feil they slew that forest on them sought.
The Knights brother that stalwart was and strang,
And thought they should be venged ere they gang,
Of *Wallace* men some part he wounded fair.
Mowing there was into a meadow there,
Nine stout Carles, all servants to that Knight,
Sythes then they took, and ran in all their might
To the fighters: ere they came near that place,
But them perceived right well hagh good *Wallace*,
So awful thing of such we never law:
Them to resist himself can to them draw.
Into that scour left his men fighting still,
To meet these Carles that came with eager will.
The first let draw at *Wallace* with his syth,
Deliver he was, and hugh over-lap the syth.

An ackward straik hit the Churl on the head,
 Derfly on ground he hath him left for dead :
 The other he met, over-lap the syth so keen,
 On the shoulder als strake him in that teen :
 Through all the coalt the noble sword it share.
 The third he met with a full awful fare,
 The grounden syth at *Wallace* he let draw.
 This good chiftain cleanly over-lap them aw :
 With his good sword he made an hideous wound,
 Left him for dead, then on the fourth can found :
 On the right bone in great yre can him ta,
 Cleaved the coalt right cruelly in twa :
 Three foremost sythes this good *Wallace* over-lap :
 And four he slew, they saw such was his hap :
 For ay a man he slew at every straik :
 The last fled first, thus can their power flaik.
Wallace fast followed, and soon the fift over-taes,
 Strake him to death that no further he gaes :
 Then sped him soon unto his men again.
 By then they had the Knights brother slain :
 Fifty and six derfly to death were dight.
 Except seven men that fled out of their sight.
 Five Mawers als that *Wallace* self with met,
 To *Frenchmen* since no such tryft was set :
 Because that they him brought to such a case,
 The King heard tell well scaped was *Wallace*,
 Sent for him soon, and prayed him to be
 Of his household, and live in good safetie :
 For well he saw they had him at envy,
 Still with himself he gart him byde for thy,
 Two years there *Wallace* with mirth abade,
 Still into *France* many good journey made.
 The King him pleased in all his goodly main,
 From him he thought he should not part again.
 Lords and Ladies honoured him reverently :
 Wretches and shrews ay held him at envy.

CHAP. II.

How Wallace slew the two Champions.

TWO Champions that time dwelt with the King,
 Had great despite at *Wallace* in all thing :

Together

Together yeed ay thele two Champions,
 Of fellon force, and froward of condicions :
 Right great despite they spake ay of *Scotland*,
 While on a day it hapned upon hand,
VWallace and they were leaved them alone,
 By adventure into an house of stone :
 They used to bear no weapons in that hall,
 They trowed therefore amiss they might not fall,
 There communed they of *Scotland* scornfully,
 Then *VWallace* said, Ye wrong us utterly :
 Since we are bound in friendship to your King,
 And he of us is pleased of all thing,
 Als *Scotsmen* hath helped this Realm from dread,
 Me think ye should give good words for good deed :
 What may ye speak of our enemies but ill ?
 In lightliness they made answer theretil,
 And him despited in their language als.
 Ye *Scots*, they said, have ever yet been false.
Wallace took one on the face in his teen,
 With his good hand, while mouth, nose and een,
 Through the braith blow, all gushed out of blood :
 Grossing to ground he smote him where he stood.
 The other hint to *VWallace* in that stead.
 For well he wiend his fellow had been dead :
 And he again in grief him gripped sore,
 While his sprite fail'd that he might do no more.
 The first freik rose, and smote on *VWallace* gait,
 Both to the death he brought them at the last,
 Upon a pillar their brains out he dang,
 And with his hands out at the door them hang,
 And said, What devil moved you Carles at me ?
 Long time in *France* I would have let them be.
 Trust well in truth, thus were they done to dead,
 Though *Frenchmen* now likes not thereof to read,
 Als I will ceass, and put it out of ryme,
 Better it is, who right can look in tyme.
 Many great Lords was displeased in *France*,
 But the good King who knew all the whole chance.
 Right great despite of *VWallace* spoken had they.
 This passed over while that upon a day :
 Was none of them that durst it undertake,
 He had done wrong, or therefore battel make.

C H A P. III.

How Wallace slew the Lion in Barrace.

THIS Royal Roy an high worship him gave,
 As Conqueror him honoured over the lave:
 A fell lyon this King gart be brought
 Within *Barrace*, for great harm that he wrought,
 Tirlized with yron, and no more power him gave:
 Of woodness he exceeded all the lave:
 But he was fair, and right fellow indeed,
 In that strong strength he gart men him feed,
 Keeped him close from men and bestial:
 In Court there dwelt two Squyers of great vail,
 That Cousins were to the Champions tway,
 The which before hapnet *Wallace* to slay,
 A band they made in privy conclusion,
 At their power to work his confusion,
 By any means through fraud and subtilty,
 After therefore they car'd not for to die,
 To death or shame, so that they might him bring.
 Upon a time they went unto the King:
 This *Scot*, they said, that ye so well fare make,
 He sees nought here, but he would undertake,
 By his great force to put to confusion,
 Now he desires to fight with your lyon,
 And bade us ask of you the battel sirang,
 Ye grant him leave in the *Barrace* to gang.
 Sadly again to them answered the King:
 Sore me forethinks he desires such a thing:
 But I will neither for right, nor yet pleasance,
 Deny *Wallace* what he desires in *France*.
 Then went they forth, and soon met with *Wallace*,
 A figured tale they told him in that case:
Wallace, they said, the King desires that ye,
 Direnze battel so cruel for to see,
 And charged you to fight with this Lyon.
Wallace answered in hasty conclusion:
 And I shall do what be the Kings will,
 At my power, right gladly to fulfil:
 Then passed he unto the King but mair,
 A Lord in court when he approached there,

Unwisely

Unwisely asked without provision :

Wallace, dare ye go fight with our Lyon.

And he said, Yea : so the King suffer me,

Or with your self, if ye ought better be.

What will ye more ? this thing admitted was,

That *Wallace* should unto the Lyon pass.

The King charged to bring him good harness :

And he said, Nay, God shield me from such case :

I should it take if I fought with a man :

But for a dog that nought of arms can,

I will have none, but single as I ga :

A great mantle about his hand can ta,

A good sword, with him he took no mair,

Aboundantly in *Barrace* entred there.

Great chains were brought in the gate with a gin,

And pulled too, when *Wallace* was therein.

The wood lyon on *Wallace* where he stood,

Ramping he brayed, for he desired blood :

With his round poles in the mantle wrought sa,

Athort the back good *Wallace* can him ta,

With his good sword that was of birnisht steal,

His body in two it cutted ever each deal.

Then to the King he raked in great yre,

And said on loud : was this all your desire,

To ware a *Scot* this lightly into vain ?

Is there more dogs that ye would yet have slain ?

Go, bring them forth, since I must dogs quell,

To do bidding while that I with you dwell :

It gains me well to graith me in *Scotland*,

For greater deeds there men hath tane in hand,

Then with a dog in battel to enchieve :

At you and *France* for ever I take leave.

The King perceived that *Wallace* grieved was,

So earnestly he asked leave to pass :

Rewed in his mind that it was hapned so,

So lewd a deed to let him undergo.

Knowing the worship and the great nobleness

Of him which sprang that time in many place.

Homely he said, it should displease you nought,

Ye it desired, it bred never in my thought :

And by the faith I owe the Crown of *France*,

thought never to charge you to such chance :

But men of bail that asked it for you,
VWallace answered, to God I make a vow,
 I liked never in such battel to be in,
 Upon a dog no worship is to win.
 The King conceived how this falshood was wrought,
 The Squyers both were to his presence brought,
 Could not deny, when they came him before,
 All their trespasss they told withoutten more.
 The King commanded they should be done to dead,
 Smote off their heads without any remead.
 The Champions, lo, for envy causeless,
 To sudden death, *VWallace* them brought through case.
 The Squyers als from their falseness was kend,
 Envy them brought both to a sudden end,
 Lords, behold, envy the evil Dragon,
 In cruel fire he burneth this Region:
 For whosoever abounds in envy,
 To some mischief it brings him hastily.
 Forsake envy, thou shalt the better speed,
 Hereof as now I will no further read.
 But in my matter, as I before began,
 I shall declare as plainly as I can.

When *VWallace* saw they had him at envy,
 Longer to byde he thought not then plainly.
 Better him thought in *Scotland* for to be,
 And adventure take, either to live or die,
 To help his own he had far more pleasance,
 Than here to byge with all the wealth in *France*.
 Then his whole mind, manhood and courage,
 Was plainly set to win out of bondage.
Scotland again from pain and meikle shore,
 He vowed he should, or else to die therefore.
 The King hath seen how good *VWallace* is set,
 The letter then him gave withoutten let,
 The which of late from *Scotland* was him send.
VWallace it saw, and well their arms kend:
 By the first writ thereto accordial,
 Them to supply he thought he would not fail.
 Wherefore should I hereof long process make?
VWallace of *France* a goodly leave can take,
 The King hath seen that it would not else be,
 To chamber went, behold him might not he,

For great languor, when *VWallace* can remove :
 The King to him kept ay kindnels and love :
 Jewels and gold his worship for to save,
 He bade them give as much as they would have.
 Lords and Ladies weeped wonder fast,
 When *VWallace* there so took his leave and past.
 No man he took but whom he thither brought :
 Again with him *Longoveil* forth sought.
 For pain nor bliss, that good Knight lett him never,
 For case betel, while death made them dislever.
 Towards the *Sluce* in goodly feir past he,
 A vessel got, and made him to the sea :
 Eight ship-men hired, and goodly wage them gave :
 To *Scotland* fure the firth of *Tay* they have.

C H A P. IV.

*How Wallace came into Scotland again at the
 Battel of Elchok-Park.*

UPon the night *VWallace* the land hath tane,
 At *Ernis* mouth, and is to *Elchok* gane :
 He gart the ship in covert sail away,
 So out of sight they were ere it was day.
 At *Elchok* dwelt then *VWallace* Cousin dear,
 That *Crawfurd* heght : the house when they come near,
 On the back-side *VWallace* a window fand,
 And in, he called, then *Crawfurd* came at hand.
 From time he wist, that it was good *VWallace*,
 Into his barn he ordained them a place :
 A mow of corn he builded them about,
 And clos'd it well none might perceive thereout :
 But at one place, where meat was to them brought,
 And bedding too, as goodly as he mought.
 Unto the water, whereof *VWallace* was glad,
 A dern hole forth on the North-side they had.
 Four days or five in rest sojourned there,
 While meat was gone, *Crawfurd* bowned for mair
 To *Saint Johnstoun* their purveyance to buy :
Englishmen thought he took more abundantly
 Than he was wont in any time before,
 They have him tane, and put in prison fore :

What guests he had, to tell made him request.
 He said, it was but to a kirking feast.
 Yet they presumed the coming of *Wallace*,
 Knowledge to get they set a subtil case :
 They let him pass with thing that he had brought,
 Then after soon in all the haste they mought,
 To harness yeed the power of the town,
 Eight hundred men with *Butler* made them bown,
 Follow'd on dreigh, while that this man came hame:
Wallace him saw, and said, He served blame :
 In my sleeping a fell vision me told,
 Till *Englishmen* that thou should have me sold.
Crawfurd said, He had been tormented fair
 With *Englishmen* that put him to despair :
 Therefore rise up, and soon some succour see,
 I dread full sore they set watches on me.
 The worthy *Scots* graithed them in good speed,
 Their weapons took, then from that house they yeed :
 Thus suddenly feil *Sutberon* they saw :
 Too few they were to fight against them aw,
 That keenly came with young *Butler* the Knight,
 Then *Wallace* said, in plain lands is not right,
 But *Elchok*-park that is near here beside,
 The first sailie we think there to abide,
 Nineteen they were, and *Crawfurd* with good will
 The twentieth man, the number to fulfil.
 The park they took where *Wallace* a place hath seen
 Of great *Holin*, that grew both high and green,
 With thortor trees a manner of strength made he,
 Ere they were won, they thought to gar feil die.
 The wood was thick, but little of breadth and length,
 And they had meat they thought to hold the strength.
 The *Englishmen* then pass'd to *Crawfurds* place,
 Found in the barn the lodging of *Wallace* :
 Then *Crawfurds* wife in hands soon have they tane,
 And asked at her what way the *Scots* were gane
 Right well they trow'd that *Wallace* should there be,
 From *France* to *Tay* he was come through the sea,
 She would not tell for boast, nor yet reward.
 Then *Butler* said, over long thou hast been spar'd,
 And gart them big a full broad burning fire,
 Therewith he grew in matalent and yre.

The *Sutheron* swore, therein she should burnt be:
 Then *Wallace* said, She shall not end for me:
 Great sin it were yon sakeless wight to sla,
 Ere she should end, in faith there shall die ma.
 He left the strength, and the plain field can ra;
 On loud he cryed, and said, Lo, here thy fa:
 Thinks thou not shame for to torment a wyte,
 Come forth to me, and make end of our strife.
 Fra *Butler* had on field good *Wallace* seen,
 For old malice he wox near wood for teen:
 Upon the *Scots* they shuip all with great main.
 Good *Wallace* soon the strength he took again.
 A feil bicker the *Englishmen* began,
 Assailed sore with many cruel man:
 But they within were noble of defence,
 Made great debate with force and violence.
 At their entry fifteen they put to dead,
 Then all the rest removed from that stead,
 Yeed to array again to sailie new.
Wallace beheld, which well in war him knew,
 Fellows, he said, again all at this place,
 They will not fail: but this stands the case,
 Yon Knight thinks for to divide his men
 In feir places, the sooth ye shall well ken,
 Again on us to prove how it may be,
 As now behoves some other way to see,
 Contrare their might a good defence to make.
 Now *Longoveil* thou shalt fix with thee take,
William mine Erme as many with you go,
 And five with me, as now we have no mo.
 Knight *Butler* then parted his men in three;
Wallace visied where *Butler* shuip to be,
 Thither then patt that entry for to wear,
 Which side they did assaile with grear tear.
Wallace let part on the entry begin.
 But none went out that on the *Scots* came in.
 Seven foremost was that in the front first yeed.
Wallace five men that doughty were indeed,
 Each one slew one, and *Wallace* gart two die:
Butler was next, and said, this will not be,
 A back he drew, and let his courage flake.
 The worthy *Scots* proved well for *Scotlands* sake,

Good *Longueuil* his counter made so sore,
 And *Crawford* als, they sailied them no more.
 Right near by then approached the dark night,
 And stars to appear began into their sight.
Sutherland set watches, and to their supper went.
 The *Butler* was sore grieved in his intent,
 Yet sure they well of good stuff, ale and bread.
Wallace and his they wist of no remead,
 But cold water that ran out through a strand,
 In that lodging none other food they fand.
 Then *Wallace* said, good fellows, think not long,
 Will God, we shall be soon out of this throng,
 Suppose we fast a day, or yet a night,
 Take all in thanks this pain for *Scotland* right,
 The Earl of *Tork* was in *Saint Johnstoun* still,
 To *Butler* sent, and bade him bide at will,
 To him full soon there should come new power,
 And als himself, this told the Messenger.
Butler would fain that *Wallace* had yeelden been,
 Ere the Earl came, and for this cause was seen,
 His goodsyre and his father both he slew,
 The Knight therewith toward the Park him drew
 What cheer they made, upon the *Scots* he call'd,
 Then *Wallace* said, Far better then thou wald.
 Then *Butler* said, I would fain speak with thee,
 Then *Wallace* said, Thou mayest for little see.
Wallace, he said, thou hast done me great skaith,
 My father and my goodsyre thou slew baith.
 Then *Wallace* said, For that state thou art in,
 It were my debt for to undo thy kin:
 And I think als, as God of Heaven me save,
 That my two hands shall graith thee to thy grave.
 Then *Butler* said, that is not likely now,
 But we thee have, we shall gar sydes fow.
 Of this I ask, and thou would make me grant,
 What I thee heght, that thing thou shalt not want,
 Say forth, quoth he, be thy desire reasonable,
 I shall it grant without any fable.
 The *Butler* said, *Wallace*, thou knows right,
 Thou may not scape by power nor by slight:
 And since thou sees it may no better be,
 For thy gentrice thou would thee yeeld to me,

Then

Then *Wallace* said, thy will unskillful is,
Thou would me do which is over high a miss:

Yeelden I am to better, I can prove,

To whom? he asked, To the great God above,

For ever each day, since I had wit of man:

Before my work, to yeeld me I began,

And als at night when that I failed light,

I me beraught to the Maker of might.

The *Butler* said, me thinks thou hast done well:

Yet of one thing, I pray thee, let me feel:

For thy manhood this to me manifest,

When thou sees thou mayst no longer last,

On this each place which I have tane to wear,

That thou come forth, and all other forbear.

Then *Wallace* leugh at his cruel desire,

And said, I shall, though thou were wood as fire,

And all *England* the contrary had sworn,

I shall come out thereat each place the morn,

Or else this night trust well that I thee say:

I byde not here till nine hours of the day.

Butler sent forth the chake watch on the side,

In that each place boldly he bowned to byde:

Thus still they bode while day began to pear,

A thick mist fell, the Planet was not clear.

Wallace assayled all that place about,

Like as he would at an some place brake out.

While *Butlers* men away from him could go,

To help the lave: when they saw it was so.

Wallace and his fast sped them to that stead,

Where *Butler* bode, ierl men they brought to dead.

The worthy *Scots* soon passed through that melie,

Crawfurd therewith was sore hurt on the knee:

At earth he was, good *Wallace* turned again,

And at one straik the *Butler* hath he slain.

Hint up that man under his arms so strong,

Defending him out of that fellon throng,

Good rowm he made amongst them where he goes:

With his right hand he slew five of his foes:

Bure out *Crawfurd* by force of his person,

Nine aker broad ere ever he set him down.

The *Sutheron* found that their Chiftain was dead,

Sembled him about, but then was no remead:

Then

Thirty

Thirty with him of the wightest he brought,
 Dead on that place, whereat the Scots our sought,
Wallace and his by, then was from their fight,
Sutherland bode still for great loss of that Knight.
 The mist was mirk, that *Wallace* liked well,
 Himself was glad, and said to *Longveil* :
 At *Metbwen* wood is my desire to be,
 For there is bestial to get in great plentie.
 By then they were welcome unto the hight,
 The mist flaked, the sun shined fair and bright :
 Soon were they ware, a little space them by,
 Of four and thirty in a company.
 Then *Wallace* said, Be yon men friends or fo,
 We will them see, since that they are no mo.
 When they came near, a noble Knight it was,
 The which to name heght Sir *Hew of Dundas*,
 And Sir *John Scot*, a wise and worthy Knight.
 Into *Strathern* a man of meikle might :
 For there he had great part of heritage :
Dundas's siller he had in marriage.
 Passing they were, and might no longer lest,
 To *Englishmen* their lewty for to test.
 The Lord of *Brechin* such command had them made,
 Of King *Edward* to hold their lands brade.
 But fra they saw that it was wight *Wallace*,
 Held up their hands, and thanked God of grace,
 Of his great help which he had sent them there :
 To *Metbwen* wood with one assent they fare,
 Soon got them meat of bestial that they fand,
 Relled that day : when night was come on hand,
 To *Birrane* wood, but reling are they gane,
 Where they have found the Squyer good *Ruibwen* :
 In our-law use he had long lived there,
 Of bestial while he might get no mair,
 They tarried nor, but into *A:hole* yeed,
 Where meat was scant, there *Wallace* had great dread
 Passed to *Lorn*, right little found they there,
 Of wyld and tame that Country was made bare :
 But in the strengths, there food was leaved none.
 These worthy Scots then made a piteous moan.
 Sir *John Scot* said, He had far rather die
 Into good name, and leave his heirs free,

Then

Then for to bide as bound in subjection.
When *Wallace* saw these good men of renown,
With hunger had, almost might live no more,
Wit ye for them he sighed wonder fore.
Good men, he said, I am the cause of this,
At your desire, I shall amend this mis,
Or leave you free some chevifance for to ma.
All him alone he bowned for to ga :
Prayed them bide while he might come again,
Out over an hill he passed into plain.

Out of their sight into a forrest side,
He set him down under an oak to bide,
His bow and sword he leaned to a tree,
In anguish great on groul then turned he :
This piteous moan was for his men so wrought,
That of himself little thing he then thought.
O wretch he said, that never could be content,
Of over great might that the great God thee lent :
But thy fierce mind, wilful and variable,
With great lordship, thou couldst not so bide stable,
And wilful wit, for to make *Scotland* free,
God likes not that which I have tane on me :
For worthier than I of birth was born,
Through my desire for hunger are forlorn :
I ask at God them to restore again :
I am the cause, I should have all the pain.
While studying thus, while flyting with himsel,
While at the last upon a sleep he fell :
Three days before there haq him followed five,
The which was bound, or ellc to lose their live :
The Earl of *Tork* bade them so great guardoun,
That they by that thought to put *Wallace* down.
Three of them was born men of *England*,
And two was *Scots* that took the deed on hand :
And some men said, the third Brother betrayed,
Kildrommy east, where great sorrow was raised.
A Child they had which used to bear meat
In wildernels amongst the mountains great :
They had all seen the disleverance of *Wallace*
From his good men, and where he bode on chase
Amongst thick wood, in covert held them law,
While they perceived he could on sleeping raw,

And

And these five approached *Wallace* near :
 What's best to do ? at other fast they spier.
 One man said thus, it were an high renown,
 And we might lead him quick to *Saint Johnstoun*.
 Lo, how he lies, we may our gripes wail,
 Of his weapons he shall have none avail :
 We shall him bind in contrare of his will,
 And lead him thus on back-side of yon hill,
 So that his men shall nothing of him know.
 The other four assented to that saw :
 And then these five made them unto *Wallace*,
 And thought through force to bind him in that place.
 What, trow'd these men for to hold *Wallace* down :
 The manliest man, the starkell of person
 Living he was, als stood into such right.
 We trust great God his deeds hath in sight.
 They gripped him, and out of sleep he braill :
 What meanest this ? then sadly *Wallace* said :
 About he turned, and up his arms thrang
 On these traitors with knightly force he dang :
 The starkell man into his hands hint he,
 And all his brains he dang out on a tree,
 His sword he got soon after that he rose,
 Champion-like amongst the four he goes :
 Ever a man he gart die at a dint ;
 When two were dead, the other three would not flint,
 Made them to flee, but then it was no boot :
 Was none living might pass from him on foot.
 He followed fast, and soon to death them brought,
 Then to the child sadly again he sought.
 What didst thou here ? the child with a pale face,
 On knees did fall, and asked *Wallace* grace :
 With them I was, and knew nothing their thought,
 Into service, as they me bade, I wrought.
 What bearest thou there ? but meat the child can say,
 Go take it up ? and pass with me away.
 Meat in this time is far better than gold.
Wallace and he forth founded on the fold.
 Who brought *Wallace* from his enemies bold ?
 Who but great God that hath this world to hold ?
 He was his help in many fellow thrang.
 With glad cheer thus unto *Ern* can he gang,

Both roasted flesh there was, als bread and cheese,
To succour them that were in point to liele :
And he it deals to four men and fiftie,
Which had beioré fasted over days three :
Then took his part, he had fasted as long.
Where heard ye ever any in such a throng,
In hunger so sleeping, and weaponless,
So well recovered as *Wallace* did in case ?
Plainly by force vauquishat his enemies five :
Men of wit this question will describe,
Withoutten gloze, I will tell forth my tale.
How came this meat, this fellowship asked hail :
To their desire *Wallace* no answer yold,
Where five were dead, he led them forth and told.
Greatly displeased was all the Chevalrie,
To a Chiffrain, they held it tantassie
To walk alone. *Wallace* with sober mood,
Said, hereof hath come nothing now but good.
To the low-land again full fast they sought;
Askt at the Child, if he could with them ought,
Where they might best of purveyance for to win ?
Of none, he said, was this countrey within,
Nor all about, in as far as I know,
While that he came down to the *Rannach* haw.
That Lord hath stuff, both ale, bread and vernage,
Of King *Edward* he takes full meikle wage.
Then *Wallace* said, my self shall be your guide,
I know that stead about on either side :
Through the wild land he guided them full right,
To *Rannach* hall he brought them that same night.
A watch was set, and that full soon they sa,
He was a *Scot*, yet would he not him fla.
But gart him tell the manner of that place :
Thus entred they within a little space :
The gate they wan, for castle there was none,
But mood-wall wight, withoutten lime or stione,
Wallace in haste strake up the chamber door
With his right foot, that stalwart was and stour :
Then they within awaked suddenly.
The Lord got up, and mercy can he cry.
Fra time he wist that good *Wallace* was there,
He thanked God, then said thele words mair :

True man I was, and win against my will
 With *Englishmen*, suppose I like it ill:
 All *Scots* we are that in this house are now,
 At your command all boldly shall we bow.
 Of our Nation good *Wallace* had great pitie,
 Took oaths of them, and then meat asked he.
 Good chear they made while day-light on the morn,
 This true man soon assembled him befor:
 Three Sons he had that stalwart were and bold,
 And twenty men of kin in his household.
VWallace was blyth they made him some supply:
 Said, I thank God that we thus multiply.
 All that day over in good liking they rest,
 Watches they chose to keep them that could best
 Upon the morn, the light day when he saw,
 Then *VWallace* said, Our power for to know
 We will take field, and up our banner raise,
 In right of *Scotland*, and contrare our faes
 We will no more now us in covert hide,
 Power to us will semble on each side.
 Then horse they got, the best that could be there,
 Towards *Dunkeld* the gainest way they fare,
 The Bishop then got him to *Samt Johnstoun*,
 The *Scots* slew that were of that Nation,
 Both poor and rich, and servants that they fand,
 Left none alive that was born of *England*.
 The place they took, and made them well to fare,
 Of purveyance that Bishop had brought there.
 Jewels they got, both gold and silver bright,
 With good chear there five days sojourned right:
 On the sixth day *VWallace* to counsel went,
 Gart call the best, and shewed them his intent:
 No men we have to assault *Saint Johnstoun*,
 Into the north therefore let us make bown:
 In *Ross*, ye know good men a strength hath made,
 Hear they of us, they come withoutten bade:
 Als into *Bute* is good Bishop *Sinkler*,
 Fra he got wit, he comes withoutten mare.
 Good well land men of *Arran* and *Rauchlie*,
 Fra they be warned, they will all come to me.
 This purpose took, and in the North they ride,
 No *Englishmen* durst in their gate abide.

Whom

Whom *VWallace* took, they knew the old ransoun,
 Fra he come home, to flee they made them boun?
 And *Scotsmen* sembled to *VWallace* fast,
 In awful fear out through the land they past.
 Strengths were left, wot ye, all desolate,
 Against these folk no man durst make debate:
 In array'd battel they rode to *Aberdeen*,
 In whole number seven thousand then were seen:
 But *Englishmen* h. l left the town all waste,
 On ever each side away then can they halle,
 In all the land left neither more nor less,
 Lord *Bewmont* took the sea at *Buchan-ness*,
 Through *Scotland* then was manifest in plain,
 The Lords that fled in heart was wonder fain.
 The Knight *Clement* of *Ros* came suddenly
 In *Murray* land with their good Chevalry.
 The house of *Narn* that good Knight well hath tane,
 Slew the Captain, and good men many ane.
 Out of *Murray* and *Buchan* land came they,
 To seek *Bewmont*, but he was past away.
 Then those good men to *VWallace* passed right.
 When *Wallace* saw Sir *John Ramsay* the Knight,
 And other good that had been from him long,
 Great courage then was raised them among.
 The land he ruled as that him liked best.
 To *Saint Johnstoun* then rode ere they would rest.

The Siege of Saint Johnstoun.

At every port a stalwart watch he made,
 Confirmed a siege, and stedfastly abade.
 Bishop *Sinkler* in all good haste him dight,
 Came out of *Bute* with seemly men in sight:
 Out of the yles of *Rauchly* and *Arrane*,
Lindsay and *Boyd*, with good men many ane:
Adam Wallace Barron of *Richartoun*,
 Full sadly sought to *Wallace* of renown.
 At *Saint Johnstoun* bade at the sailie still,
 For *Sutherland* men they might well pass at will:
 For in their way there durst no Enemy be,
 But fled away by land, and eke by sea.
 About the town thus sembled they but more,
 For they had been with good *Wallace* before.

Setoun

Setoun, Lawder, good Richard of Lundie,
 In a good barge they past about the sea :
 In *S. Jounstoun* haven their ankers have they set,
 Two *English* ships they took withoutten let :
 The one they burnt, and stuffed the other well
 With artailzie, and stalwart men in steel,
 To keep the port, there should come no victual
 Into the town, nor men that might avail.
 From south and north many from *Scotland* fled,
 Left castles wasse, feil leit their lives in wed.
 The *Sutheron* Bishop that before leit *Dunkel*,
 To *London* past, and told *Edward* himsel,
 In *Scotland* there had fallen a great mischance:
 Then sent he soon for *Aymer* the *Vallance*.
 And asked him, what then was best to do?
 He heght to pass, and take great gold thereto,
 Into *Scotland*, some means there to make
 Against *Wallace*, in hand thus can he take.
 He said, he would undo *King Edwards* crown,
 Except he might through treason put him down,
King Edward heght what thing that *Vallance* band,
 He should it keep, thereto he gave his hand.
Vallance took leave, and into *Scotland* went,
 To *Botbwel* came, then cast in his intent.
 What man there was might *Wallace* best beguile,
 And soon he found within a little while,
 Sir *John Menteith* that *Wallace* Gossip was,
 A Messenger Sir *Aymer* hath gart pass :
 At *Ruglin* kirk these two together met,
 Him to betray the bargain there was set.
 Then *Vallance* said, Sir *John* thou knows this thing,
Wallace again riseth contrare the King,
 And thou mayst have what lordship thou wilt wail,
 And thou wouldst work as I would thee counsel :
 Yon Tyrant holds the Realms in trouble baith,
 To thrifty men it doth full meikle skaith :
 He trusteth thee, thou mayst full well him take,
 Of this matter, I rede an end thou make.
 Were he away, we might at liking reign
 All as Lords, and live under a King.
 Then *Menteith* said, he is our Governour,
 For us he bode in many fellon stour,

Not for himself, but for our heritage,
To sell him thus, it were a great outrage.
Then *Vallance* said, And thou well understood,
Great merit it were, he spills so meikle blood
Of chriltten men, putteth Souls in peril,
I bind me als he shall be hollid hail,
As for his life, and kept into prison,
King *Edward* would have him in subjection?
Then *Menteith* thought, so they would keep cunnand,
He would full fain have had him off *Scotland*,
Vallance saw him in a study be,
Three thousand pound of fine gold let him see,
And heght he should the *Lennox* have at will,
Thus treasonably *Menteith* granted theretill.
An obligation with his own hand he made,
Then took the gold, and *Edwards* seal so brade,
And gave them his, when he his time might see,
To take *Wallace*, over *Sulway* gave him free
To *Englishmen* : by this treasonable concord,
Sir *John* should be of all the *Lennox* Lord.
Thus *Wallace* should in *England* keepd be.
So *Edward* might make *Scotland* to him free.
Their covetise was over great master seen,
None example takes how another hath been.
For covetise puts in pains strong and fell :
For covetise the Serpent is in hell :
For covetise good *Hector* took the dead :
For covetise there can be no remead :
Through covetise good *Alexander* was lost,
And *Julius* als for all his reif and boast.
Through covetise died *Arthur* of *Britaine* :
For covetise there hath died many ane.
For covetise the traitor *Ganillion*,
The Flowr of *France* he put to confusion.
For covetise they poysoned *Godefray*
In *Antioch*, as the Author will lay.
For covetise *Menteith* upon false wise,
Betrayed *Wallace* who was his Gossip thrise,
Vallance in haste with blyth will and good heart,
To *London* past, and shewed it to *Edward* :
Of their contract he had far more plealace,
Then of fine gold given in the ballance,

Of greater weight than his rancome might be.
Of *Wallace* forth yet speak some part will we.

At *Saint Johnstoun* yet was the sieging still,
In a morning the *Sutheron* with good will,
Five hundred men in arms right eagerly,
They issued forth to make a jeopardie,
At the south port upon *Scot* and *Dundas*,
Who in their time right wise and worthy was :
Against their Foes right sharply fought and sore,
In that counter seven score to death they bore :
Yet *Englishmen* that cruel were and keen,
Full dierly fought, where doughty deeds were seen :
From the west side drave all the *Scots* hail
To the fighters, when they saw nought avail,
But in again full fast they can them speed :
The Knight *Dundas* full doughty proved indeed,
Over near the gate full bandonly he bade,
With a good sword full great mastery he made,
Nought knowing well his fellows were him fra,
In at the gate the *Sutheron* can him ta :
Unto the Earl they led him hastilie :
When he him saw, he said he should not die,
To slay this one it may us little remead.
He sent him forth to *Wallace* in that stead.
Unto the north his battels hath he brought,
While he him saw, of this he wist right nought.
Sent to the Earl, and thanked him largely,
Heght for to quite when he such cause might see :
But yet therefore soverance he would not grant,
Though they were yeelden, and come recryant.
For gold nor good he would no tribute take,
A great assault then they began to make.
The Earl of *Fife* dwelt under trews long
Of King *Edward*, and then he thought it wrong,
That *Wallace* so was sieging *Saint Johnstoun*.
But if he come in right help of the crown.
To *Englishmen* he would not keep that band,
Then come he soon with good men of the land.
And *John Vallance* was then Sheriff of *Fife*,
To *Wallace* pass, and sterked him in that strife.
The Earl was come of good true noble blood,
Of the old *Thane*, which in his time was good.

Then

Then all about to *Saint Johnstoun* they gang.
 The fellon fault was hideous and strang
 Full teill taggors unto the death they fast,
 Hather and hay about the stakes they cast :
 With trees and earth a great passage they made,
 Out over the walls they yeed in bartel braid :
 The *Sutheron* then made great defence again,
 While at the walls there were a thousand slain.
Wallace and his yeed rayed in battel right,
 All *Sutheron* Men derfly to death they dight :
 To lave the Earl, *Wallace* the Herauld send,
 Goo! *Jop* himself, the which before him kend :
 For *Dundas*'s sake, he said, he should not die,
Wallace himself thus ordained tor to be,
 A small hackney to him he gart betake,
 Silver and gold his charges for to make.
 Set on his cloak a token for to see,
 A lion in wax that should his conduct be :
 Conveyed him forth, and no man him withal,
 Women and Bairns, *Wallace* gart free them all,
 And then he cryed, true *Scots* to their own
 Plenisht the land which had been long overthrowen.
 Then *Wallace* past the southland tor to see,
Edward the *Bruce* in his tyme right worthy,
 That year before he had in *Ireland* been.
 And there with him were cruel men and keen,
 Fifty in feir were of his Mothers kin :
 At *Kircubright* in *Galloway* entred in,
 With these fifty he had vanquilht nine score,
 And then past withoutten tarry more,
 To *Wigton* loon, and that castile hath tane,
Sutheron were fled, and left it all alane :
Wallace him met with true men reverently,
 To *Lochmabane* went all that Chevalry :
 They made *Edward* both Lord and Leader there,
 This condition *Wallace* made him but mair.
 But a short time to bide *Robert* the King,
 If he came not in this Region to reign,
 That *Edward* should receive the crown but fail,
 This heght *Wallace*, and all the barnage hail,
 In *Lochmabane* Prince *Edward* leined still,
 And *Wallace* past to *Cumnok* with good will :

At the *Black-bog* where he had wont to be,
 Upon that stead a royal houle held he:
English Wardens to *London* past but mair.
 And told the King of all their great mistare:
 How *Wallace* can *Scotland* from him reduce,
 And how he had received *Edward Bruce*.
 The Commons swore they should come never mair
 Upon *Scotland*, and *Wallace* living were.
 Then *Edward* wrote to *Menteith* privily,
 Prayed in haste the time was passed by,
 Of the promises to which he was bounden,
 Sir *John Menteith* into his wit hath founden,
 How he should best his purpose to fulfil,
 His Sisters Son in haste he called him till,
 And ordained him in dwelling with *Wallace*:
 An oath again he gart him make on case,
 What time he witt *Wallace* in quyet draw,
 He should him warn, what aventure might saw.
 This man granted that such thing should be done?
 With *Wallace* thus he was in service soon:
 But of treason, *Wallace* had little thought:
 His laborous mind on other matters wrought:
 Thus *Wallace* thrise hath made all *Scotland* free,
 Then he desired in lasting peace to be:
 For as of wear he was in some part irk,
 He purposed to serve God and the kirk,
 And for to live under his righteous King,
 That he desired above all earthly thing.

C H A P. V.

How Wallace was betrayed by Sir John Menteith, and bad in England, and was martyred there.

THE Herauld *Jop* in *England* soon he send,
 And write to *Bruce* right heartly his commend,
 Beseeching him to come and take his crown,
 None should gainstand, Clerk, Burgess, nor Barron,
 The Herauld past, when *Bruce* saw his credence,
 Thereof he took a perfect great pleasure.
 With his own hand again wrote to *Wallace*,
 And thanked him of lawty and kindness,

Beseech-

beseeching him this matter to conceal,
For him behoved out of *England* to steal.
For long before was kepted the ragment,
Which *Cumine* had to bide the Parliament
into *London*, and if they him accuse,
To come from them he would have some excuse.
He prayed *Wallace* on *Glasgow* mure to wake,
The next first night of *July* for his sake,
And bade he should but into quiet be,
For he with him might bring few Chevalrie.
Wallace was blyth when he this writing saw,
His household soon he gart to *Glasgow* draw.
That moneth there he ordained them to bide:
Keirly he took each night with him to ride,
And this young man that *Menteith* to him send:
With none but they what way that *Wallace* wend,
The which gart warn his Eme the eighteen night.
Sixty full soon Sir *John Menteith* gart dight,
Of his own kin and allaya was born,
To his treason he gart them all be sworn:
From *Dumbarton* they sped them hastily,
Near *Glasgow* kirk they busked them privily.
Wallace past forth where that the tryst was set,
A spy they made, and followed him but let.
Robreston was near the way beside,
And but one house where *Wallace* used to bide.
He woke on foot while passed was midnight,
Keirly and he then for a sleep them dight:
They bade this man that he should wake his part,
And waken *Wallace*, came men from any airt.
When they slepted the traitor took good heed,
He met his Eme, and bade him have no dread,
On sleep he was, and with him but one man,
Ye may him have for any craft he can:
Without the house their weapons laid them fra,
For well they wist got *Wallace* one of tha,
And on his foot, his ransom should be sold:
Thus sembled they about that feeble hold.
This traitor watch from *Wallace* then he stall,
Both knife and sword, his bow and arrows all.
After midnight in hands they have him tane,
Slumbered on sleep, no man with him but ane.

Keirly

Keirly they took and let him from that place,
 Did him to death withoutten longer space,
 They thought to bind *Wallace* with strengths strong:
 On foot he got these fell traitors among:
 He gripped about but no weapons he fand,
 Yet with a stool that did beside him stand,
 The back of one he bursted in the thrang,
 And of another the harns out he dang,
 And als many as hands could on him lay,
 By force him hint, for to have him away:
 But that power on foot might not him lead
 Out of that house while they or he were dead.
 Sir *John* saw well by force it might not be,
 Ere he were tane, rather he thought to die:
Menteith bad ceas, and then spake to *Wallace*,
 And show'd him forth a full right subtle cale:
 Ye have so long here used you alone,
 While wit thereof is into *England* gone,
 Therefore hear me, and sober your courage,
 The *Englishmen* with a full great barnage,
 Are sembled here, and set this house about,
 That ye by force on no wise can win out.
 Suppose ye had the strength of good *Hector*,
 Amongst the Host ye may not long endure:
 And they you take, in haste your death is dight.
 I have spoken with Lord *Cliffurd* that Knight,
 Their Chifraim is, and well meanted for your life,
 They ask no more but be quite of your strife:
 To *Dumbartane* ye shall pass forth with me,
 Then in your house ye may in safety be.
Sutherland such use with *Menteith* long had they.
 That *Wallace* rowed some part that he would say.
Menteith laid, Sir, lo, weapons none we have,
 We come in traist, your life it we might save.
Wallace rowed well, and he his gossip thrife,
 That he would nought by no manner of wile
 Him to betray, for all *Scotland* so wide,
 An oath of him he asked in that tide.
 There wanted wit, what should his oaths more?
 Forsworn to him he was long time before.
 The oath he made, *Wallace* came in his will,
 Right froundly all thus he show'd him till.

Gossip, he said, as Prisoner they must you see.
 Or else through force they will take you for me.
 A cource with slight upon his hands they laid,
 And under then with sicker cords they braid,
 Both sharp and tough, and fast together drew.
 Alace, the *Bruce* might sore that binding rew,
 Which made *Scotland* soon broken upon case,
 By *Cumines* death, and loss of good *Wallace*.
 They led him forth in fear amongst them aw :
Keirly he mist, and then the *Sutheron* saw,
 Then wist he well that he betrayed was,
 Toward the south with him when they can pass :
 Yet they him said, In truth he should not die,
 King *Edward* would keep him in good safety,
 For the honour of war that he had wrought :
 But the sore bands so troubled all his thought;
 Credence thereto forsooth he could not give,
 That he wist well they would not let him live.
 A false foul case that *Menteith* hath him said,
 When on this wise good *Wallace* he was call'd,
 Some men says, it was to save his Lord,
 They lied all out that made that false record :
 At the *Faw Kirk* the good *Stewart* was slain,
 Our Chronicles rehearves that in plain,
 On *Magdalene* day the eighteen year before,
Cumines death therefore it witnesseth more :
 And at *Restoun* *Wallace* was treasonably,
 Thus falsly stoln from his good Chevalry,
 In *Glasgow* lay, and wist not of this thing,
 Thus was he lost, in biding of his King.
 South they him led, ay holding the west land,
 Delivered him in haste over *Sulway* sand.
 The Lord *Cliffurd* and *Vallance* took him there,
 To *Carlisle* town full fast with him they fare :
 In prison him set, that was a great dolour :
 That house after they called *Wallace* tower.
 Some men then said that knew not well the case,
 In *Berwick* town to death they put *Wallace* :
 Contrare is known by this opinion,
 That *Sutheron* men had not then *Berwick* town,
 To *Scotland* free it was till *Soules* it gave,
 For Lord *Cumine* to *England* with the lave.

Another point is, the traitors durst not pass,
 That sold him so, where *Scotsmen* master was.
 The third point is, the Commons of *England*,
 What they deny they will not understand :
 That thing be done, for witnesses that may be,
 No nor credence give further than they may see.
 To see him die, *Edward* had more desire,
 Than to be Lord of all the whole empire :
 And for this cause they kepted him so lang,
 While the Commons might unto *London* gang.

Alace, *Scotland*, to whom shalt thou complain?

Alace, from pain who can thee now refrain?

Alace, thine help is falsly brought to ground :

Thy best Chiftain in-braith bands is bound.

Alace, thou hast now lost thy guide of light.

Alace, who shall defend thee in thy right :

Alace, thy pain approacheth wonder near,

With sorrow soon thou shalt be left on stear.

Thy gracious guide, thy greatest Governour,

Alace, over near hath come thy fatal hour.

Alace, who shall now beet thee of thy bail?

Alace, when shall of harms thou be hail?

Who shall defend? who shall thee now make free?

Alace, in war, who shall thine helper be?

Who shall thee keep? who shall thee now redeem?

Alace, who shall the *Saxons* from thee fleem?

I can no more but beseech God of grace,

Thee to restore in haste to wealth and peace,

So good *Wallace* may succour thee no mair,

The loss of him increaseth meikle care.

Now of his men in *Glasgow* still they lay :

What sorrow raise when they mist him away :

The cruel pain, the woful complaining,

Therefore to tell it were an heavy thing :

I will let be, and speak of him no mair :

Little rehearse is over meikle care,

And principally where redemption is none,

It helps not to tell their piteous moan :

The death thereof is yet in remembrance :

I will let slak of sorrow the ballance.

But *Longoveil* to *Lochmabane* can pass,

And there he heght where good Prince *Edward* was,

Out of *Scotland* he should pass never more,
 Loss of *Wallace* fought to his heart full sore :
 The Realm of *France* he vowed never to see,
 But revenge *Wallace*; or else therefore to die.
 There he remained while coming of the King :
 With *Bruce* in war this good Knight forth did reign,
 Remembrance since is in the *Bruces* Book,
 Second he was when they *Saint Johnstoun* took,
 Followed the King at winning of the town,
 The *Bruce* therefore gave him full great guardoun.
 All *Chartris* land the good King to him gave,
Chartris since then of him come are the lave.
 Whereto should I far in this story wend,
 But of my book to make a final end,

Robert the *Bruce* came home on the third day,
 In *Scotland*, after that *Wallace* was away,
 To *Lochmabane*, where he found good *Edward*,
 Whereof he was greatly rejoiced in heart :
 But fra he with *Wallace* away was led,
 So meikle bail into his breast was bred,
 Near off his wit he worthed for that deed :
Edward full soon then to his Brother yeed.

A sudden chance this was in wo from weal.
 Good *Edward* saith, this helpeth not a deal :
 Let mourning be, it may be no remead :
 Ye have him tint, ye should revenge his dead.
 But for your cause he took the wars in hand,
 In your defence, and thrise hath fred *Scotland*,
 The which was lost from us and all our kin,
 Were not *Wallace*, we had never entred in.
 Mirrour he was of lawty and manhead :
 In wars the best that ever power shall lead :
 Had he liked for to have tane the crown,
 Would none him let that is in this Region.
 Had not been he, ye should had none entress
 Into this Realm, for treason and falseness.
 That shall ye see : the traitor that him sold,
 From you he thinks *Dumbartane* for to hold.
 Some comfort take, and let slak of this sorrow,
 The King charged *Edward* on the morrow,
 Redress to take of wrong that wrought him was,
 To *Dalswynton* he ordained him to pass,

And men of arms if they found *Cumine* there,
 put him to death, for no dread they would spare.
 They found him not, the King him after slew
 Into *Dumfries* where witness were anew :
 That hapned wrong, over great haste in a king :
 To work by law, it may skaith little thing.
 I need not here no further for to shaw
 How that was done, is known to you aw.
 But young *Douglas* first to the King can pass,
 In all his war that wight and worthy was :
 Nor how the King hath tane on him the crown,
 Of all that here I make but short mention :
 Nor how Lord *Soules* gave *Berwick* town away,
 How after soon als tint was *Galloway*.
 How *John* of *Lorn* against his right King rose,
 On either side how *Bruce* had many Foes.
 How bold *Brechin* contrare the King could ride,
 Right few was then in wear with him to bide.
 Nor how the north was given from the good King,
 Which made him long in painful war to reign :
 But true to him was *James* the good *Douglas*,
 For *Bruce*'s right bode well in many place :
 Under the King he was the best Chittain :
 But *Wallace* I set a Chittain him alane,
 Therefore to him is no comparison,
 As of one man, save reverence of the crown,
 But so many as of the *Douglas* hath been,
 Good of one thing was never in *Scoland* seen.
 Comparisons I cannot well declare,
 Of *Bruce*'s book, as now I speak no mair.
 Master *John Barbour* which was a cunning Clerk
 Hath of the *Bruce* said meikle in his work :
 In this matter I am prolixit almain,
 To my purpose briefly I will me haste.
 How good *Wallace* was set amongst his Foes,
 To *London* with him *Cliffurd* and *Vallance* goes,
 Where King *Edward* was right fain of that sang :
 They have him set fast in a prison strang.
 Of *Wallace* end my self would lean for dread
 To say the worst, but righteouness me lead,
 We find his life was als for very true.
 His fatal hour I will not senzie now :

Menteith him sold, and that over well was known,
 Feil of that kin in *Scotland* then was sown,
 Charged to bide under the great judgment
 That King *Robert* acted in his Parliament,
 Thereof I make no longer countenance,
 But *Wallace* end in world was displeasance:
 Thereof I cease, and put not into ryme,
Scotland may think the blessed happy time
 That he was born, by principal points two,
 This is the first ere that we further go:
Scotland he fred, and brought it from thirlage,
 And now in heaven he hath his herberage,
 Whereof we have right stedfast confidence,
 Since for his countrey he made so great defence.

An Admonition to the Reader.

These things which follow, savouring of the superstitious credulity of the People, and deceitful Cousenage of the Monks of those times, we have notwithstanding insert, lest we should seem at our own hand rashly to omit any thing which we found in our copy: to the end, that they may admonish us to study to be thankful to our blessed Lord, who hath now opened our eyes to see through the mist wherewith those former Ages were blinded.

A Monk there was in *Burie* abbay then,
 Into that time a right religious man:
 A young man als with him in order stood,
 Who knew his life was clean, perfect and good:
 This Father Monk was visited with sickness,
 Out of the world as he should pass on case,
 His Brother saw his sprite likely to pass,
 A band of him right earnestly could he ask,
 To come again, and show him of the meed,
 That he should ask of God for his good deed.
 He granted him at his power to prieve,
 To come again, if God will give him leave.
 His sprite changed out of this worlds pain,
 In that same time came to the Monk again.
 Such thing hath been, as is by voice and sight,
 Where he appeared there shined meikle light,
 Like to lanterns they illuminate so clear,
 That worldly wight thereto might be no pear;

A voice thus said, God hath me granted grace,
 That I shall keep my promise in this place.
 The Monk was blyth of this clean figure fair :
 But a firebrand in his forehead he bare,
 As that him thought misliked all the lave.
 Where art thou Sprite? answered, so God me save,
 In purgatory. How long shalt thou bide there?
 But half a year to come, and little mair.
 Purgatory is, I let thee well to wit,
 In any place where God will it commit :
 An hours space I was there judged to be,
 And that passeth, suppose I speak with thee.
 Why hast thou that, and all the rest so whole,
 For in science I thought me most avail :
 Who prides therein, labour is in waste :
 For science comes but of the Holy Ghaist.
 After thine hour, where is thy passage even?
 When time comes, he said to lasting heaven.
 What time is that, I pray you, now declare?
 Two are on life, must be before me there.
 Which two are they? the verity we ken :
 The first hath been a great slayer of men,
 Now they him keep to martyr in *London* town,
 On *Wednesday* before the King and Common :
 Is none on life that hath so many slain.
 O Brother, he said, this tale is but in vain,
 For slaughter is to God abominable.
 Then said the Sprite, Forsooth this is no fable,
 He is *Wallace*, defender of *Scotland*,
 For righteous war that he took upon hand.
 Righteousness there is loved over the lave,
 Therefore in heaven he shall that honour have :
 Syn a poor Priest is meikle to commend,
 He took in thanks what thing that God him send,
 For godliness and good devotion,
 Heaven he shall have to lasting warison.
 I am the third granted through God's grace.
 Brother, he said, tell I this in our place,
 They will but deem I either dream or rave,
 Then said the Sprite, this witness thou shalt have,
 The bells shall ring for ought that ye do may,
 When they him slay, half an hour of the day.

And

And so they did, the Monk wist what they ailed.
 Through broad *Britain* the word thereof was scailed.
 The sprite took leave at God's will to be.
 Of *Wallace* end to hear is great pitie.
 And I would not put men in great dolour,
 But lightly pass out over this fatal hour.
 On *Wednesday* fierce *Sutheron* forth him brought.
 To martyr him as they before had thought.
Wallace was martyr'd, the truth to you to tell,
 As were *Oswald*, *Edmond*, *Edward* with pain fell:
 With men of arms led him a full great rout,
 With a bold sprite then *Wallace* blent about:
 A Priest he asked for him that died on tree:
 King *Edward* then commanded his Clergie,
 And said, I charge in pain of loss of life,
 None be so bold yon tyrant for to shryfe,
 He hath long run in contrare of mine bieness:
 A blessed Bithop soon present in that place,
 Of *Canterbury* he then was righteous Lord,
 Against the King he made his right record,
 And said, my self shal hear his confession,
 If I have might, in contrare of thy crown,
 Or thou through force shall stop me from this thing,
 I vow to God which is my righteous King,
 Over all *England* I shall thee interdite,
 And make it known thou art an Heretick:
 The sacrament of kirk I shall him give,
 Then take thy choise to sterve, or let me live:
 It were more vail in worship of thy crown,
 To keep such one in life in thy bandoun,
 Then all the land and good that thou hath rest:
 But covetise thee ay from honour drest:
 Thou hath thy life rung long in wrongous deed,
 What shall be seen on thee, or on thy seed.
 The King gave charge they should the Bithop ta:
 But wise Lords counsell'd to let him ga:
 All wise men said, that his desire was right,
 To *Wallace* then he raik'd in their sight,
 And sadly heard his confession to the end,
 Humbly to God his sprite he did commend:
 Lawty him served with hearty devotion,
 Upon his knees, and said an orison:

His leave he took, and to *Westminster* rode.
 The clouchmen there they bare *Wallace* but bode
 Unto a place his martyrdom to take,
 For to his death he willed them furthering make.
 For the first night he was tane in *Scotland*,
 They kepted him into the famine band :
 Nothing he had that would have done him good,
 But *Englishmen* him served of careful food.
 The worldly life desires the sultinance,
 Though he had got in contrare of pleasance.
 These thirty days his hands they durst not slaik,
 While he was bound to a scample of aik,
 With yron chains that were both stark and keen.
 A Clerk they set to hear what he would mean.
 Thou *Scot*, he said, that so great wrong hath done,
 Thy fatal hour thou sees approacheth soon,
 Thou should in mind remember thy misdeed,
 That Clerks may when they the psalms read,
 For christen Souls which oft makes them to pray,
 In their number thou may be one of they,
 For now thou sees on force thou must decease,
 Then *Wallace* said, for all thy round rehearse,
 Thou hast no charge, suppose I had done miss,
 Yon blessed Bishop hath heght I shall have bliss,
 And I trow well that God shall it admit,
 Thy simulat words shall not my conscience smit :
 Comfort I have of way that I should gang,
 Most pain I feel that I bide here so lang,
 Then said the Clerk, Our King sent oft thee till,
 Thou might have had all *Scotland* at thy will,
 To hold of him, and ceased of thy stryfe,
 So as a Lord to reign through all thy lyfe.
 Then *Wallace* said, Thou speaks of mighty thing :
 Had I lasted, and got my righteous King,
 And worthy *Bruce* received had his crown,
 I thought have made *England* at his bandoun;
 That utterly it should been at his will,
 What pleased him to save, or else to spill.
 Well, said the Clerk, I see thou repents nought,
 Of wickedness thou hast a fellow thought,
 Is none in world that hath so many slain,
 Therefore to ask, me think, thou should be baine,

Grace

Grace at our King, and then at his barnage.
 Then *VWallace* smiled a little at his language :
 I grant, he said, some *Englishmen* I slew,
 In my quarrel, me thought not half anew :
 I moved no war but for to win our own,
 Both God and man the right full well hath known :
 Thy frustrate words doth nought but tyres me,
 I thee command, in God's Name, let me be.
 A Sheriff gart this Clerk soon from him pass,
 Right as they durst, granted what he would ask,
 A psalter book *VWallace* on him had ever.
 From his childhood, with it he would not sever,
 The better he trowed in his voyage to speed :
 But when he was dispoyled of his weed,
 This grace he asked at Lord *Cliffurd* that Knight,
 To let him have the psalter book in sight :
 He gart a Priest open before him hold,
 While they to him had done what that they would :
 Stedfast he red for ought they did him there.
 Feil *Sutheron* said, that *VWallace* felt no fair.
 Good devotion so was his beginning,
 Continued therewith, and so was his ending,
 While speech and sprite at once all can fare,
 To lasting blis we trust for evermair.
 I will not tell how he divided was
 In five parts, and ordained for to pass.
 Yet his sprite thus by likeliness was well :
 Of *VWallace* life who hath a better feel,
 May show forth more with wit and eloquence :
 For I to this have done my diligence,
 After the prose given from the latine book,
 Which Master *Blair* in his time undertook,
 In fair latine compyled to an end,
 With good witness, which more is to commend.
 Bishop *Sinkler* that Lord was of *Dunkel*,
 He got this book, and confirmed to himsel :
 For very truth thereof he had no dread,
 Himself had heard great part of *Wallace* deed.
 His purpose was to have sent it to *Rome*,
 Our father of kirk therein to give his doom,
 But Master *Blair*, and als Sir *Thomas Gray*,
 After *Wallace* they lived many a day.

These two knew best of Sir *Williams* deed,
 From sixteen years while nine and twenty yeed.
 Fourty and five *Wallace* of age was call'd,
 That time that he was to the *Suberon* saild :
 Though this matter be nought to all pleasure,
 His soothfast deed is worthy to advance.
 All worthy men that reads this rural dyte,
 Blame not this book, though I be imperfite :
 I should have thanks, since I no travel spar'd :
 For my travel no man heght me reward,
 Nor charge I had of King, nor other Lord :
 Great harm I thought this good deed should be smord.
 I have said here near as the process goes,
 And feigned not for friends, nor yet for foes.
 For cost hereof was no man bound to me,
 In this sentence I had no will to see ;
 But in as much as I rehearsed nought,
 So worthily as noble *Wallace* wrought.
 But in one point, I grant I said amiss :
 These two Knights should blamed be of this,
 The Knight *Wallace* of *Craigie* righteous Lord,
 And *Liddail* too, caus'd me make wrong record :
 On *Aliartoun* mure, the crown he took one day.
 To get batrel, as mine Author will say :
 These two caus'd me say on another wise,
 To Master *Blair* we did part of surprise.

F I N I S.

*Thus endeth William Wallace wight,
 Behind him left not such a Knight
 Of worthiness and deed of hand ;
 From thraldom thrise he freed this Land.*

The Conclusion of this Book.

GO noble Book, fulfilled of sentence,
 Suppose thou be barren of eloquence.
 Go, worthy Book, fulfilled of worthy deed ;
 But thee to help of language thou hast need :
 When good Makers rang well into Scotland,
 Great harm it was that none of them thee fand :
 Yet there is part that can thee well advance,
 Now tyde the time, and be in remembrance.

I you beseech, of your benevolence,
 Who will not love, lack not mine eloquence.
 It is well known, I am a rural man,
 And here have done as goodly as I can;
 My Tongue did never ornate terms embrace:
 I beseech God, that giver is of Grace,
 Made Hell and Earth, and set the Heaven above,
 That he to us grant his dear lasting love.

F I N I S.

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